Pages Missing

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

NATIONAL LIBRARY
CANADA
BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

How Would MOTHERS' PENSIONS Affect You? *(See Page 3)*

AP5 E83
ex for
Reserve

NOVEMBER
1917

Continental Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada

Trade Mark Registered 1913, Department of Agriculture, at Ottawa, by
Continental Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada

FIFTEEN
CENTS

The Four Greatest Events of Your Life

Overland

TRADE MARK REG.

Model Eighty-Five Four

Like the other great events of life, buying the family car is very much the concern of the wife and mother.

Happy that woman—and her name is legion—who by helpful suggestions persuades her provider against too small a car or by loving restraint checks an over-generous husband who would otherwise make the mistake of too large a car.

It is the woman of the family that suffers most the fatigue and inconvenience of too small a car—her's the self denial if too great an expense is shouldered in operating too large a car.

The thirty-five horsepower Overland Model Eighty-Five Four is roomy enough to be perfectly comfortable—to ward off fatigue on those long trips which should be of such healthful benefit to the whole family.

It has big comfortable seats and cantilever rear springs that make it easy riding.

Yet it is not too large to be economical of operation.

And in the building of this beautiful Overland there is no hint of experiment, no construction extravagance.

Its purchase is dictated by common sense and the practice of true economy—it will be a great event in your life. See the Willys-Overland dealer about it now.

Willys-Overland, Limited

Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Wagons

Head Office and Works, West Toronto, Ontario

Branches: Montreal, Que., Winnipeg, Man., and Regina, Sask.

The Ground Floor

Don't Tell Him We Said So!

HAVE you ever watched a man climb the ladder of success rung by rung, until the topmost point is reached, and wondered what gave him the impetus?

Have you marvelled at the achievements of big men whom you meet from day to day in the business and literary world, and hankered for an insight into their private lives — longed to know if they were fed on malted milk and how many times they played "hookey" from school?

If so, you will rejoice with us over the "confession" which we publish herewith, of one Chas. C. Nixon—or "See See" as his old schoolmates recall him.

He is, already, a little more than a first cousin to you, so he needs no introduction.

What surprised us most in this "confession" which we got from him as a dentist finally secures a stubborn root, was the perfectly simple reason he gave for founding EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. —Failure to win a debate! Who would have imagined it!

Until recently Mr. Nixon has been identified with the business end of this institution. But let's forget that! At least, let us only remember that his success therein was but the second story of a solid editorial structure. For "See See," from 1908 edited one of Canada's leading journals for nearly five years.

His latest move represents the vital third story—the climax.

We are telling you this here, on "The Ground Floor" because we want to "let you in" on all our secrets, our changes, our successes. And when you see at the top of the editorial page—"Chas. C. Nixon — Superintending Editor"—you will know that he has slipped into his old niche, has become again part of the editorial mechanism that is making EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD the great big factor in Canadian National Life that you and I know it has always deserved to be.

But "'nuff said!"

"See See," in his confession speaks for himself.

Chas. C.—"See See"—Nixon
As Confessed by Himself

IF I am to believe my mother, I hankered for the joys of self-expression at a very early age for she relates that I was much given to crying, causing her trial and straining her great and enduring patience almost to the breaking point.

She says also that I was always exceedingly thin—so thin that she was really ashamed of me!

And so I warn you at the beginning: As Caesar put it, "Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look. He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous!"

Three great things I have had to overcome. First, a great inborn, self-consciousness of fear, which would always keep me down. Second, my youth; people have for the past ten years been exclaiming at me,—"My! I am surprised to see you so young a man!" Third, my natural disposition to give the other fellow credit for being able to do things a great deal better than I can do them.

AT school, I was taught to beware of conceit. At church and at Sunday School, and in the family worship at home, it was rammed in upon me that I was only a "worm of the dust." These things, too, I have had to overcome.

In early years I liked work much better than study and had it not been for the stern authority of my father and the loving pleadings of my mother, I should have had less schooling than I got and I would now probably be expressing myself between the handles of the plow from which I would never have turned back.

It was in a Bible class debate that I first saw the light of opportunity beckoning me to throw myself into service for women.

The debate was on Woman Suffrage.

I had the affirmative side.

Two hard-shelled old pedagogues, and a preacher were the judges, so of course my side was defeated!

But I had seen a great light and it has been getting a great deal brighter ever since.

IT is the most natural thing in the world for me to want to write. I promise myself that I may be able to do so some day. For I am encouraged by the advice given by a great stylist who said, "the way to learn to write is to write!"

Which reminds me of Emerson: "The Law of Nature is, do the thing and ye shall have the power. But they who do not the thing have not the power."

Verily there is hope ahead.

To date I have never experienced any greater joy than the joy of going on.

And so I am encouraged greatly to keep on—going on.

C. C. N.

That Bewitching Brogue!

AS we labor hard, preparing all the good things we put before you each month there is one cheering factor in the sum total of the day's endeavors that lightens our burdens—it is a "bit of brogue" that floats to us—just the airiest, fairiest kind of brogue.

And say!—do you know that when we're just downright cranky and oppressed, quite unconsciously, when that music is wafted to us, a great broad smile breaks all over our face and we just naturally say to ourselves—"That's Norah Holland—God Bless Her!"

Being naturally inquisitive we got Miss Holland to one side, one day and whispered —"Norah M.— who are your relations?"

"A cousin of W. B. Yeats, the poet, on my mother's side, and on my father's, a grandniece of Chief Justice Hagarty."

Whereat, we became more dignified, realizing we were in the presence of a genius.

In 1902-03, Miss Holland accomplished nothing more wonderful than a walking tour through the South and West of Ireland. It only took her a matter of eight months, in which time she collected folk-lore as she went.

"What," we asked, "were some of the outstanding incidents in the tour?"

"Well," she replied with her irresistible brogue—"I had dinner beside a hedge with a tramp, once, and on another occasion slept on the mountain-side above the famous "bog of Allen" with a grey donkey as a troublesome companion."

Why are we telling you all this? Just so that you will know the treat in store for you in the December issue when we publish one of Miss Holland's charming fairy tales—"The Leprechaun of Slieve Dearg."

And remember! Norah assures us they are all true!

Irresistible Madge Macbeth!

YOU have read "Mam'selle,' and the many other stories we have secured for you from the pen of Madge Macbeth. You may even now be reading "Kleath," her latest novel. You have found them irresistible, — haven't you? Well, so also, is their author.

In the December number next month, her Christmas box to you will be another of her truly Canadian tales of love and hope—and mayhap war, and Yule-tide happiness.

When you read anything of Madge Macbeth's, don't you stop and wonder — "What can she, herself, be like?"

Realizing this, we have placed a remarkably striking snapshot of Madge and her two lusty sons right up in this right hand corner.

Isn't it just splendid?

We think so.

Encouragement Helps

AND now, that you have traversed the Ground Floor with us to this point,

Mrs. Madge Macbeth and Her Sons

tell us—are you satisfied with what we are doing for you?

You know when you work hard to please people, a little word of encouragement goes a long way.

Do you like the November issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD?

You do! Then for goodness' sake tell us why. Let us know why you enjoyed our new Book Review Department, our Children's Features, our Food Department, our Experiment Kitchen, Jean Blewett's wholesome talks, the political articles for women which we have culled from the richest store of ideas; our—oh everything!

So write us—just a personal "homey" little chat, *entre nous!*

Other Good Things to Come

WHILE we are talking of the good things of the present, let's have a word about other good things to come.

Everyone's enthusiastic about our "Leading Woman" series, so we suppose it is permissible to say so. The Alberta feature in October came as a surprise to you. But that, probably, made it all the more interesting. In this issue we have nominated our Ontario leading woman—Mrs. Thornley.

Next month—December—Nova Scotia's premier feminine spirit will be proclaimed.

A leading woman in each province will be nominated month by month. Watch for *your* province!

The December issue will contain also the usual quota of good fiction.

A Climax—"Canada Ahead!"

THEN the January EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will indeed be a climax! It will be a special "Canada Ahead" issue. It is going to be as truly Canadian as ever a publication could be. It will be resplendent with the shining achievements of Canada of the past and forecast the Canada of the future.

Canadian writers, Canadian artists, will contribute; Canadian subjects will be the order of the day; Canadian thought will be sounded; Canadian progress measured.

If you want to wish us the best kind of a happy New Year, just let us know that you are waiting to receive that "Canada Ahead" number just as eagerly as we are preparing to produce it.

You Will Never Go Back to Leather Soles

Neōlin Soles Give You Economy Protection, Comfort, Style

For yourself or your children, you will never return to leather soles, once you have tried Neolin. In so many ways does it satisfy over leather, correcting every fault of leather, possessing every virtue of leather.

Especially should you welcome Neolin now. No need to tell you of the cost of shoes—the cost of fine shoes—*and the cost of children's shoes.* But thousands of mothers have solved this problem with Neolin. For Neolin does give lasting, lasting, wear—even three, four or more times greater than leather. This holds good for children, too. Children who are little shoe-terrors.

But the perfect sole should have other qualities beside wear. Wet, slushy, snowy days are coming. Wet-foot colds loom up. But Neolin steps in with waterproof qualities that leather never has. Waterproof as a duck's back. No more sitting in school with wet feet for the kiddies. No more soaking shoes after a trip to the store or the church.

Wear and waterproofness alone would make Neolin soles the soles for you. Add to these, comfort unknown with stiff soles —for Neolin is flexible, light, foot-easy. And style—modern, for modern people. Neolin holds smart shoes in shape.

If you are faced with the problem of Winter shoes; if shoe-costs have become almost unbearable, see your shoe-merchant about Neolin soles. On shoes in his window you should find the price-ticket illustrated here. There are many styles and prices of shoes Neolin-soled.

Neolin has been a great success. Because of distinct superiorities it is replacing leather for shoe-soles. Neolin's appearance can be imitated. But Neolin's qualities are the result of methods and materials known only to us.

Now there *are* other soles that *look* like Neolin. But there is only *one* Neolin—and every pair is branded with the trade mark shown below.

To be sure of the genuine Neolin—*mark* that stamp; stamp it on your memory. Ask for Neolin with the the accent on the "o"—Neolin—the trade symbol for a quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., of Canada, Limited.

This is the Neōlin price ticket which you will see on shoes with Neōlin soles. Look for them in your dealers windows.

Neōlin

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is $1.50 per year, payable in advance, anywhere in Canada or the British Empire. Single copies, 15 cents. United States subscriptions, $1.75 a year; foreign subscriptions, $2.00 a year.

MONEY may be sent by Post Office Money Order, Registered Mail, Dominion Express Money Order, or Cheque to which exchange has been added.

CAUTION — CHANGE OF ADDRESS. We shall change the address of subscribers as often as required, but in ordering a change, the old address as well as the new must be given before the change can be made.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

Canada's Great Home Magazine

Chas. C. Nixon, Superintending Editor
Jean Blewett, Companion Editor
Mary M. Murphy, Managing Editor
Katherine M. Caldwell, Food Editor
Ernest H. Lawson, Circulation Manager

Entered as second-class matter, at the post office, Toronto, Ont.
Entered as second-class matter, Sept. 23, 1915, at the post office, Buffalo, N.Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Trade Mark Registered 1913, Department of Agriculture, at Ottawa, by Continental Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario. Magazine and Book Publishers.

PUBLISHED THE 15TH OF THE MONTH PRECEDING MONTH OF ISSUE BY CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA
Publishers also of RURAL CANADA and EVERYWOMAN'S STOREKEEPERS

RENEWAL SUBSCRIPTIONS—Watch for renewal subscription blank which will be placed in your magazine when your subscription expires. By using this blank promptly you will avoid missing any issues. Back copies cannot be supplied.

BE CAREFUL to sign your name and give address plainly written when sending remittances.

Advertising Branch Offices
(For advertising business only. Subscriptions not received.)
Philadelphia, Metropolitan Building
Chicago, People's Gas Building
London, England, 16 Regent St., S.W.
Montreal, Cartier Building
Address correspondence direct to Toronto

VOLUME VIII — NOVEMBER, 1917 — NUMBER FIVE

Canada Must Have Mothers' Pensions

As a Record of Service Rendered and a Safeguard for the Nation of To-morrow

AN EDITORIAL

IN the whole Dominion of Canada there is only one province that has Legislated to any measurable degree in favor of mothers. That province is Manitoba.

In June, 1916, the Winnipeg Mothers' Allowances Committee was responsible for the passing of a bill providing for mothers' pensions.

Mothers' Pensions! What more vital consideration is there for any Government in any country at this particular time? In Canada especially—a young country, where the youth of the nation counts for so much—is there any law that would be more conducive to future solidity than one which, in affecting mothers, directly benefits children?

Is it a fact that the other provinces in the Dominion are utterly ignorant of the importance of such a measure, or are they merely uninterested? In either case, the indictment is a grievous one.

The people of the province of Manitoba realized the principle that the future of the nation depends upon the proper training of the child, and as this training can be most efficiently given through the family unit, that the conservation of national unity depends upon the conservation of the home.

SINCE the establishment of the Winnipeg Mothers' Allowances Committee in 1916, $10,855.45 has been expended by the province and the city through the Provincial Commission in recognition of this principle and the Winnipeg Committee has at the present time fifty-one mothers trying to create capable, conscientious citizens out of their one hundred and eighty-one children. Their monthly wages through the Commission amount to $2,089.00.

The Act is carried out as simply as possible. The mother comes herself to the office and tells of her need. The purpose of the Act—to conserve the home, that is in danger of being disrupted, because of the death of the bread-winner, is carefully explained. Emphasis is laid upon the fact that the allowance is a salary granted her by the city and province, in return for which she must undertake to perform the task of rearing her children, and if she fails in the proper upbringing of her children, by not providing for their physical, mental and moral welfare, the payments must cease

The general public is beginning to realize that the allowance granted to mothers under the Act is a salary for service rendered, and *not* a charity; that primarily it is a children's act, not a mothers' Act. Reports and investigations show that many mothers are applying who would otherwise rather starve than take charity.

IS it not so, that what has proven necessary and successful in the province of Manitoba would work out similarly in every other province of the Dominion?

Is there any special reason why Manitoba mothers should continue to take precedence over those in every other section of the Dominion? None—save that the Government officials there are more energetic, enterprising, nay, we should say, more *considerate*. Canada's manhood is being sorely depleted on the battlefronts. What is being done at home to insure the filling of that void in national citizenship?

Rather, what is NOT being done?

THE hope of a nation lies in its children.

The warriors of to-day were the children of yesterday, and the children of to-day will be—that is the all important question—what *will* they be? Will they represent a unit of strength, or will they evolve into an aggregation of weaklings?

The answer is ours to give; the remedy is ours to effect,—for a remedy it must be! Never before has the conservation of child-life been so vital and never before has there been so great a danger of its neglect.

THERE HAS BEEN IN CANADA PRACTICALLY NO LEGISLATION TO ASSIST MOTHERS IN REARING THE NATION OF TO-MORROW.

Instead, the mothers throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion have been forced into the ranks of labor—forced through dire necessity, in so many instances, through the death of the family bread-winner.

This is not confined to military cases. For them, at least there are the Patriotic and Government allowances.

But what of the widow who is left destitute—left with three, four, five children to support and neither the where-withal nor the strength to accomplish it? What of her?

There is but one course open to her,—she must work or accept the charity of the community, or indeed, both: This, the thanks, the appreciation of her country, of her country, Government, for her having given to the nation just so many more desirable citizens!

AND the children themselves—have you ever stopped to consider them? Grant, there are orphan asylums and private institutions. Grant, there are Children's Aid Societies and church funds. But is there not also that inherent measure of pride, of self-respect within every individual, especially a mother, that makes her shrink from the acceptance of charity. Rather than place their children in such institutions, a countless multitude of widows have been known to attempt playing the double role of bread-winner and home-maker. And it is disastrous.

The children become poorly cared for—in fact, not cared for at all. Their health,—in jeopardy under best conditions, becomes then a negative consideration. They bring themselves up, without mother's care, advice, and all the other essentials that go to create the stability of the country's youth. They become weaklings, incompetent, a drag upon humanity, and a scourge to themselves.

There is only one remedy for *this*—the establishment of Mothers' Pensions, or the Bill might better be known as Widows' Pensions.

WHY must Canada *follow?* Why can she not act *now*—help to *lead* the way. In Australia they have gone even farther in this matter. Five years ago, a measure was brought into existence there without much publicity, following no agitation—simply because an enterprising and sensible Government saw the wisdom of it.

The Australian Maternity Allowance is a free gift of the nation to those to whom it is ever in debt—the mothers of its children.

Judge Henry Neil—"Father of the Mothers' Pensions' Scheme" makes plain its workings thus:

"To every woman who gives birth to a child, either in Australia or on board a ship proceeding from one port to another in the territories of the Commonwealth, a sum of £5 is paid by the Commonwealth Treasury. Most State grants are loaded with many "buts." The maternity allowance has only those which are needed to safeguard it from imposition. It asks for no contribution from the recipient, either before or after the event.

"Simply it is laid down that it shall be payable only to women who are inhabitants of Australia or intend to settle in that favored country. And the allowance is naturally made only in respect of a child born alive, or certified as 'viable'—i.e., capable of sustaining life. But the essential point of the scheme is that the money is paid to the mother. Simple means are provided for conveying the money to her.

"The Act of the Federal Parliament which initiated the grant, was introduced in 1912 by the Prime Minister, the Right Hon. Andrew Fisher, now the High Commissioner of his country in London.

"In the first year of its operation, 1913, 83,475 claims were paid, amounting to £417,375. In 1914, 134, 998 claims, amounting to £674,990. In 1915, 138,855 claims, amounting to £694,275; in 1916, 131,943 claims, amounting to £650,715. The cost of administration amounts to something like 1⅜ per cent. The allowance is available to all classes in Australia. It is administered at a minimum of expense, and with a maximum of facility."

Judge Neill has led the way. He has blazed the trail. He should have followers—many of them. In every country of the civilized world the measure is a necessity.

EVEN our enemy is not behind in devoting attention to this question. Germany is making preparation for a strong nation of to-morrow—if indeed there will be a nation at all, at the termination of the present cataclysm!! There, work relating to child welfare has been followed up with full recognition of its importance for a country at war. Infant mortality figures show that the death rate of babies whose mothers worked out was 227.5, while that of mothers who remained at home with their babies was 91.7 per thousand births.

And what of Canada?

We are concerned with saving food, and yet we are allowing children—the rarest of assets,—to go to waste.

Who will "father" the measure in Canada?

Is it not possible to arouse sentiment to the extent of showing the other eight provinces the neceessity of following Manitoba's example?

Why will not woman' organizations and the press insist upon it as they have insisted upon and won other measures of importance? The press could indeed do much. We—Everywoman's World—will be glad to "mother the Act." The widows, the mothers of the Dominion of Canada, may count upon us.

What do you want done about getting Mothers' Pensions in your province?

Think it over.

Then ACT.

Mothers' Pensions, Canada needs, and Mothers' Pensions Canada must have.

Examine your skin closely. Find out just what is wrong with it. Then read below how you can correct it.

The girl who sighed for a lovely skin

There once was a girl whose sallow, blemished skin spoiled all her pleasure, until one day she learned how she could give her skin the fresh smoothness, the radiant complexion she had always longed for. The secret she learned is one you, too, can learn and use to make your skin as lovely as you want it.

What is the matter with *your* skin? Are there little rough places in it that make it look scaly when you powder? Is it sallow, colorless, coarse-textured or oily? Is it marred by disfiguring blackheads and blemishes? Perhaps you will find its only flaw to be conspicuous nose pores.

Whatever it is that is keeping your skin from being beautiful, it can be changed. The skin of your face, like the rest of your body, is continuously changing. As the old skin dies, *new* forms. By the proper treatment with the right kind of soap you can make this new skin just as fine, clear and fresh-looking as you have always wanted it.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the result of years of study and experiment by a *skin specialist.* For thirty years John H. Woodbury made a constant study of the skin. He treated thousands of obstinate skin troubles; made countless skin tests, until he evolved the formula for Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Find below the treatment just suited to your skin, and begin tonight to get the benefit of it for your skin. If you don't find here the treatment suited to your skin, send for the treatment booklet shown below.

Troubled with blackheads?

Blackheads come from improper cleansing. This treatment will keep your skin free from this annoying trouble.

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash cloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. Dry the skin carefully.

Do not expect to get the desired results by using this treatment for a time and then neglecting it. But make it a daily habit, and it will rid your skin of ugly, embarrassing blackheads.

To correct an oily skin and shiny nose

First, cleanse your skin thoroughly by washing it in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a heavy warm water lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

If your trouble is an oily skin and shiny nose, make this treatment a daily habit.

Disfiguring blemishes need the "soap cream" treatment.

Is your skin "pimply", blemished?

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy "soap cream." Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten or fifteen minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear, hot water, then with cold.

Repeat this cleansing, antiseptic treatment every night until the blemishes disappear.

The girl who wants more color

To rouse a sluggish, colorless skin, dip your wash cloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take the cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water and run the cake itself over your skin. Then dampen the skin and gently rub in the soap left on your face with an upward and outward motion. Rinse thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Rub the face briskly with a piece of ice. Always dry carefully. See what a soft, lovely color this treatment will bring to your cheeks.

A sluggish, colorless skin can be roused by this lather and ice treatment

Send 4c for a week's-size cake and this complete treatment booklet

We have been able to give just four treatments on this page, but you can get them all together with many valuable facts about the skin, in this little booklet, "A skin you love to touch." For 4 cents we will send you this booklet and a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of any Woodbury treatment. Write today. **Address The Andrew Jergens Co. Ltd., 2611 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.**

MADE IN CANADA

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast. A 25c cake is enough for a month or six weeks' use.

Promotion and Myrtle

A Tale of the Royal North-West Mounted Police

By STAFF-SERGEANT WILLIAMS

I HAD ridden in to Division Headquarters to draw pay for Eagle Butte detachment and, incidentally, to have a good time. It was fifty-eight miles of a patrol and we had made it by four o'clock so you can wager we had not been camping on the trail. I was not feeling over bright—the prairie grows deathly monotonous after months of nothing but sky and brown grass and the haze of the distant hills; and you get everlastingly sick of cribbage and poker and the shop talked by your comrades. It was a break in the fog even to come into a little town like Poplar Creek, though it only had four hundred people. There were the trains to look at and four churches and four saloons, one apiece, and a chance to hear the world's news. Besides there were cheery bugle calls and cricket and billiards; life, in fact, such as it was, even to the extent of several passably pretty girls. A fellow misses his women-kind you know. I was banking a bit on promotion as I rode through the gate. A sergeant's life is far removed from that of a corporal or a "buck," and holds pleasures and advantages unattainable by its subordinates. The-man-behind-the-gun is all right from a sentimental point of view and a devilish useful fellow; but the officer is the main push after all, and a sergeant's rank is a stepping-stone to a commission in our outfit. So I was speculating on my chances of a rise almost as eagerly as I once dwelt on the prospects of a degree at the 'varsity.

What's that? You ask me what I, a University man, was doing as a corporal of North-West Mounted Police? I'll counter your question with another: what the deuce has it got to do with you? If necessity compelled me to adopt that life you may bet it was not brought about by poking into other people's business. And, after all, don't you think that a corporal's life will compare with that of a sickly, dissipated city clerk or a doctor's assistant on thirty bob a week? It's the corporal in a canter and the field nowhere. Never you mind what I was doing in the Mounted Police; *I'll* look after that end of the story. You make me tired with your damphool nonsense.

I had put in an application for a pass in mufti that night. Old Staff-sergeant Coote's daughter, Myrtle, was home for good from school in Winnipeg and she and I had a good deal to talk about. Her father was the son of a poor Irish parson and had been a Vet in a cavalry regiment at home, a position he now held in "T" division of the Mounted Police — a decent fellow as ever drew the breath of life. Myrtle—but I won't say anything about *her*. I rather suspect she is looking over me as I write.

There was a standing order that men coming in on patrol from a distance should remain one clear day in barracks to rest their mounts. However, it was not to be my luck, this time. I had just watered and blanketed my horse when the Sergeant-major walked up the stable, all spurs and hunting-crop.

"HELLO, Williams, how are you?" he said. "The Commanding Officer wants you right away in the Orderly Room.

"All right, sir. What's up?"

"Oh, he'll tell you. Corporal Dixon is to take your detachment for a time. I'll get your kit in by the first ration waggon."

In some curiosity I made my way to the orderly room and saluted the Superintendent.

"You sent for me, sir?"

"Yes, corporal: all right, stand at ease," he said, taking up a telegram from his desk. "I have here a wire from Fort Macleod saying that three Blackfeet Indians left their reservation four days ago in war paint and are travelling east. How far is Eagle Butte from Macleod?"

"A hundred and fifty miles by the old trail; about a hundred and twenty across country."

"Ah, say thirty miles a day. Now, *you* know all that part better than any man in the division. You will take Gabe Latreille, the scout, and Constable Porter who came in with you, and start out at seven to-morrow morning to intercept these Blackfeet. I have sent another party out south—you take the west. The Sergeant-major will detail horses for you. It is no good hampering you with a pack-horse, so carry what rations you can and you must look to the ranches and the nearest detachments for the rest. If you require assistance call on them also for it. We cannot spare the whole division to hunt three men; but they must be stopped. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want that district thoroughly well-scoured. If these beggars take it into their heads to cross the line into the Dakotas it is dollars to doughnuts they will stir up trouble with the American Sioux. I expect you to use your best endeavours to catch them. Latreille is a good man, so, according to your own reports, is Porter. If you are successful you may be sure the fact will be noted in the right quarter. The Division Clerk is typing full instructions. Don't let them get north of the Railroad."

"Very good, sir," I said, coming to attention and saluting.

"I see you have applied for a pass until midnight. Here it is, signed. If you want to go down town before supper, I will excuse you from evening tables. That will do. Send the Sergeant-Major to me."

AND that is about all the formality when men are sent out in the Mounted Police with their lives in their hands, for Blackfeet braves on the war-path are not good to meet.

The task imposed was not as easy as it sounds. Indians are hard to catch at the best of times, and three armed Blackfeet would show fight to a certainty, even if we were lucky enough to trail them. If I returned empty-handed, all kinds of fault would be found; that I knew of old. If, on the other hand, I was successful, there was just a chance of getting my third stripe; but the chance was not a rosy one. Oh, well; it was no good grumbling. An order is an order, as every trooper knows. I ought to have felt proud, but I didn't.

Fate seemed to be unpropitious that day. When I got to Sergeant Coote's quarter's just outside the reserve, with visions of a dainty supper cooked by Myrtle's hands, I found that young lady—Lord! how nice she looked in a new sailor-suit—just setting off in a buckboard to spend a day or two at Beaver Coulee, some thirty-five miles south of west. McNulty, the rancher who was taking her out, was going to stop the night at Gull Lake, nine miles from Poplar Creek, and drive on early next morning. I was just in time to swallow a cup of tea that had been palpably boiled in the hurry of departure—Dash it! I hate boiled tea—and give her a kiss (or two; I forget the precise number) behind the barn. I also presented her with a little pearl handled revolver I had been treasuring up for some time. Your prairie girl would sooner have a present like that than a pair of gloves or a golf-jacket. Then I swore until she stopped my mouth; never mind how.

However, there was one ray in the gloom. Beaver Coulee was right in my line of search and I determined, if possible, to camp at McNulty's ranch next night. We could get a shake-down in the barn and the police boys are welcome everywhere—that's one good thing.

So we kissed again; that is, if my memory is right; and I walked on to town and drank more whiskey than was kind or necessary; but it was *true* and I didn't have to count a hundred before I did it. She looked so sweet in that new dress, and I had on a well-cut civilian suit. Heigh ho! It would have been a taste of old times when I was—*not* a corporal of Mounted Police. Do you wonder a poor beggar off the plains takes a drink when he gets a disappointment like that? I don't; I've been there. It is all very well for you fellows who can kiss and cuddle your girl every night until you get sick and tired of each other, because you are both so commonplace and uninteresting. With Myrtle it was different. You simply could not get tired of *her*.

CHAPTER II.

SAY, did you ever ride on the prairie in the latter part of October, when there is never a cloud in all the great arch of the sky, and just a faint hint of coming frost, and a sunny wind rattling the dry grass, and every breath tingles in your throat like champagne? Then you have not lived. When the antelope stamps at you and scampers away as you round a butte; and the geese are calling overhead;

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6)

Fiction That Grips You

THERE are stories you have read that give you a sort of funny feeling inside—thrill, we suppose you'd call it—that make your heart pound with anticipation. You find yourself helping the hero out of his dilemma and sympathizing with the heroine.

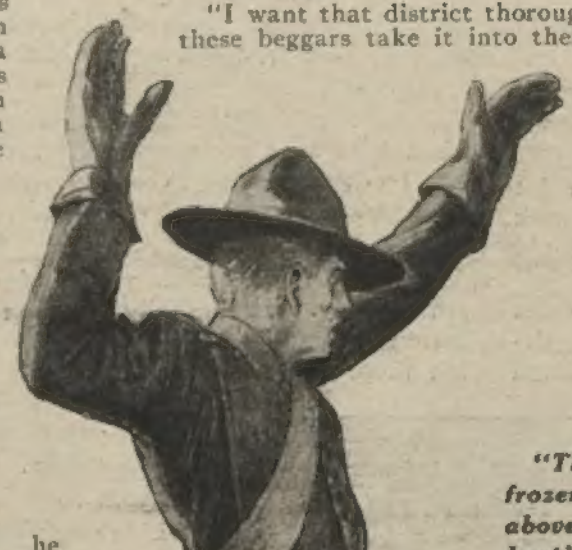
You know the kind we mean!

Just such a story is "Promotion and Myrtle," by Staff-Sergeant Williams, which runs in two instalments, one this month and one next. It is a tale of the North West, and the heroes of the plains—The Royal North-West Mounted Police.

The author speaks from experience. He served five years in the R.N.W.M.P. Consequently the pictures he gives us of service life and romance are vivid.

After leaving the service he went to the United States, joined the Army and fought his way through the campaign in the Phillipines, being seriously wounded in the Battle of San Mateo and receiving an honorable discharge from the service. He then returned to Canada and although too old for active service in our Army, at the outbreak of the war he became engaged in the transportation of mules and horses for the use of the Allied armies, at which he is still engaged.

The concluding instalment of "Promotion and Myrtle," in the Christmas number is even more commanding than the first half of the story. It is a sample of the kind of fiction—stories that GRIP you—that Everywoman's World will run through future issues.



"Then I stopped short, frozen stiff, with hands above my head and heart beating like a trip-hammer. I was looking straight into the muzzle of a rifle in the hands of a Blackfoot Indian."

MADGE MACBETH

THERE is a story in the family annals which asserts that at the age of three, a precocious child dictated a revision of the Bible to her patient grandmother. I don't remember it—but it looks well in print and I tell it shamelessly.

Since I could hold a pencil I have written, probably as every child writes—diaries, heart out-pourings and deathless memories which one hopes will strike callous hearts dumb, when a sweet young life is cut in its prime. (I burned these memoirs when neither sweet nor young).

At Hellmuth College we published a jolly good little paper, the Editor-in-chief's post falling to me.

Prize competitions always held a lure, especially as my stories—many of them revised from compositions done at school—brought in five or ten dollar bills. Days of stark necessity compelled me to think of some means of making living, so I grabbed a pen and wrote—three short stories which were immediately accepted by the Smith Publications people. I drew a long breath and thought "this making-a-living business is only child's play, after all. Don't see why women make such fuss about it. Whenever the baby doesn't need me, or I have nothing particular to do, I'll just run into my room and dash off a little story or two."

I paid some bills and wrote another story. It was returned. So was the next and the next. *For one mortal year I never sold a story!* I got up *at* daylight and wrote. I sat up *till* daylight and wrote. No use! And the pressure was pretty heavy, for my baby was never well a day. For two years or more, I never knew in the morning whether he would be alive at night or not. That is why I did not get a position of some sort. I muddled along somehow, just breaking my hear everytime the postman came to the door with one of my little white doves—homing pigeons, I might call them.

Then one night, with a pot of coffee beside me to keep me awake, I began what might be called the story of my life. I wrote all the hardships and the anguish and the sobs and chokings that I had endured. I wrote about the pinch for funds, about the death of my husband and the illness of my baby. I put a love story into it and called it "THE CHANGELING" and sent it to "CANADA MONTHLY."

They accepted it and paid sixty dollars for it. I paid some more bills and set to work grimly. I learned my lesson—that writing for a living is done from the soul, with heart-ache; that cold feet and a hot head are needed to produce anything worth while; that joy in work means — when sifted right down to bed rock—the agony of creation. I remembered that lesson. From then the Canadian weeklies, *The Courier*, *Saturday Night*, Montreal papers, *Adventure*, *Field and Stream*, and a whole lot more that I Can't remember, took things in rapid succession. I could count on an income.

If did every sort of work, from articles If on the growth of tobacco to Parliamentary notes. I am the only woman except Sara Jeanette Duncan ever admitted to the Press Gallery. There I wrote two years for the Montreal Mirror. All the time I have been father and mother, writing with an eye on the tomato pickles and an ear for a child crying. I am sure that often there was too much spice in the story and too much sob in the pickles. I drifted back to things dramatic and to the Presidency of he Drama League. Of my success in that line, I need not tell you. Although I would rather act, it has fallen to my lot to produce, expecially the work of the children, which I look upon as the best education they can receive.

I CANNOT tell you how many playlets I have arranged for patriotic purposes. I have devoted months and months to the work. But it is such a pleasure! The children enter into the spirit of the thing whole-heartedly, and they are surprisingly quick to learn.

The plays have been staged in theatres, at garden parties, in the halls of public institutions. Everywhere they have been successful and, I am glad to say, have netted much for patriotic endeavour.

These dramas have been witnessed by those whom we are pleased to call the elite. More, they have come under the eye of critics, and I hope, met their approval.

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught when here as Governor General, the late Duchess and the Princess Patricia took great interest in the work of the children.

All this Drama League work is done gratuitously. It actually costs me money to put on these plays. There are those who think I get something out of it, but the most I ever got was nervous prostration.

I WOULD rather write a great play than anything in the world. Next to that, I would rather produce one. Next to that I would like to write a novel like Walpole's "Fortitude" or Mrs. Deland's "Iron Woman." I have not given up hope of doing it, either, if I can find sufficient freedom from domestic distractions to devote my whole thought to it. My recent novel "Kleath" is being so kindly received that I am encouraged beyond the telling.

My horoscope says, however, that short stories are my forte!

I am not a bookworm in the least—keen about every sort of sport except cock-fighting and bull-baiting. I can do a few stunts at swimming, tennis, etc., myself. I hate not to be able to *do things*. I am greedy to KNOW.

Between Ourselves

WHEN Mrs. Madge Macbeth handed us her delightful one-act play for children,—"How Christmas Came to Nina" appearing in this Issue, and her equally charming Christmas story to be published in December, it occurred to us that you would appreciate a few facts about herself. So we aksed her, in that off-hand manner (you know)—"Tell us something of yourself, Mrs. Macbeth." And one of us retreated to a corner ofthe room where she would not see us, and with pencil and pad captured a bit of her life history.

We present it herewith.

We hope she will forgive our duplicity, but we just could not resist passing it on.

—*The Editors.*

Mrs. Macbeth's two Children, taken in the costume as worn at the last Fancy Dress Ball, given at Government House, Ottawa.

PROMOTION AND MYRTLE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

when the jingle of your accoutrements is music and the rhythmic beat of your broncho's hoofs like the accompaniment to a song? Ah, sonny, you don't know everything yet.

That was how I felt next morning when Latreille and Porter and I swung out of the barrack gates and turned our horses' heads to the western hills. We were none of us in love with the job on hand, but a fellow has to tune his strings to the note of the morning, and our hearts were light enough. So we laughed and sang and rode gaily out to meet our troubles, as meet them we surely did before another sun rose. You cannot always tell when you start on a flying patrol how you will get back to quarters; and that's a fact.

When we dropped into a walk after the first breather I pulled my orders out and carefully re-read them. They stated that the "Blackfeet Indians were "wanted" in Macleod for cattle-lifting and attempted murder; that a sergeant and three constables had gone into the reservation with a warrant for their arrest; but that they had threatened resistance, and, matters in the tribe looking ugly, the sergeant had deemed it advisable to ride back for reinforcements. When they returned the three culprits had escaped, in full war-paint, which always means mischief. They had been seen and chased north of Lethbridge but managed to get away among the rolling hills. Scouting parties from the western detachments were out after them and the boundary posts had been warned. They were well armed with Winchester rifles and bore a reputation for great cunning and audacity; bad Indians, in short. There was a bounty on their heads. It was imperative, both in the interests of law and order and for the prestige of the Mounted Police, that they be taken without delay *alive or dead*.

I rested my hands on the horn of my saddle and looked long and thoughtfully across the level plain to the faint line of hills. It was the first time I had held authority to kill a man. Since that day I have seen men slain in action by squads and companies and thought but little of it; but this was my introduction to the great sport of man-hunting. It was gun to gun and heaven help the one who fired last. Gabe Latreille, the French half-breed scout, I knew could be trusted. Fifteen years attached to the Police force, he had proved his mettle in a thousand ways. Crafty as a fox and fearless as a grizzly, he would work his way through the gates of Erebus, with black eyes glittering and laughing teeth, were the orders given. I was not so certain of young Porter. He was a Manitoba lad, tall and muscular, cheerful under hardship, willing and good natured, but it was hard to tell how he would act if called on to face the black-ringed barrels of death. Nor was I quite sure of my own nerve. I could strip off my stable-jacket and take or give a licking behind the haystack with the best of them—*mais, parbleau! c'la n'est pas la guerre.*

I turned my eyes somewhat doubtfully on Porter's well-set figure, as he rode a little ahead of me, and wished they had sent an older hand. This was stiff work for a youngster.

"You look ver' serious, my fren," said Gabe, in his breed-English. "Wot you tink about to make you so tam quiet?"

"Oh nothing, old man," I replied with a laugh. "I was just wondering whether we shall catch these chaps."

"We catch 'em all right, Corporal," he answered confidently. "Mais, oui; if we track 'em to de Nor' Pole first. I get me some dat bounty money, by gar."

He grinned merrily and bit off a big chew of tobacco. Light-hearted fellows, these half-breed scouts.

"Well, Gabe," I said, "we'll follow the trail until we are across Duggan's Flat and then we'll take to the low hills. We shall hardly meet them to-day. For my own part, I don't think they'd be so crazy as to come near the barracks by daylight."

"Not ver' likely," said the scout. "Where you calc'late to camp tonight, Corporal?"

"McNulty's ranch at Beaver Coulee," I answered rather guiltily. "That's far enough for one day."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30)

Your Boy!—Will He Be a Leader Or a Leaner?

Teach Him Self-Reliance—It Is Essential If He Is To Succeed

By ARTHUR B. FARMER
Head of the Psychological Clinic, Memorial Institute, Toronto

MR. SHORT—we will call him Mr. Short because that is not his name—Mr. Short was a University graduate. He had been a teacher of Classics. He was sober and industrious. At the time of our story he was employed in the shipping department of a young Canadian concern.

The manager, a man of progressive ideas, was taking stock of his human assets, and had called in the assistance of a specialist in Character Analysis. That gentleman, in course of time, prepared a report of his findings. We will quote a paragraph:—

"Mr. Short is religious, deferential, and tactful. He has a good deal of courage. He has plenty of physical energy and driving power. But he will not be a first class success in managing men until he learns self-confidence. The hardest lesson Mr. Short has to learn is to assume responsibility, to exercise authority, to command obedience. He lacks seriously the element of dignity, the feeling of self respect and of his own importance that makes a man independent, that makes a man prefer to give orders rather than take them. Mr. Short, by natural disposition, would rather take orders. He wants to lean on someone else. He is acquiescent. He likes to say 'yes'. He is so fond of obeying that there is danger that he will be bossed by his subordinates unless he makes it his business to hold up his head, straighten his upper lip, stiffen his spine, and say 'I'."

Before the Manager had had time to study the report, he was called away for a few weeks. During his absence, the head of the shipping department proving unsatisfactory, was dismissed, and Mr. Short, was asked to take the position. From sheer lack of the *feeling* of self-confidence, he declined the promotion. The assistant manager, suspecting him of disloyalty to the firm, dismissed him.

Lack of self-reliance lost Mr. Short not only the promotion offered, but even the position he already held.

Exit Mr. Short.

Self Reliance Won

YEARS ago Walter Dean was employed in a small factory. Business, becoming slack, he was laid off. Yes, he says frankly to-day, he was "fired."

His decision was promptly made. He decided to go into business for himself, with the extremely limited capital he had been able to save from his wages, in opposition to his former employer. He decided to be his own boss.

"I must have worked twice as hard or more than twice as hard working for myself as I ever did for my employer," remarked Mr. Dean, the other day, "but as I walked home that night with that big decision, I seemed to walk on air. I felt I was a free man. I knew I would have to work hard, but I was to be my own boss, and I *knew* I could succeed in the end."

To-day the name of Walter Dean is known throughout the northern half of the continent among all lovers of canoes and pleasure boats.

The Power to Do

THERE are many good qualities desirable in a boy to assure his success, but one of the most frequently lacking is this quality of self-reliance.

Self-reliance is a feeling. It is the feeling of one's own worth, of one's own power to do and to achieve.

Why should so many people in this country, and in most English speaking countries be so lacking in this quality of self-confidence? Why is it that among our people, nine out of ten are afraid to undertake anything new, unable to assume responsibility, ready to admit inferiority to others?

Travellers comment on the dignity of the Turk, or the Indian. I have heard certain qualities of stability and reliability commended in Canadians, but I have not heard much of their self-reliance, except among the pioneers.

Diffidence, humility, and shame, are varying degrees of the lack of self-reliance. Arrogance results from self-reliance untempered by kindliness. Conceit is self-reliance without worth, the feeling of worth without the worth itself.

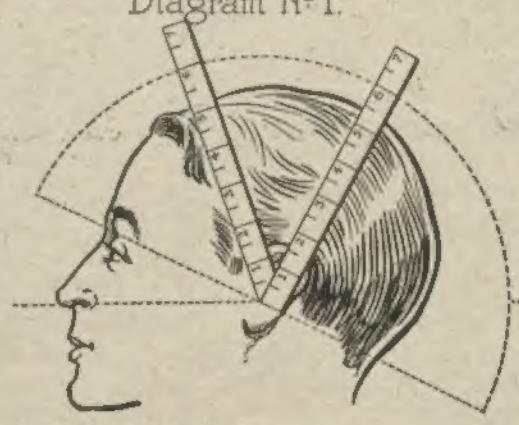
Folks lacking in self-reliance themselves often dislike to see this quality in others, and the diffident father too often considers it his duty to humiliate his sons whenever they show signs of self-confidence. Too often the quality which the boys most need to develop is stunted in its growth by the folly of the parents.

Mothers Often to Blame

EVEN before birth, many a boy and a girl too, is cursed with the feeling of diffidence or humility, with an inborn *feeling* of incompetence and inferiority which ties them down throughout life to subordinate positions because—may I be permitted to speak right out?—because of that shame which Mrs. Grundy has so long decreed that even a married woman should feel for the "crime" of becoming a mother.

Self-reliance gives the power of domination, and the power of domination is the birthright of the sons of those mothers who realize the dignity of motherhood, and are proud instead of ashamed to be mothers. Subordination is the fate of those sons whose mothers were ashamed.

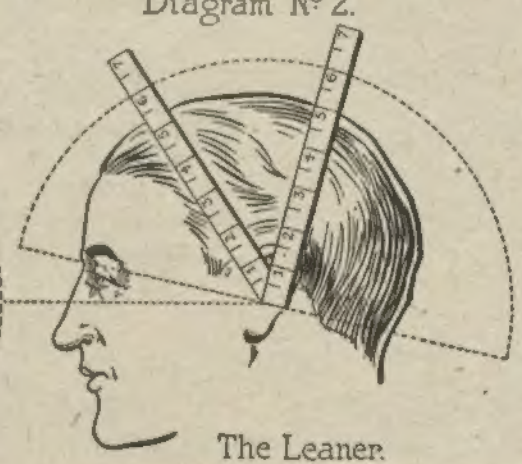
Diagram No. 1.



The Leader.

Average Head Measurements of Ten Self-Reliant Men, Happy Only When In Business for Themselves.

Diagram No. 2.



The Leaner.

Average Head Measurements of Ten Men Who Lack Self-Reliance. Preferring to Work for Others.

I knew a man who inherited from his father, a clever doctor, a splendid intellect, doomed for life to menial tasks through lack of self-reliance impressed upon him by the diffidence of his mother before his birth.

Which is Your Boy?

IT is easy to recognize the boy who is naturally self-reliant.

Recently I went through my records and selected ten business men who had found that they were happy only when in business for themselves, men who, like Walter Dean, felt free however hard they had to work when they were their own masters. I selected ten more who were so lacking in self-reliance that they preferred to work for someone else. I averaged the measurements of each set of ten, the self-reliant, and the diffident. The two diagrams show the result.

Is your boy's head like diagram No. 1?

If it is, he will always tend to stand erect, he will carry his chin high as shown in the illustration.

If he belongs to the self-reliant type—thank God! I would almost claim that a high degree of self-reliance is more to be desired in this world than a high order of intelligence.

True, the self-reliant boy is hard to manage. He resents orders. He feels quite competent to decide and act for himself.

"What have I a think for, if you are going to do everything?" asked one self-reliant little fellow when his father insisted on showing him how to build wonderful buildings with a new set of blocks.

"I will do it myself!" says a self-reliant little girl.

Encourage that self-reliance, and do not—never humiliate such a child if you can help it.

Self-reliant children of all ages like to do things themselves, and when judgment is immature require tactful handling.

It was a wise woman who, finding that her butler was a man of great dignity and small intelligence, instead of ordering him with an air of authority, adopted the manner of consulting him. Instead of "James, do this" it was, "James, do you think it would be a good idea to do this?" James was really a faithful servant, his self-importance was satisfied instead of being offended, and he gave excellent service to the woman who knew how to handle him.

"But my boy is so overbearing, he wants to run everything!" did you say? Still, do not humiliate him. Show him, by precept and example, the wisdom of generosity and kindness.

Teach Him to Say "I Can"

IS your boy's head more like illustration No. 2? Then you have a boy comparatively easy to manage—too easy!

With this boy it is doubly important that you do not humiliate him. He will not resent it, as will the boy of the self-reliant type, but it will do him more harm, because his success in life depends largely on your assistance in helping him to learn self-confidence.

Whatever you do, never suggest to this boy that he cannot. Teach him that he can. Teach him to try. Teach him to assume responsibility. Teach him to take risks. Teach him to say "I can." Teach him to carry his head high, as in illustration No. 1. This is the natural position of the head for a self-reliant person, and simply carrying the head in this position, helps to arouse self-confidence. Look ever for his good points. Remember his accomplishments, and never, no never—remind him of a failure. Teach him that by careful preparation, by doing a little at a time, day after day, he can accomplish big difficult undertakings.

"I cannot possibly earn more than four dollars a week on that machine," said a young woman in a factory.

"Yes you can" replied the forelady. "To-morrow you are going to time yourself on every batch of work, and do each lot just a little faster than the last. Do this and you will earn four-fifty next week."

The young woman who couldn't, did. Inspiring her in this way, in a few weeks the forelady had taught the girl that she could earn nine dollars a week. It was a matter, largely, of developing self-confidence.

Attitude of Self Reliance

NOTE the position in which the head is carried in Diagram No. 1.

Independence, self-reliance, leadership make one stand erect, straighten the spine, and carry the head so that the wing of the nostril is on a level with the opening of the ear.

It is as if the whole head and body were drawn up by a cord attached to the back part of the top head—just where the ruler crosses in the diagram.

When you tell your boy to hold up his head like a man, you are telling him to assume the attitude of independence, self confidence and leadership.

Arrogance will tilt the head farther back still.

Humility, dependence or submission or any degree of lack of self confidence, allows the head to droop forward as shown in Diagram 2, so that the opening of the ear is on a level with the bridge or sometimes even with the root of the nose.

They Do Not Try

SHELDON says truly, the reason most people do not accomplish more is because they do not attempt more.

The reason they do not attempt more, is because they lack, through inheritance, prenatal influence and environment, that great quality of self-reliance.

I knew a man who at nineteen was unable to read or write, but who *felt* that he could do what he set out to do. He secured an education, put himself through the Medical College, and for many years practiced medicine successfully in one of our Canadian cities. He had self-reliance.

Better by far that your boy at twenty-one should have good health and self-confidence, even though he should then have to begin with the "three R's" in seeking scholastic education, than that he should have all the learning of the Universities and have together with it that inherent feeling of his own inferiority that made a failure of our friend Mr Short.

How to Help Your Boy Become a Leader

1. **Commend his successes, forget his failures.**
2. **Show him his apparent failures are only incomplete successes—he can try, try again and succeed.**
3. **Consult rather than command him, treat his opinions with respect.**
4. **Cleanliness in person and dress help a boy think well of himself.**
5. **Let him train animals to obey his commands.**
6. **Teach him to command his own body as if it were an animal to be trained.**
7. **Teach him to carry his head erect, and to draw down and stiffen his upper lip.**
8. **Give him stories of achievement.**

The Magpie's Nest

Hope's Castles in the Shifting Sands That Relentless Tides Destroy

By ISABEL PATERSON

Illustrated by MARY ESSEX

BOOK TWO

New Readers Start Here

HOPE FIELDING was ambitious and needed money to pay her way through Normal School. She went to the city and engaged as housemaid in an hotel. Jim Sanderson—a boarder—pursued her for months until his attentions became so objectionable that she brought them to a culmination by injuring him with the butt of a revolver.

She then taught school, taking rooms with Mary Dark, and found life uninteresting. She became engaged to Tony Yorke, but the engagement was not announced. He became jealous without knowing why, and when Edgerton's daughter came home from New York, she captivated him so that he asked Hope to release him from their engagement.

Then began a life of kaleidoscopic changes for Hope. Edgerton announced his interest in her, over which she did not become enthusiastic. She went west where she unexpectedly met Ned Angell.

WE have appreciated "The Magpie's Nest" but not until recently were we aware of the intense interest it has been creating among our readers. Requests have been coming in recently to "give us more of it at a time," and—"why make the instalments so short?" So we have bowed to the will of the populace this month. When space permits, we will continue to do this. We particularly want to satisfy everyone. Suggestions and requests are always most welcome.

—The Editors.

"WHAT?" she said at last, impolitely, and turned a blank stare on him. "Good evening, Ned." If she had shouted "Go away," it could have been no plainer. "What are you doing here?"

"I've been up for the week end," he said. "Hope, you look like a ghost. You're ill; for heaven's sake let me get you something. I have some brandy in my suitcase. What are you doing here?"

"Eloping," she retorted. It was the nearest she could come to shrieking, or hurling a brick at him. It served. He was unintelligible for several minutes, and she watched him stonily. "That is, I *was* eloping, but I'm not. I changed my mind. Mary changed my mind. She's gone on. . ."

". . . Who?"

"Mary Dark—oh, the man? I shan't tell you, Neddy. If any of your friends happen along, they'll think it's you."

"I wish it was," he said, and the bare simplicity of his speech struck some chord in her that resolved her again into a merely pitiful girl, aware of another's hurt, and sorry for it.

"Why, Ned, not you; it isn't possible. . ."

"But it is . . . Hope, I can't talk to you here." Again Hope was aware of people regarding them with vague curiosity; they were at the further end of the platform, a little isolated, but scarcely invisible; they regarded each other dramatically, uncertainly, with rather tense white faces and the hint of outflung hands, their eyes challenging and defensive; it was not strange if people stared. Ned knew it also, but he could not stop, he could only urge her: "You're tired; you are ill. The train won't be in for another hour or more; it's late. Have you had any supper? Come up to the hotel and rest a little."

Anywhere, she thought, to be rid of his immediate importunities. But the problem he presented she was grappling with ineffectually. It seemed she must be hoplessly imbecile. People were always surprising her now, turning to her unexpected surfaces, presenting her with new and incredible problems. Nothing was simple any more; it was all beyond her, amazing past conception. Everything that had seemed so plain and straightforward, all her everyday relations, took on a complexity that appalled her. Ned was not a harlequin, an incident; he was alive too, if one pricked him he bled . . . That much he was showing her, with all the passion of a vain and mercurial nature, as they walked slowly in the green-dark obscurity of a by-path beside the road to the hotel.

"You must have guessed it," he insisted.

"No, I didn't," she sighed. "Why should I? I don't think you ever said anything, did you?" She groped in her memory. Perhaps he had spoken; she so seldom listened to him closely. Mostly she had laughed at him, or put him aside as one does a troublesome child.

"Why do you suppose I was always coming?" He was almost angry; in the heat of his new passion it seemed to him that he had always cared so much. Now that she had so nearly gone from him forever, she was all that was desirable and dear. He had for long past known her heart was turned from him, toward another man; he had guessed it to be Tony Yorke. Certainty had been impossible; she had her dignity, and had placed him unmistakably, sometimes pointedly, outside her confidence. And slowly her inaccessibility had wrought on him. To-night, with the fine unreason of a new lover, he saw the whole world of men striving to tear her from him. That was the result of her challenge.

They were both rather mad, and it was night and spring.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "After all, you were always about some other girl, too. You were always at Mrs. Patton's, for the matter of that." Her hand was on his arm, and she felt him start. "You don't really care so much; do you, Ned? Not now, anyway, when I tell you Tony jilted me, and I came so near to running away with—another man?"

"Oh, Hope, I do, I do! There's only you. I don't care about whoever else it was—" She would not tell him who. "Do you care so much for Yorke?"

"No," she said slowly. "I don't care for anyone. It's all gone. But I'm tired." Presently she was weeping on his shoulder. "So tired. I haven't anything to give you."

HE told her fervently that nothing was enough, if he might only hope. In some sense, his chivalry was touched. It is hardly a quality to build on, in a sentimentalist, but in the clash and chaos of old illusions fallen about her ears it seemed as solid as anything. But he only won when he put forward his own need as a plea. He wanted her! He did want her; he ached for her; she felt it dimly—she had got into his blood.

To her, who had wanted so much and whose hands were so empty, it seemed unbearable that such a plea should go unanswered. Two people wretched were too many.

She wished only to see someone else happy, to remind herself that there was such a thing as joy in the world. Out of her enormous inexperience she was assured that her life was lived. And here was a way to end it neatly. Again her early training asserted itself, disastrous as any good rule is applied at the wrong moment. He was urging her to marry him. Marriage meant the end of the old order, a beginning of new things. It was a solution to hand; and it answered Mary's requirements, it would be according to the rules of the game. And it would make Ned happy! In fact it was a sacrifice on the altar of happiness; it was neither for herself nor for Ned, but for the sake of happiness itself. She hovered fearfully on the brink, delayed putting her hand to the bond with idle questions that in themselves committed her.

They had seated themselves on a fallen log, just beyond the path, to avoid belated strollers. A long, harsh whistle pierced the night; Hope sprang to her feet.

"The train!" she cried. "We forgot it; it's gone."

"Then marry me to-night," Ned said. Now she looked over the edge of the unknown and drew back a step.

"No. Why, two hours ago. . . To-morrow you will think differently. Tell me to-morrow, if you do. I must go to the hotel, and get a room. I tell you, I know we're insane."

"To-morrow I shall think the same," he said, and urged her again, with wilder protestations, with the sheer strength of his own feeling. He was intoxicated, beyond mere earthiness. He too had found romance. If Hope had been better able to draw an analogy, she would have made the woods echo with satiric mirth.

CHAPTER XVII

THE carpet was red, and a red flowered screen stood in front of the wood-fire in the grate. A rose-colored Chinese lantern hung over the electric lamp. In the tempered light Hope looked not a day older. Perhaps she should not have; three years is no great time in the early twenties. But to Mary's quietly observant second glance it was plain she was thinner, and her sleepy eyes seemed larger, still softly blue, but impenetrable. Inquiring eyes still, now they volunteered nothing; and her thinness brought out strongly the salient line from chin to ear.

"I never noticed the visible sign of her obstinacy before," thought Mary, saying aloud:

"You're pretty sometimes, Hope."

"What a backhander," remarked Hope. "Would you like me to tell you you must have been pretty once! I look a hag by daylight. Did you come all this way to flatter me? Tell me all the news instantly. Oh, if I could tell you how I've missed you!"

"Well, I *was* pretty once," remarked Mary placidly. "That's no mean consolation—at thirty. And I came all this way to beat you. You should be strong enough to stand it now; you weren't when you left."

"Maybe I'm not now," said Hope. "I nearly killed myself kicking against the pricks for a long, long time. If I look well preserved, it's because I pickled myself in brine of my own making. I had to stop when I found I was getting nerves. Extraordinary things, nerves. Have you any?"

"Enough," said Mary. "You never told me, in your letters?"

"About my teapot tempests? They weren't worth it." She rose and went across the room to pick up a fan of carved sandalwood, but merely played with it, as if her hands demanded occupation. And she no longer relaxed into her chair, cat-like, but seemed always ready to leave it again. It was true; she had made immense drains on her reserve vitality, and she knew herself that now she lived from day to day, storing up nothing. But it did not seem a matter of moment. "But news, woman, news?" she demanded.

"I think I must have written you everything," said Mary. "That Lisbeth's gone abroad—I was so glad when the money came to her."

"Is she happy?" asked Hope softly, almost as if afraid of the word.

"There are several kinds of happiness," said Mary. "Yes, she has hers. Did you know that she hoped you would write?"

"No. But I am glad. I suppose we felt just the same! I wanted her to write. How is Con—Mr. Edgerton?"

"He's made another million," said Mary, laughing. "And—he sent you this. I saved it till you should ask." She reached into the bosom of her gown and drew out a carved gold bracelet, held on a ribbon "I was so afraid of losing it. He said you had such round arms."

"He does remember me," said Hope, with mirth in her eye.

"Do you remember him?"

And Hope showed herself different. "You want to know if I regret him? No, but I'm glad I knew him. What a plague he missed! I don't believe I regret anything much—what's done is done—except—"

"Except who—"

"Except Allen Kirby," and Hope laughed at the open surprise in Mary's face. "I wonder what became of him, and I'll never know. We understood each other absolutely. Now turn up your nose at me!"

"I used to envy you," said Mary indulgently. "You're very comfortable here." It was comfortable, if shabby; there was room enough, a big window for the drawing-board, large chairs, in which the mistress of the place could be pleasantly swallowed up, and the spiritual consolation of an open fire. Hope had taken it over in toto from some migrating bachelor tenant—and, characteristically, had altered nothing in it, unless by a very few small additions.

"Yes," she said, grinning. "You can let your soul down here; there's not an atom of taste in it to live up to. Nothing to clash with my Art! And that Chinese lantern is the greatest labor saver. When I haven't time to dust, I simply drop that over the lamp. I call the whole place The Tub!"

"You pup!" remarked Mary, in her delicious well-bred tones. "Hope, does your Art progress?"

"Well, you've seen it," said Hope dubiously.

SHE drew for a colored Sunday fashion page of a city daily—large-eyed and sweetly simpering girls in meticulously up-to-date frocks, and filled in during the week with whatever might be required of her in the way of special illustrations, some of which betrayed an impish humor that struggled through her limited technique with more or less success. "I don't think it's a topic for polite conversation. Ask me how I like Seattle; nobody has for nearly a year, and I miss the dear old question."

"How do you like Seattle?"

"Very much," said Hope promptly. "A newspaper is rather fun, isn't it?"

"It give you the key of the fields, to a certain extent," agreed Mary, in whose mind that point had special importance just then. "Have you many friends here?"

In the tempered light Hope looked not a day older.—"You're pretty sometimes, Hope," Mary remarked.—"Did you come all this way to flatter me? Tell me all the news instantly."

Hope shook her head, rose and walked about the room again.

"No" she said. Acquaintances . . . some agreeable people. I can't seem to put anyone in the place you and the others occupied. Oh, I have been so lonely—but I didn't want new people. But look, I like this better than the dust and desolation I left." She drew back the curtain; Mary came and stood beside her. The house stood on top of one of Seattle's myriad hills, and over the roofs of the buildings that dropped away like a vast dark stairway to the harbor they could see far, down, to a galaxy of twinkling lights that marked the mastheads of ships from all the ports of the world. And a climbing rose peered in at the casement from the violet dusk. "I like all that," said Hope. "I daresay I'm romantic yet. Sometimes I go down to the docks and mouse around for hours, sniffing at bales of stuff in tea-matting, and piles of square timber—smells of spices and cedar and the salt water—and Chinamen and bilges," she broke off, laughing. "There are weird shops down there, too, and yellow-faced people, and big, tall turbaned men with black beards—Sikhs. And lumberjacks and sailormen. I wish I could really draw. You must come down to-morrow. No, I haven't really any friends. Oh, bother!" The doorbell was tinkling apologetically. She dropped the curtain and went across the room quickly, but drew the door open only a few inches. Mary had a momentary glimpse of a tentative looking young man, quite a personable youth, holding his hat in his hand in a manner ludicrously suggestive of one waiting for instructions. He must have said good evening, at least, but Hope did not listen.

"I'm sorry, Ches," she said. "I forgot; and I'm busy. I want to talk to Mary to-night; she came a day early. I don't believe I'll have any time this week—why, yes, you might take us around to see the town; I never thought of that. Telephone me; goodnight." She closed the door again with decision, and the tentative youth apparently ceased to exist.

"Well, if you haven't any friends, I should think you must have a few enemies," suggested Mary mildly.

"Who—Ches Landry? Oh, bosh!" She seemed to think that enough, but amplified, with a yawn, "I didn't say I was a hermit. It serves him right," she added darkly.

"Because he's a man?"

"Oh, no—really, I have a sense of humor left. He's merely an example of it. The first time I met him he said he didn't like me—and I heard about it!"

Envisioning that waiting attitude, Mary said: "Nero was at that rate a great humorist. Do you jest often?"

"NOW you're inquisitive," said Hope defensively. "Well, there was one other—but I wasn't the humorist that time. Perhaps you'll appreciate this, so I will divest myself of honor and tell you. I had a proposal here—one. His name doesn't matter—but there's his portrait." She tossed over a photo of another man, not so young quite, but still ornamental, wearing that peculiar expression of insouciance almost typical of the man who, with every opportunity to succeed, still fails. Just such a look Tony Yorke had. "He didn't belong here, and he clung to my hearthstone like a drowning mariner."

"A drowning mariner," reflected Mary audibly, "might really make a better choice of something to cling to than a hearthstone."

"So might this party," retorted Hope promptly. "I was just telling you he was a stranger here; and 'that's how it all began.' I became quite an agreeable habit to him, and, falling in with what I suspect was another habit of his—he proposed. He told me that he had had his romance, and no doubt I had had mine; he could not ask my first girlish love, or words to that effect, and hoped I felt the same. I was positively quite sympathetic, and he told me how his heart had been blighted. She was all that was lovely and good, but neither of 'em had much money, so she married another man who had. It broke their hearts, of course, but what could they do? He gave her his blessing. Do you know—would you believe it—he really thought she had done something highly creditable in landing the man with money? Yes, he respected her for it! I simply giggled at him, and asked why on earth they couldn't have taken a chance and lived on what he earned. I shall never forget his answer. He said I didn't understand—she was too fine and rare—why, she paid fifteen dollars a pair for her shoes! I told him I did too, sometimes, and earned the money myself. We weren't really *simpatico* after that."

"But are you divorced—did you tell him you were free?" Truly Hope had changed.

"I did not," said Hope. "I do not tell anything to anyone. Mary, do you just happen to know—anything—about Ned? Where is he—and what—and why?"

"I believe he is back in Montreal, still in the bank," said Mary. "Of course you know his people, after everything—"

"Ah, yes, that's something else I should like to know now. What was—everything? People did hear of it, then?"

"Oh, heavens," said Mary, "it was a nine days' wonder—everyone knew, and no one knew just how it got about. If I had felt like laughing, I'd have laughed myself weary, watching them try to make up their minds to ask me—and not doing it. Ned closed up like a clam, too. And his people heard, and he went home suddenly—and went into the bank again at home. That's all I know. Do you still think—"

"No. I was just curious." She sighed a little, and poked the fire absently. It was late spring, but the evenings were still refreshingly cool. "I forgot to ask about Emily Edgerton."

"She's engaged, to someone I don't know. A man from the East, I think," said Mary. "I saw her awhile ago; she's quite wonderful."

ONE other, too, she had forgotten to ask about. Not once did she mention Tony York's name, and at the end of the visit Mary was convinced it was from neither pride nor pique, but because she did not care. But then neither did she seem to care much for anything; that inquiry in her eyes was terribly impersonal. Mary had come to see, and now she did not like what she saw. Once she had vowed she would never again play *deu ex machina*, but what was a vow against a friend! Mary thought deeply in the week that followed, and sifted Hope's life to the bottom. In it she found only husks, and a few vivid memories; poor food for a soul that must fare as it may. Hope had grown—she even looked physically taller, perhaps because of her thinness—she was a woman now but she had not come into a woman's heritage. The episode of Ches Landry served as a keynote to her emotional state. Hope had really told it all in the one sentence. When she met him she had had her face turned from men in weariness, hardly in scorn; and his casual flouting of her had affected her strangely. Was she not desirable—she, who had been torn by the very claws of desire? It was to make nothing of her griefs, and, in short, she would not endure it. And then, having vindicated her right to her own woe, he was nothing to her. He had never kissed her lips; more, he had hardly touched her hand. She made a casual confession of that to Mary, and turned her emotions inside out briefly for her friend's enlightenment.

"I understand now; I haven't got my astounding ignorance for an excuse. So I can't play at it all any more. Con used to kiss me sometimes, and it just meant to me that he was kind and I liked him. What should I do if I met him again? Well, I'm sorry about Ches—that is, if I've hurt him; he never said—I was a cat; I won't do it again. But you can see it's those terms or nothing; and he doesn't go away. There won't be any others, probably."

"You flatter yourself," said Mary.

"No, I don't," said Hope. "I used to. I was always weaving nets, and throwing them to the winds, to snare love. Not for any one man—but every girl's like that—you know yourself, you find what you're looking for. Like a sailor whistling up a wind; it's our attitude. If it hadn't been for that, should I ever have taken Ned seriously? Why, I thought that men *might* die for love; not that I quite foresaw him in such extremity, but it seemed a terrible thing to me—as if every touch of fever might be mortal! Maybe love does make the world go round; but at that, I needn't have imagined it would stop turning because a young cub sighed in vain after some particular girl" She laughed lightly. If in the face of that declaration it seemed foolish of her to be still so spent and undone, the point were missed. She suffered not from the mere loss of the desired object, but from the moral shock of seeing Tony as he was, and the following revelation of her marriage. To have her sand castle swept away by the tide was perhaps no great matter—but what dead man's bones had come to light in the backwash?

THE next few chapters of "The Magpie's Nest" brings the interest to a climax. The story grows more gripping as it unfolds. The December Everywoman's World will contain another goodly installment. Don't miss it.

The Lady of the Emeralds

A Study in Criminology

By EDITH G. BAYNE

MAYHEW paused in the act of lifting the razor to his chin. His eye had just caught the date on his dresser calendar. Three days old! With his left hand he tore off the three top leaves, exposing a large number eleven. Then a slow smile spread over his face and from the recesses of his throat as he swiftly plied the razor about his well-developed jaw, came a sound which might have been interpreted as expressing part skepticism, part amusement. The magic number, eleven, had called it forth.

It was the eleventh of the month and in the ordinary sense this meant nothing special to Professor Mayhew. It was also Tuesday, thesis day, and he had no lectures until one-thirty. But—the evening before, his married sister had succeeded in dragging him out to a social affair, termed a "tea-fight," and he had there been wheedled into having his palm read by a gipsy fortune-teller. Of course she hadn't been a real gypsy, and he had listened with a polite and somewhat bored attention to her prognostications. For fifty cents she had conjured up some very pleasant but highly improbable future events for him. He was to be married—ah very soon! His fate was rapidly approaching. It was breaking all the speed laws and cutting corners on two wheels as it were, to reach him! The lady of his choice would be a person of high character, much intelligence and no little beauty. Also he was due for a legacy soon and his lucky number was eleven. Everybody had a lucky number, whether they knew it or not.

"Think back and see if everything fortunate that has occurred in your life hasn't taken place either at eleven of the clock or on the eleventh day of the month," she had advised him.

He had obeyed her. But the result of his cogitations was disappointing. He had had a serious illness at the age of eleven. One night at eleven the house had caught fire. Eleven years ago to a day he had been "plucked" in his exams.

"No, no, madam! I am unable to accept your dictum," he had told her, rising ere she could request another half-dollar for a recounting of his past. "Still I thank you kindly. You are a true optimist. The bare idea of that legacy has bucked me up wonderfully."

HIS boarding-house breakfast bell sent out its last clarion summons, and Mayhew hurriedly dressed.

Disposing of the meal in his usual rapid manner, he took a car for the downtown district. Most of the forenoon was spent in the transaction of various matters of business, and not again did he have occasion to think of the talismanic numeral which was supposed to be the guiding star of his destiny.

An hour before noon found him at the jewelry counter in a large apartment store. He was choosing a pair of gold cuff-links for a birthday present for a fellow member of the Faculty.

The store was thronged. Next to him, and at times so close that he could discern the faint aroma of Parma violet that emanated from her vanity-bag, stood a young woman in a fashionable blue jersey-cloth costume. She was looking at some expensive necklaces, languidly lifting them up in her slim white fingers and laying them aside, seemingly unable to come to a decision in the matter of a purchase.

Mayhew found himself unable to refrain from little sidelong glances of furtive admiration. She was undoubtedly a charming sort of person, though not strictly beautiful. She had a clear-cut piquant profile, soft dark hair and a pair of shadowy hazel eyes. It was this latter feature of the girl that drew the young professor's attention irresistibly to her. They were strange eyes. Something of regret lay in their depths. They were the sort of eyes that invariably accompany a good brain. He could see that she was a sensible, perhaps an economical person. She was evidently regretting the high prices of —

Then an involuntary gasp of horror escaped Professor Mayhew. For even as he continued to watch her in his unobtrusive way, he saw her do a very odd thing.

She glanced swiftly to right and left and quickly slipped an emerald necklace up her sleeve!

ALL this while he had been standing beside a shop-lifter! Mayhew's heart, which had almost ceased operations, now commenced to pound. A cold sweat broke out all over him. The shock of what he had just witnessed left him staring at her in unqualified amazement.

She looked up, caught his expression and a queer, pleading look came into her eyes. Then they dropped swiftly, she drew her lips together, bravely assumed an air of indifference and turned to leave the counter.

But Nemesis was on her trail! From behind a marble pillar stepped one of the great store's watch-dogs—a man in plain attire but clothed with official authority.

Blandly and in very quiet tones he invited the young woman to accompany him to the office of the store superintendent.

MAYFEW saw the girl's face whiten. His heart contracted with pity as he heard her essay a laugh. So young, so lovely—and so hardened! The young man whose days were spent in the seclusion of college halls was face to face for the first time with an actuality of real life, a sub-strata, demi-monde, occurrence. In all his learned, scholarly helplessness he stood gazing at the lovely thief but unable to aid her in the slightest degree.

"You were witness of this?"

The words, though quiet, cut into his consciousness like the chill chipping of steel on ice.

"I—I really would prefer not to appear in this matter at all—" he began, backing away. But we must have you. You won't be detained long. Come," insisted the detective.

Reluctantly Mayhew followed the speaker and the girl into an elevator. All the way up to the sixth floor he watched the girl's hands—fair hands that clasped her alligator handbag firmly—not the ordinary hands of the professional shop-lifter, he imagined. These fingers did not look predatory. Still you never could tell. The appearance of immunity they had was likely their best professional asset!

DURING the next ten minutes Mayhew lost all sense of time. Afterwards he told himself that an hour must have passed. The usual formula was put to the girl who gave her name as Clare Wilkins. She was searched in an adjoining room by the matron. But apparently the emerald necklace was all of the booty. A price tag was on it.

"One hundred and eighty-five dollars!" exclaimed the superintendent. "Whew! You didn't do this from necessity, young woman! You are evidently not in want. Is it your first offence?"

"I prefer not to say," said Miss Wilkins.

"Ah! Then your record will have to be looked up. Call a closed cab, Mr. Maxwell, please. And this young man?"

"He witnessed the removal of the necklace."

"Then he will go along."

"Where to?" demanded Mayhew. "You're not sending her to—can't the fine be paid *here?* I—will gladly pay it if you will let her off."

The superintendent shook his head.

"We've let too many off. It happens too often. Last month we made a new rule. Right over to number six station they go now!"

Miss Wilkins had been standing with downcast eyes. At Mayhew's offer to aid her she flashed him a grateful look, but at the same time shook her head.

"What made you do it?" he asked, as they filed out again.

"I—I just love emeralds!" she answered, and it seemed to him that her tone sounded irrelevant.

At number six station Miss Wilkins was given "ten days" without the option of a fine, until her record could be looked into.

Mayhew, though loath to admit it, was compelled to believe, from all absence of an hysterical manner on her part that Miss Wilkins was an old offender, or else she had great self control!

"My dear girl, why *do* you lead a life of this sort?" he asked, impulsively, as he prepared to leave her.

Without realizing it he had taken one of her hands into his strong clasp. Looking earnestly down at her he suddenly remembered that his young sister and she must be about of an age.

At his sympathetic tone Miss Wilkins displayed her first sign of emotion. She gulped once or twice and then sobbed convulsively into her handkerchief. He left her thus, promising to call upon her the next day.

THE young don was only half present in the spirit at classes that afternoon. In the evening he chanced to read a disquieting editorial in one of the papers. Ordinarily the topic would scarcely have interested him sufficiently to make him wade through the first sentence. It was about prison reform. The *Evening Echo* had been championing the cause for some time.

"Why it should be necessary to keep the public in the dark in regard to conditions in our prisons, we cannot understand, unless it is a case of palpable, patent mismanagement," *The Echo* said. "And as for the state of affairs in the women's sections—particularly in numbers six, nine and eleven—how, in a city like ours such woeful neglect of the ordinary decencies can be tolerated, passes comprehension."

Mayhew shuddered as he pictured the possible plight of Clare Wilkins. Owing to lack of proper food the girl would emerge at the end of her incarceration a mere shadow!

So the next day he smuggled in to her a box of candy and some fruit. She did not extend her hand but he took it and spoke to her in a big-brotherly manner. She sat on her hard little bed, he on the plain wooden bench.

"I admire your altruistic motives in coming here, Professor Mayhew," said the girl at the end of his first half dozen halting remarks. "But really you can do me no good. You—you don't understand the temptations I am subjected to. I—"

As she looked at him with the light from the one barred window falling across his earnest young face she broke off, her lips twitching. Then she buried her face in her hands and sobs shook her slender shoulders. But when she looked up he saw that her eyes were dry and bright. Full despair had had her so long in its clutches that even the refreshing boon of tears was denied her! Mayhew sighed.

"But a girl like you—why I can see soul shining in your face—surely *surely* you can pull yourself up to the level of honest living again! What do you do with your time here?"

"I tried to write—some letters. But they took away my

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31)

We Want More Good Wholesome Fiction

A COMPETITION ANNOUNCED

IS there anything more enjoyable than a good old-fashioned love story? Have you ever delved into grandmother's book-case, selected a neat little leather-bound, yellow-paged volume, and ensconced in the depths of the easiest family chair, whiled away an hour or two? Did you not marvel at the directness of the story, the exquisite English, the wholesomeness of the theme, the purity of the morals, the lack of insipid sentiment, and the general excellence of style?

We want just such a story.

We want fiction that is exhilarating.

Don't you?

We feel sure you, too, must be weary of the problem-play, the endless exposé of sordidness.

There's a whole lot of gladness, of charity, of purity, of general good-will, in this dear old world. Let's hear about it.

You find it in your lives; we find it in ours; we all see it in those with whom we come in contact every day. There are ideals still in this materialistic cosmos. You have observed them! Tell us about them. Weave the humanity of life, the very joy of living, around a good strong theme. Make it a story worth reading, and send it on to us.

For the best story accepted we will pay ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

It must not be more than 4,000 words in length. It should lend itself to illustration. If it has a Canadian touch to it—so much the better.

After the winning story has been decided upon, we shall pay the usual rates for all others we accept, if the contributor definitely states that the manuscript is to be so considered.

If competitors want manuscripts returned in case of non-acceptance, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must be enclosed.

All manuscripts must be in this office not later than January 5th, 1918. Address Manuscripts: Fiction Competition Editor, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont.

Farming Just a Matter of Choice

They Gave Up Positions of Importance to Become Farmers

By MADGE MACBETH

PERHAPS there is an association between the idea of dentistry and foodstuffs, and yet one cannot but exclaim at the thought of a leading Regina dentist turning farmer. That is what Dr. Grace Armstrong has done throughout the past summer, working early and late on a western ranch and helping to supply the country's needs in food. Dr. Armstrong inherited dentistry; her father handed the profession down to her, and her brother is a dentist. In its attitude toward a woman practitioner, the public is apt, Dr. Armstrong thinks, to be a little more exacting than with a man, but she finds no complaint against Regina where she is proudly pointed out to visitors as one of the foremost professional women of the West.

Mrs. Parlby

THE old way was for a man to choose a woman and take her out to his farm where she had to be a farmer herself whether she liked it, or was fitted for it, or not. The new way is for a woman to choose a farm and to work it successfully because she wants to do so, with or without the help of a man! Women have been assisted materially along these lines by women officers at the head of Farming Associations. Mrs. McNaughten the (only woman) President of the Women's Branch of the Grain Growers Association is one, and the subject of our photo is another—Mrs. Parlby of Alix, Alberta. Mrs. Parley is the President of the United Farm Women's Association and is particularly interested in the right of women to homestead.

FROM a niche in the hall of literary achievement, whither she had climbed by means of jolly good and hard work, Margaret Bell Saunders stepped, to do relief work. For a year and a half she distributed food and clothing somewhere between the Yser Canal and the road to the trenches, under the supervision of the Belgian Canal Boat Fund with which Mrs. Agar Adamson, of Toronto, is so prominently connected. In 1916 while visiting a nearby village with a nurse, a bomb from a Hun aeroplane exploded, practically at the feet of Miss Saunders and her friend, killing the latter and seriously wounding the former. Recent word comes from her saying that while recuperating in Wales, she has taken on the care of the strawberry bed, a poetic form of farming which doubtless by this time has led to broader activities along the same line.

Dr. Grace Armstrong

Margaret Bell Saunders

WHO says this is a punk "punkin?" Well, hardly! Mrs. Checkley is having her hands full while harvesting a bumper crop of pumpkins near Bartonville, Ont. A city girl also eager to do her bit, and a neighbor's children constitute "the help." Mr. Checkley, it might be mentioned, works in a factory all day and runs a truck garden during spare hours. His energetic wife attends to the garden all the other hours which are not spare. She has absorbed the thrift germ and is not willing to see anything going to waste for lack of a pair of hands to save it.

Mrs. Checkley

Miss Estelle Cline

SOME women are born farmers—but these are not they. Nor did they have farming thrust upon them. They jumped into it voluntarily. They left vocations to which they had made niche for themselves and turned to farming. And who knows but that you or I at the moment, are enjoying the fruit (or vegetables) of their labours?—Madge Macbeth.

HER name ought to be Rebecca, I suppose, but it isn't! She is Miss Estelle Cline, of Harley, Ontario, who feels that she is doing her bit to help win the war, by producing food-stuffs. Miss Cline belongs to the ever-increasing number of successful women farmers, and argues that what men have done on a farm can be done by energetic women. Indeed, she does not need to argue, for her versatility proves it. She builds her own fences, ploughs, cuts hay and grain, raises stock and in the photograph she is caught in the act of cleaning a well by means of a derrick constructed from her mother's wood pile.

We Nominate as Leading Woman in Ontario—Mrs. May R. Thornley

She Has Been the Power Behind Many of the Provincial Reform Movements in the Last Quarter of a Century

BACK of every great movement, behind every worthy project is some one figure, some sincere soul to whom the adherents of the cause may look for direction, for advice, for material help—some central luminary, the brilliance of whose achievements is never reflected through the public press or advertised among the uninterested and the unsympathetic. That guiding spirit works silently and effectively and indefatigably towards one end—the good of the cause and the accomplishment of its aims.

Just such a hidden light is Mrs. May R. Thornley, of London, Ont. But instead of restricting her interest to *one* movement, she is, probably unconsciously, the nucleus of *many*.

Mrs. Thornley is the embodiment of Canadian feminine thought of the moment. She stands for national progress and national ideals—or what national ideals *should* be; she stands *for* them and *by* them—stands very firmly, and out of her fertile brain comes the fruit of mnay a Dominion-wide reform, developed by the legions of co-workers in whom she has inspired enthusiasm for success.

NO one asks "Who *is* Mrs. Thornley?" Everyone knows her either directly or indirectly.

What is Mrs. Thornley? Ah, that is different. That question emphasizes the very quality that characterizes and has characterized her whole life—humility, a desire to remain unknown.

Before satisfying curiosity as to *what* she is, it may be more appropriate to go back a little to the days when Mrs. Thornley was—well, Mrs. Thornley-in-the-making.

She was born in Drummondville, Nova Scotia, just long enough ago to provide the years of experience the force of which she brings to bear on present-day affairs. Before her, through the line of her ancestry, were influences, good strong Christian influences that were bound to make their imprint. Her father, the Rev. G. N. A. F. T. Dickson, was Principal of Madras Institute a school for the training of teachers and the partial training of theological students. The position was a good one, at least from the financial standpoint, the salary being about $1000 per year. But there did not go with it the opportunity to minister to the need of souls that Rev. Mr. Dickson saw waiting in a more open field, so he willingly resigned the post in favor of one that brought him a salary of $325 a year, but a wealth of opportunity to spread the gospel.

It may have been coincidence, but more likely it was Providence that was responsible for a similar attitude on the part of her mother. Mrs. Dickson was highly educated in the Old Country, and on coming to Canada was requested by many professional men, including Judge Haliburton, of "Sam Slick" fame, to take charge of the first ladies' school in Nova Scotia. She agreed, and was very successful. She too, however, relinquished her career and its attendant honors because she thought she could do more good by sharing the labors of that Methodist preacher and his salary of $325 a year.

At the Circus

AT school Mrs. Thornley was a typical *girl*. She bubbled over with happiness and the joy that comes of youth. She was the "ring-leader" in any mischief that was going. And, speaking of "ring-leaders" brings to light a little tale of Mrs. Thornley's youthful days that is worth the telling.

There developed within her at one time, a great longing to see a circus. Of course, it was forbidden. That fact in itself, may have made the experience seem more to be desired. At that time she had no conscientious scruples upon the question. Her only restraining thought was the filial desire not to bring reproach or disgrace upon her parents, upon her father, particularly as Minister of the Gospel.

But she *must* see that circus! That fact remained. When all *pros* and *cons* had been sifted, the imperative longing still stood out. She *must* see the circus. There were obstacles, oh, a million of them, but even then one integral factor of her character was in process of formation—the overcoming of any and every obstacle.

So she dressed herself as a little old lady with poke bonnet, lace, veil, shawl and silk mitts, and thus disguised, sallied forth, all qualms of conscience left in abeyance.

Mrs. May R. Thornley

She enjoyed the menagerie and the acrobatic performance. The band, the crowds and the general spirit of good cheer had their respective effects. But gradually over her there crept a certain feeling of disgust at herself that she had allowed herself to be lured there. The suspicion of sordidness now and then came as a shock. And, to add to her discomfiture she became aware that she was being watched. The man beside her on the grandstand was holding whispered consultation with his partner. She, in turn, observed the diminutive "grandmother" with keen amusement. Jointly, they scrutinized her from head to foot, their eyes resting a trifle too long on the plump, soft white hands that fitted oddly into the silk mitts.

The little fugitive hid the hands under the shawl and as soon as she could get away, wriggled through the crowd and made good her escape.

"I had had enough of circuses," she will tell you laughingly.

WAY back in 1885 Mrs. Thornley first became active in the work to which she has devoted more time than to anything else—Temperance. She was then living in New Jersey. But when her husband died she came to Ontario where she plunged whole-heartedly and with all her soul into the fight for Prohibition.

There, you have one of the secrets of *what* Mrs. Thornley is. She is the alpha and the omega of the W.C.T.U. temperance endeavor in Ontario. Indeed, it would not be amiss to say that her influence has spread far beyond the limits of that province. But in nominating Mrs. Thornley as an outstanding figure *in* Ontario, as we do hereby, we should confine ourselves *to* Ontario.

For seven years she was Provincial President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union and has been officially connected with the organization ever since her last term of office as president expired. She was also for a number of years president of the branch in London, Ontario, her home city.

Mrs. Thornley has worked unceasingly and untiringly in the interests of temperance and of the other moral issues for which the W.C.T.U. stands, and though few may be aware of it, many of the big moral reforms in the past quarter of a century are directly traceable to her efforts.

The Dry Canteen

AT the barracks at Carling Heights, London, investigation had exposed much drunkenness. Mrs. Thornley wrote to the then Minister of Militia, Sir Frederick Borden, and sent complaint after complaint. In the course of the correspondence she very unexpectedly found that there really *was* a dry canteen law on the statute books that was never enforced.

There were ten canteens on the Heights, and these were rented mainly to tavern keepers who brought their bar equipments with them and conducted regular business. Any money above expenses went to provide delicacies for the officers' mess. The officers themselves, openly admitted to Mrs. Thornley the charges she made, and as openly denied the presence of a dry canteen law on the statutes.

In the meantime the question was asked, in the House of Commons, if Mrs. Thornley of London was charging violation of the law. The Minister of Militia replied that she had not substantiated her charges. Immediately Mrs. Thornley wired that proof was on the way, but no further action was taken until two years later, when a Commission was formed in London which instituted three military trials, posted copies of the dry canteen law in the canteens and enforced its observance in Ontario.

Later came Sir Sam Hughes and the federal dry canteen law.

Another reform due to Mrs. Thornley's influence was that of improved conditions in public schools. She brought before the Ministerial Alliance in London facts that went to prove that moral conditions in the schools were certainly not what they should be. The disclosure brought upon Mrs. Thornley rather distressing publicity. Although she shrank from it, she accepted it in the cause of righteousness. The question did not rest in London. It spread all over the country, into the United States and even across the seas. The Teachers' Association of Toronto took it up. An Anglican clergyman appeared before that body and laid bare some of the appalling facts that had come to his notice. The Toronto *Globe* dealt with the matter editorially. In short, a resolution went to the Ontario Department of Education requesting that Mr. Beal, who had been for five years under the auspices of the Provincial W.C.T.U. as a worker among the school children, be taken over by the Department to supervise moral issues in the schools. This was done, and at the recent W.C.T.U. convention in Cornwall a resolution was passed requesting the Department to appoint also a woman for similar work among the girls.

"The Fiddlers"

TO the average person the two words "The Fiddlers" have become a symbol of mysticism. There came a day when the public was informed that a certain book of that name written by one Arthur Lee, in England, had been censored—forbidden the mails in Canada; that a fine of $5,000.00 would be exacted from any citizen in this free and democratic country who would hereafter be found with the book in his or her possession—in short, all the rigors of the law would be enforced for infringement of any of the thousand and one clauses that went to make up the governmental proclamation.

Whether or not Mrs. Thornley was in any way responsible for the passing of that law, indirectly, will be left to conjecture. It will suffice to state her connection therewith.

In May, 1915 the W.C.T.U. in Ontario discovered that while Canada's soldiers had the dry canteen on this side of the Atlantic, such was not the case in England. The officials immediately sent protests to the War Office in London, even to Lord Kitchener himself. These may have been the reason for dry canteen having been brought in for a month—a month *only*. With her genius for organizing, Mrs. Thornley unfolded a plan whereby the authorities here would be made cognizant of the facts, though indeed no one supposed they did not already know

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14)

How Christmas Came to Nina

By Madge MacBeth — Illustrated by MM^cLaren

Author's Explanatory Note

"TELL us a play which will be easy to produce in our club or Sunday School," has been asked me times without number, and it has sometimes been difficult to find one which will not discourage both the actors and producer before the close of half a dozen rehearsals. In "HOW CHRISTMAS CAME TO NINA" therefore, I have tried to write above all things a play easy to cast and easy to produce.

It can be put on with utter simplicity in hall or drawing room; it can be produced on a stage with pleasing elaborateness. But the spirit of it is what counts, not the setting. It is advisable, I think to have one or two adults in the cast; they give a certain confidence to children and the children in turn, can teach adults many a deserved lesson in lack of self-consciousness.

The parts are easy to cast—Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Scott being just what the lines portray and Mr. Burton, a middle-aged clergyman.

Nina Scott, has the most difficult part of the four little girls, about 13 years of age. I would suggest that she be a brunette, in contrast to A CHILD who ought to be a blonde—angel type if possible.

Mr. Cann, the comedy relief, can be as funny as whiskers and a wig can make him.

A CHILD might well be taken by a small adult—one with a sweet, slow speaking voice and an intelligent reading of the part. As to costumes, they are all everyday ones, except those worn by the children in the tableaux, and that worn by a CHILD.

When she enters first, she should be in rags—gray or an indefinite tan; her sleeves torn and bare arms showing. Oldest boots; no wraps. She should be pale, but not dirty. When she comes in at the last, she should be dressed in white robes, her hair flowing, wings if possible, and a delicate crown.

The tableaux and Victrola idea, is introduced obviously to make a full evening's entertainment and to bring a number of children into the cast without giving them lines to learn and thus complicate the production.

I will be glad to answer any questions relating to the play, make-up, songs, etc., if you will write me enclosing a stamped envelope—Madge Macbeth.

SCENE—*A Sunday School room. Door to right, leading to street. Door to left, leading to another part of building. Window, rear right. Piano or organ against rear wall. Texts hanging about. One or two tables and a few chairs or benches—not crowding stage. At left, near foot lights, a half trimmed Christmas tree; tinsel, ornaments, etc. Boxes of toys nearby. (See text of play for exact articles). At rise of curtain, MRS. PATTERSON, MRS. SCOTT, and MR. BURTON are discovered, standing near tree.*

Mrs. P.—There! I expect the children can finish it all right.

Mrs. S.—I'm sure they can. We have done the highest places.

Mr. B.—And I fear we have used up most of the decorations. There seemed to be so few this year. And the toys—how *will* we manage to make them go round?

Mrs. S.—My dear Mr. Burton, please do not distress yourself. It is my experience that children are just as happy when they do not have too much fuss made over them. The old idea of surprise, stockings, Santa Claus and the like, has died. Children are eminently practical, these days. In other words, the Spirit of Christmas is changed.

(*A low cry is heard outside, and a CHILD with pale face, peers in at the window a second, then disappears*).

Mrs. P.—Listen! Didn't you hear something? It sounded like a child crying.

(*All listen, Mr. B. goes to door, opens it and looks out.*)

Mr. B.—I thought I heard something, too, but there is no one about. Probably the wind.

(*Comes back to tree.*)

Mrs. P.—I don't care how practical a child is, Cora, a gift—a gift which is accompanied by love—never fails to please. And we have so many children in the parish this year who will have no other presents than those they get here—I do hope some more things will come in.

(*Laughing off stage. Stamping of feet at door Right. Enter DAISY, NINA, MAY and GRACE. Winter clothing.*)

Daisy.—Good evening. Oh, how lovely it looks!

Mr. B.—Good evening, girls.

May and Grace.—Good evening.

Nina.—Oh, I say—you promised to let us do it! My hands are nearly frozen, aren't yours, Daisy?

Daisy.—Pretty cold.

May.—We hooked on to Mr. Cann's sleigh. He'll be here in a minute, and asked the children to be ready so he won't have to wait.

(*Girls remove wraps. Nina dumps hers on a chair, covering a fair sized box. See text below*).

Mrs. S.—What is he coming for?

Mr. B.—To carry out a happy idea of Mrs. Patterson, who suggested sending photos of our children, in this dear familiar setting, to the boys who enlisted from this parish.

Girls.—Oh, how jolly! May we be in them?

Mrs. P.—Of course. But I am specially depending on you older girls to help make the records a success.

Nina.—What records, Mrs. Patterson?

Mr. B.—Records of our carols and Christmas songs, Nina. Mrs. Patterson's idea, too. She has a Victrola in the hall, there (*points to door, left*) and all the facilities for recording our music. The discs will be sent to the brave lads Overseas and with photos and songs and socks and plum cakes, they will have a real echo of home—God bless them.

Mrs. S.—That was quite clever of you, Esther. I never would have thought of such a thing. Are the youngsters ready?

Mrs. P.—They ought to be—in the Infant's class room. Shall we go and see? Oh, here is Mr. Cann, now.

(*Enter Mr. Cann, camera apparatus in hand. He is a loud-voiced, hearty man.*)

Mr. C.—Evening, ladies! Evening, Parson! It's snowing and blowing like Billy—be—Dar—Ahem!—er—that is, like Billy—er—Sunday! Ho, ho! I nearly said it, didn't I? Ho-ho! Well, where are the victims? Not much time to spare . . got to do some Christmassing at home, to-night. Oh, by the way, here's a tuque the missus thought might look well on the tree.

(*Claps it on the head of a Teddy bear, cat, dog or other animal*).

Mrs. P.—Thank you, Mr. Cann. We need all the things we can get. The children are just about ready.

(*Exit Mrs. P. and Mrs. S.*)

(*Mr. Cann gets busily to work with camera, tripod, black cloth, etc.*)

Mr. C.—Come on Parson. Martyrs are called for.

Mr. B.—Oh, the boys don't want my photograph. Not alone, surely.

Mr. C.—Oh, ho! You want to be grouped with the girls. All right—I have an idea. We'll send the boys a charade—Come on, all of you. (*He groups Mr. B. and the four girls in door Left; rushes back to camera and snaps the shutter.*) Good, now can any of you guess it? It's an adjective.

All.—No, we give it up.

Mr. C.—Wonderful! (*All look at one another puzzled*).

Don't you see? Come here. (*They crowd rounhd him. He speaks mysteriously*).

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36)

Cast of Characters

Mrs. Paterson.
Mrs. Scott
Mr. Burton the Clergyman
Daisy Patterson
Nina Scott
Grace Collard
Mr. Cann, the Photographer
A Child.

As many Sunday School children as desired. As many carols and tableaux as desired.

For Your "Meatless Days"

Of course you will want to help the Government in the work of conserving food supplies by having one or two meatless days each week. For your meatless meals you will want food that supplies as much nutriment as meat at a lower cost—food that is ready-to-eat and easily digested.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

contains all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain prepared in a digestible form. It is 100 per cent. whole wheat—nothing wasted, nothing thrown away. The whole wheat contains every element needed for building healthy bodies and for furnishing energy for the day's work. It contains more real, body-building nutriment than meat, eggs or potatoes and costs much less.

Two or three of these crisp, brown little loaves of cooked whole wheat with milk or cream make a nourishing, satisfying meal for any time of day at a cost of a few cents. Delicious with sliced bananas, stewed prunes, baked apples or other fruits.

"Made in Canada" by

THE

Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Limited

Niagara Falls - - Ontario

Toronto Office: 49 Wellington St. E.

In the Realm of Books

What's What in the Newest Literature

The Red Planet

By W. J. Locke.

S. B. Gundy. Price, $1.50

MR. Locke is always somewhat of a poseur, but he possesses a personality and charm of style that give interest even to his most carelessly constructed stories. We feel that never have the people he portrays been known in real life but in spite of his incorrigible sentimentality we read each new work with pleasure.

In his last volume, however, he has departed from his usual world of beloved vagabonds and errant damsels and has given us a war-time story, which is yet not of the war. The plot confines itself to life in England, but the war is ever in the background—a threatening cloud upon the horizon. He is unfortunate in the fact that the machinery of his tale is precisely similar to that of another author of somewhat earlier date. Some who read the "Red Planet" will recall a book which made a slight sensation a few years ago, "The Lame Dog's Diary." In both books the incidents are related by an elderly soldier, incapacitated by his wounds from active service, whose life has been narrowed to that of a little English village. Here, however, the similarity ends.

The central figure of the "Red Planet" is that of Leonard Boyce, an officer in the Old Army. Of this man it is hard to say whether he is hero or villain, the worst of scoundrels, or only the victim of a curious constitutional taint. Long before the tale begins, in the course of the Boer War, he had yielded to this hereditary taint of cowardice and had left his men to be cut to pieces as a result. Later, however, by deeds of desperate hardihood, he had won both the V.C. and the D.S.O. and had succeeded in having the memory of his former disgrace almost forgotten and discredited. Betty Fairfax, the heroine, is engaged to Boyce and is very much in love with him, but upon discovering that he has stood by and suffered a woman whom he had wronged and who loved him, deliberately to drown herself before his eyes, she breaks the engagement and refuses to have anything further to say to him. She marries Captain Connor instead, but he is killed during the first battles of the war and when Boyce returns blinded in an act of great daring Betty relents. However, Boyce straightens out matters by suicide and Betty finally marries Major Meredyth, the narrator of the story, who has loved her from childhood.

It is a difficult matter to like a hero who stands helpless while his men are shot around him, or who sees a woman drown with no attempt to save her, but at least we are left with a strong pity for the man whose struggles against the constitutional taint that warped his whole nature were doomed to meet with such disastrous failure.

Imperial Projects and the Republic of Canada

By J. S. Ewart, K.C., L.L.D.

McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart.

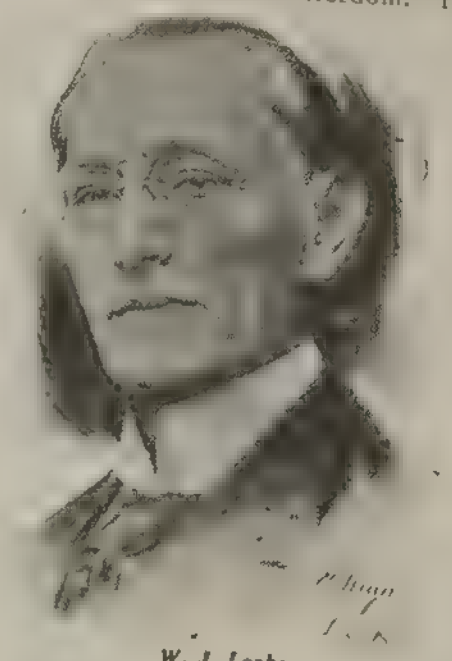
THIS is one of the Kingdom papers, a series of articles upon Canada's constitutional relationships, in which Mr. Ewart endeavoured to stem the gradually rising ride of Imperialism, which was, he felt, sweeping aside Canada's dignity as a nation and rendering her a mere appendage of Great Britain.

In his former papers Mr. Ewart set forth a very earnest appeal for the foundation of a Kingdom of Canada, acting as an ally of Great Britain, but politically independent of her. This, he declares has now become an impossible ideal, mainly through the exertions of Lord Milner, whose services to the cause of Imperialism have rendered forever impossible hopes of this destiny for Canada.

We conclude by quoting his final words which will adequately express his present ideas upon the subject of the future of our Dominion.

"This, at all events—the first of our lessons—is certain. Imperialism is the enemy—the enemy in Europe and the enemy in Canada. Imperialism is the curse and the scourge of the world.

"Lord Milner is once more a dominating figure. He is the same masterful aristocrat now as he was then (at the time of the Boer War). He drove the Boers into a war for freedom. He



W. J. Locke

is reducing Canada to shameful subjection. He has dissipated all hope of the Kingdom of Canada. He will find, I tell him, that he has but turned us to a better, for a more secure and enduring, destiny. He, principally, is the founder of the REPUBLIC OF CANADA."

The Definite Object

By Jeffery Farnol.

The Musson Book Co. Price, $1.50.

JEFFERY Farnol's latest novel is most distinctly Jeffery Farnol. "The Definite Object" is wholly readable, wholly likeable and wholly wholesome. Possibly nothing better could be said of any novel. Its depth is certainly not unfathomable, but in its very lightness there is a strength that goes with the clean heart-interest story.

Geoffrey Ravenslee goes into the slums, "Hell's Kitchen" for curiosity, to piece together the shreds of interest in life that he was well-nigh losing. He finds there, a little crime, some sordidness, a whole lot of Christian charity, kindness, humor, clean morals, and—love.

He comes out again after—but therein hangs the tale.

"The Definite Object is well worth reading. It has, indeed, been greeted with unbounded enthusiasm.

Lilla

By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes.

Musson Book Co. Price, $1.35.

WHEN in a novel an unsympathetic husband disappears and is reported dead in the first chapters, it is a reasonably good wager that he is going to turn up again at the psychological moment and make matters extremely unpleasant for everyone concerned. This is all the more certain to happen if the wife has never really lavished upon him the passionate love of which her nature is capable, and if in the meantime she has found the object upon whom she can pour out those vast depths of affection, it is liable to be a little trying for the wife. So when Lilla, under exceedingly melodramatic circumstances, found the ultimate passion of her life in Dare Carteret, it was a foregone conclusion that Robert Singleton would be inconsiderate enough to reappear. The situation was rendered still more unpleasant by the fact that divorce—which might have presented a solution of the problem—was barred, both Dare and Lilla being Catholics.

However an artistic ending is provided, which we will leave the reader to discover for himself. Mrs. Lowndes has a crisp and natural style, her dialogues are always entertaining and natural and the book will serve well to while away an unoccupied hour.

Boys and Girls of Many Lands

By Inez N. McFee.

Thos. Y. Crowell Co.

IN the "Arabian Nights Entertainment" that book of Fairy Tales dear to the heart of every normal child, we read of a magic carpet which would transport its owner to any place whatsoever that he might wish, if he would but seat himself upon it and utter his desire aloud. For modern children, such a carpet is not a necessity. If they will but exercise their powers of imagination they may adventure all over the globe and learn to know the people of many lands with the aid of some of the many delightful books of travel provided for their entertainment.

Such a book is the present volume, the writer of which has been successful in taking her child friends through many delightful places and introducing them to a group of pleasant companions. The first introduction is to a little African boy, the son of a chief, and we learn from him how he passes his days. Then we meet with a small Australian and are told something of life in that great Commonwealth. A rubber plantation up the Amazon is the scene of our next visit, followed by glimpses of China, Japan and many another country. To an imaginative child this book would give additional interest to his lessons in geography and it should be a useful one for special reading in schools.

The Whistling Mother

By Grace S. Richmond.

McClelland & Goodchild.

A SKETCH, by the well known author of "Red Pepper Burns" of a lad's feelings on leaving home to go to the front; the story of a woman's courage and patriotism. The note of the story is given in the closing paragraph:—

"After all it's the mothers, I think, who do the biggest giving when their sons go to war. I suspect it's what they put into their sons that stands for the real stuff in the crisis . . . . . I wish more of them understood what it is to a fellow to have his mother hold her head up."

The Soul of a Bishop

By H. G. Wells.

The MacMillan Co. of Canada. Price $1.50.

WE have hardly been able to get the nauseating effect of Mr. Wells' last book—"God the Invisible King" out of our systems when he comes forth with another—"The Soul of a Bishop." Mr. Wells must indeed be a Capitalist these days!

In this new book, he shows us a high dignitary of the Church of England who

(Concluded on page 53)

Let Us Serve You

FOR the convenience of our readers we will be glad to purchase for them, from the publishers, all such books as we may review.

A post office money order enclosed with instructions—name of book and publisher—is all that will be required. There will be no extra charge for the service.

Address orders to the Review Editor, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Canada.

Laugh Time Tales

"Life Without Laughing is a Dreary Blank"

RAISING HER CAPITAL

A small girl came to the door of a farm house.

"Please, Mrs. Haye," she said to the farmer's wife, "Mother wants to know if you'll lend her a dozen eggs. She wants to put them under a hen."

"Under a hen?" was the surprised reply. "I didn't know you had a hen."

"We haven't," answered the child, frankly. "Mother's going to borrow it from Mrs. Oates!"

* * *

A MIXED MESSAGE

Mother: "Now, Tom, take this basin back to the vicarage. Tell Mrs. Fox Father liked the pudding very much; and say I have washed the basin, but believe it was cracked before. Oh! be sure you say 'I hope your foot is better, and does not give you much pain'."

Tommy (nervously): "Please, Mrs. Fox, Mother thanks you for the pudding you sent, and—and—er—she hopes it didn't give him much pain; and—er—er—be sure you wash your feet, and she believes you're cracked."

* * *

UNNECESSARY CAUTION

The town council of a small Scotch community met to inspect a site for a new hall. They assembled at a chapel, and as it was a warm day, a member suggested that they should leave their coats there.

"Some one can stay behind and watch them," suggested another.

"What for?" demanded a third. "If we are all going out together, what need is there for any one to watch the clothes?"

* * *

DISCONSOLATE

He came home and found his young wife dissolved in tears.

"What do you think has happened?" she cried. "I left the cage open, and our canary has flown away."

He undertook to give what consolation he might, and took the poor distressed lady in his arms. As she nestled against his shoulder a new access of sobs convulsed her.

"Ah, George," she murmured in a choking voice, "now I've only you left!"

* * *

NAUGHTY ALGERNON

"Algernon, you must shave or we part!" said the damsel, sharply.

"Oh, you just imagine you don't like the looks of my moustache!" protested the man. "You wouldn't like my face any better without it."

"My face is concerned," snapped the girl, "not yours! That moustache keeps brushing my complexion off!"

* * *

HEARD AT THE ZOO

Comments by children at the Zoo occasionally reveal a novel point of view. A youngster stood before the cage of a Sumatra tiger in the lion house. He watched the great beast pacing rapidly to and fro behind the bars, but always with its eyes keeping a sharp look-out for the arrival of dinner, for it was near feeding-time. After a long and critical examination of the performance the youth delivered judgment.

"I say, dad, what a ripping good goal-keeper he'd make, wouldn't he?"

* * *

INCONSISTENT

"What is an agnostic?" asked Rollo.

"An agnostic," replied Uncle George, "is a man who loudly declares that he knows nothing, and abuses you if you believe him."

* * *

EMBARRASSING

Little Dorothy's uncles are both at the war and she has a great admiration for soldiers. The other day in a crowded street car she was sitting on her mother's lap, when a wounded soldier entered. Dorothy immediately slipped to the floor.

"Here, soldy," she offered, "you can sit on mamma's lap."

Tableau.

* * *

SWEETLY EXPRESSED

Not for worlds would Mrs. Smith speak an unkind word about anyone. She was one of those charitable old ladies who try to think and speak kindly of everyone.

"What a brilliant conversationalist young Mr. Jenkins is!" said a friend to her one day. Do you know him? Really it is an education to listen to him talking."

"Yes," said gentle Mrs. Smith, "I have met him."

"You must have found him very entertaining. Why, he can talk cleverly and wittily for an hour at a stretch."

"Then when I met him," said Mrs. Smith, with a sweet smile, "It must have been at the beginning of the second hour."

* * *

THAT'S DIFFERENT

A small boy who attends one of the grade schools was vaccinated recently, and after the arm had been dressed the attending physician suggested that he place a ribbon with the word "Vaccinated" around it.

At this the youngster spoke up, "Put it around the other arm," he said.

"But that won't do any good," protested the doctor, "It wants to be placed around the sore arm so the boys at school won't be hurting it."

The lad looked at him in disgust and replied: "You put it around the other arm. You don't know the kids at our school."—*Kansas City Star.*

* * *

WITH STANDING

Teacher—John, give me a sentence containing the word "notwithstanding."

John—The man's trousers were worn out, not with standing.

* * *

SLIGHTLY MIXED

At a dinner quite recently in Dublin there were two sisters present. One had just emerged from her widow's weeds and the other was not long married, but her husband was doing his bit in India. A young barrister who was present was chosen to take the young widow in to dinner. Unfortunately he was under the impression that his partner was the lady whose husband was in India. The conversation commenced by the lady observing how hot it was.

"Yes, it is very hot to-day," replied the barrister, "but not so hot as where your husband is!"

* * *

WHAT IT MEANT

Sunday-school teacher: "What does this verse mean where it says: 'And the lot fell upon Jonah?' "

Little Harvie: "I guess it means the whole gang jumped on him."

* * *

SHE DIDN'T SEE

"Can your husband claim exemption?"

"Well, I don't see how he can be strong enough to fight abroad when he is too weak at home to take up a carpet."

* * *

Two Jews, father and son, went for a stroll one sweltering day. As they passed a vender of ice-cream the boy turned to his father and said, longingly—

"I vish you'd puy me some ice cream, fader; I do feel hot."

His father gazed at him for a few seconds in mild surprise. Then he exclaimed—

"No, no, Ikey, my boy; but I tell you vot I vill do; I'll tell you some ghost stories vot'll make your blood run cold!"

* * *

A NATURAL QUESTION

A small girl is very fond of her bath, but objects vigorously to the drying process.

One day, while we were remonstrating with her, she said: "Why, what would happen, mamma, if you didn't wipe me dry? Would I get rusty?"

* * *

CAUGHT THAT TIME

A college professor who was always ready for a joke was asked by a student one day if he would like a good recipe for catching rabbits. "Why, yes," replied the professor. "What is it?"

"Well," said the student, "you crouch down behind a thick stone wall and make a noise like a turnip."

"That may be," said the professor with a twinkle in his eye, "but a better way than that would be for you to go and sit quietly in a bed of cabbage heads and look natural."

No free alkali

EXAMINE a piece of fine lace that has been washed with Ivory Soap. Notice how clear it is, how much it feels like a new piece, how fresh and unworn it looks.

It is tests such as this that show you the all-round quality of Ivory Soap—its mildness, purity and freedom from uncombined alkali.

IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

99 44/100% PURE

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada

Facts and Figures That Tell the Truth

Disclosures Concerning the Liquor Traffic Made at the Recent W.C.T.U. Convention at Cornwall, Ont.

THERE was never a convention more timely or more necessary that than held at Cornwall a few weeks ago by the Ontario Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Timely—because it provided an opportunity to deal with the big issues of the day—issues that had become of vital importance; necessary because it lay with the women of the country to help solve these problems and solve them immediately.

St. John's Presbyterian Church, Cornwall saw an aggregation of women each day more enthusiastic than is generally expected at meetings of the kind. Even the routine-work—the election of officers and other matters of business claimed the undivided attention of every delegate for their decisions upon those questions stood for considerable weight in the light of what might follow in the coming year. It was, consequently a tribute to the efficiency of last year's officials when they were returned to office. Mrs. E. A. Stevens of Toronto being re-elected to the Presidency, a post she has held for five years.

Miss E. A. Stevens, Toronto, for the past five years President, Ontario W.C.T.U. and re-elected for another term of office.

The Franchise Bill

THE principal resolution brought before the convention was in reference to the new Franchise Bill. The main motion proposed was:

"That we resent the action of the government in creating an arbitrary distinction among the women of Canada by passing an election franchise act whereby many of the loyal women who have made sacrifices in the war are deprived of the right of the franchise through no fault of their own."

This however, did not meet with general favor and an amendment was made and carried, only four delegates voting against it:

"The convention thank Sir Robert Borden for establishing the principle of women's franchise, but reaffirm their belief in the principle of the equality of the sexes before the law and respectfully urge that the franchise should be granted to women on the same basis as it is to men."

The resolution and the amendment speak for themselves. Although a large proportion of the women throughout the Dominion are very much opposed to the new Bill, the ladies of the W.C.T.U. are agreeable to accepting it as a war measure and are looking forward to total franchise in the near future.

A Mock Election

A RATHER amusing incident of the convention in connection with franchise was the holding of a "mock trial." Voting was carried out by the ladies in a typically masculine fashion—with all the irregularities, the inconsistencies and the consequent penalties.

Mrs. Emma Pugsley of Toronto, played the enviable role of constable. Mrs. S. G .E. McKee, of North Bay was enthroned as Returning Officer, and the other necessary officials asserted their respective powers.

One of the ladies with more than a sprinkling of gray hairs was told she was not old enough. Another presented herself as a man who had been dead some years.

What was it all about?

Why, a Mayoralty election.

Mrs. Flora Yorke Miller, of London, Ont., was in the field as the masculine candidate for mayor of Cornwall, and her opponent was Mrs. Ada Courtice, of Toronto as the supporter of woman's rights.

The poll closed in due course, but the voters are still waiting to hear the result of the election.

Against Temperance Beer

THE convention by resolution entered a protest against the manufacture of 2½ per cent. beer, in Canada. It was decided that a petition will be transmitted to the Government asking that the manufacture, importation and sale of alcoholic liquor be stopped in this country.

In her Presidential address, Mrs. E. A. Stevens dealt with the liquor question at length.

"Sir Geo. E. Foster has stated that the distillers are turning out six million pounds of alcohol each month for the Imperial Munition Board, which was up to, if not in excess of, their producing power. But the case of breweries is quite different. In 1915 a total of 145,295,673 pounds of barley had been used; in 1916: 93,150,690 pounds, and for 1917 a total of 98,552,300 pounds, besides corn, rye, molasses and sugar. We must protest against the breweries wasting good grain and sugar, for which our boys at the front are pleading so pitifully. Our Food Controller asks that we save white bread by using brown bread at our tables daily. So it is equally necessary to conserve all our food grain. From England comes the soliloquy of a slice of bread which gives us a wholesome lesson in economy, and some think we Canadians need it badly:

The Slice of Bread

I AM a slice of bread—I measure three inches by two and a half, and my thickness is half an inch. My weight is exactly an ounce, and I am wasted once a day by 48,000,000 people of Britain. I am the bit left over; the slice eaten absent mindedly when really I wasn't needed; I am the waste crust. If you collect me and my companions for a whole week you would find that we amounted to 9,380 tons of good bread—wasted.

"Two shiploads of good Bread! Almost as much—striking an average—as twenty German submarines could sink—even if they had good luck.

"When you throw me away or waste me you are adding twenty submarines to the German Navy. Stop all waste!

Our Food Controller asks us to sign a household card similar to those used in England, stating our willingness to observe certain economic measures in our home diet, and, as loyal Canadian women we ought to be willing to make the sacrifice asked, but feel that he should show us the example by prohibiting the breweries from using good food grain and the all important sugar.

While our Missionary Board is appealing to our Unions for money to send sugar to our lads who crave for it, often in vain, the breweries have been permitted to use 616,369 pounds sugar and rice as well as 27,416,716 pounds molasses for the year ending March, 1917.

Add to this the $75,000,000 spent in intoxicating beverages for the same year and the labor of making this liquid poison, which ought to be directed into more useful channels and the time lost by the drinkers and through

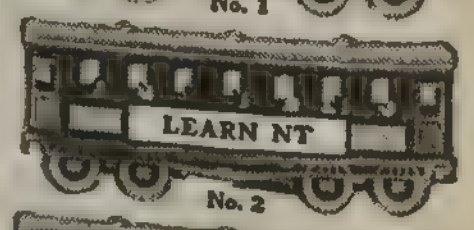
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18)

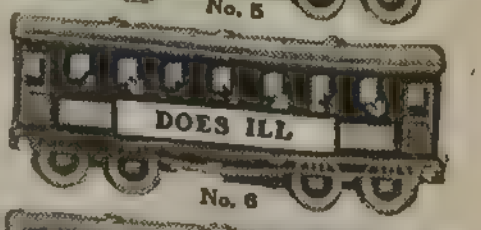
ASSURES SUCCESSFUL BAKING
MAGIC BAKING POWDER
MAKES THE WHITEST, LIGHTEST
MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM
Guaranteed to be made exclusively from the ingredients specified on the label.
Your Grocer sells it. Costs no more than the ordinary kinds.
NO ALUM
E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
TORONTO, CANADA
Winnipeg
Montreal
MADE IN CANADA

$100 in Christmas Prizes

WHAT PRESENTS ARE IN THE CARS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

$100 IN CASH PRIZES FOR THE BEST REPLIES





SO that we may become acquainted with more young people this Christmas, we are giving you this train loaded down with Christmas presents. Each car contains one kind of present and the name is on each car but the man who painted the name got the letters all jumbled. Worse still, the man who coupled the cars got them in the wrong order. Now, can you straighten things out and re-arrange the letters in the names of the presents in each car and put the cars in their right order behind the locomotive?

Car No. 6, DOES ILL, contains "Dollies." The other cars may contain gloves, candy, baseballs, animals, bicycles, building blocks, skipping ropes, nine pins, engines, skates, Noah's Ark, perfume, lanterns, tools, footballs, games, or something else. It is for you to find out.

Should you get the cars behind the locomotive in their right order, you will find that the first letter of the correct name of each Christmas present in each car when these first letters are all put together will spell out the name of a great Nation in Europe, one of the Allies—a Nation whose Navy controls the Oceans.

On Christmas Day, Uncle Peter, who edits the Bunny Page in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, will judge the answers and award the following big cash prizes to young people under seventeen years of age complying with the conditions of the contest, whose answers are all correct or nearest correct, neatest and best written. So get busy and send in an answer to-day, and this Christmas Season may be the happiest you have ever had.

The Big Cash Prizes

$25.00 Cash to the Boy or Girl who sends us the best reply. **$15.00 Cash** to the Boy or Girl sending the second best reply. **$10.00 Cash** to the Boy or Girl sending the third best reply. DOLLAR BILLS. Fifty brand new, crisp $1.00 bills to the fifty next Boys and Girls with the 50 next best replies.

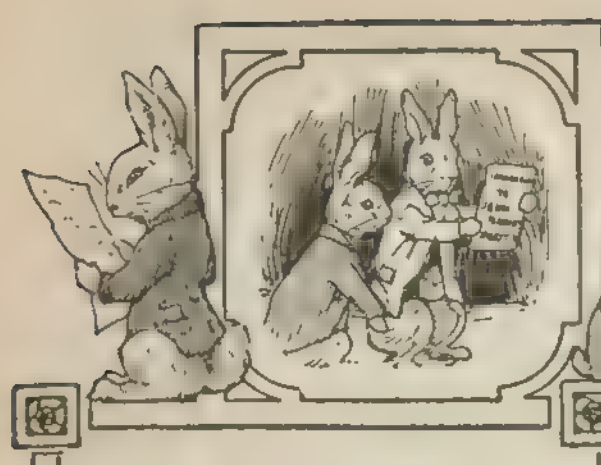
If you are bright and quick you will also have the opportunity of winning a Shetland Pony and Cart or Bicycle and many other fine prizes in a pleasant contest even more interesting that this one.

Write your answers in pen and ink, using only one side of the paper. Put your name, address and age, in the upper right hand corner of each sheet.

Send Your Answer This Very Evening!

THERE are 53 Cash Prizes and in addition other fine awards for every young person who qualifies his or her entry in this fascinating contest. Each boy or girl desiring his or her entry to compete for one of the fine prizes will be required to perform a small service for Everywoman's World for which additional Reward or Cash Payment will be given. Wouldn't you like Everywoman's World for you like a Shetland Pony and Cart or Bicycle? These fine prizes will go to our young friends and we would like you to get the best of them. **Address your answers as follows:**

Uncle Peter, c/o Everywoman's World, Continental Building, Toronto.



NOVEMBER

Uncle Peter's Page For Children

John Bunny's Birthday Party

PART I.

Now on one bright November day
John Bunny had a "notion,"
I can assure you that it caused
A very great commotion.

He sat upon his front door step
His eye was filled with pride,
His interesting family
Were gathered by his side.

A merry crowd of Bunnies they,
And ready for a joke—
John Bunny hushed them with a word,
And thus to them he spoke:—

"Look children all, at me, and see
A bunny old and gray
Since I was young and small like you,
Six years have passed away.

"I've watched my family with care
And kept them well and hearty,
And yet I've never had a really
Truly Birthday Party.

Tomorrow is my birthday, and
I'm going to celebrate."
He ceased. The Bunnies laughed with glee,
They thought it would be great.

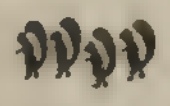
And then John Bunny thought of all
His numerous relations,
And lots of little cards he sent
To take the invitations.

Next day was fine, the bunnies woke
When it was scarcely light
(Just like you children do, when there's
A holiday in sight.)

They cleared the house from end to end,
They swept up all the floors,
And leaves of many varied hues
They twined around the doors.

They gathered food of every kind
That bunnies love to eat,
Determined that their guests should have
A really first-class treat.

PART II.



The squirrels were the first to come,
(They lived across the way),
They brought so many things they looked
As though they'd come to stay.

And when I say the squirrels came,
Don't think there were a few,
They came in dozens for they liked
John Bunny. So do you.

Tim Squirrel and his family
Were there the first of all
They sat in rows upon their toes,
All down the Bunnies' hall.

And many other squirrels came.
It would be quite absurd,
To try to tell you all their names,
For some I never heard.

Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act for Everywoman's World

Bunny Club Motto:

"Effort with Contentment"

UNCLE PETER'S MONTHLY LETTER

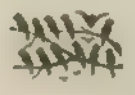
MY DEAR BUNNIES:

John Bunny's Birthday Party was such an important event that I thought I had better tell you all about it. They certainly did have a good time, and how well the picture shows it. How quiet and deserted the meadow-land looked by the time old Mr. Fox got there.

We had to start getting the November issue of Everywoman's World ready very early, so I did not get a chance to know who won the prizes in the September competition for the Bunny Club, *that* will have to wait over till next month now.

The Big October Competition

I hope that all of you are going in for Uncle Peter's big puzzle competition on page 44 of the October issue, and I certainly think that every bunny of you ought to try it. That competition does not close until Christmas Day, so you will all of you have lots of time. Go ahead and guess the answers. I want to see thousands of my Bunnies sending in their answers and trying to win one of the fine prizes, and I hope that not a single one of you will miss that competition. Wouldn't you like to win one of those fine big prizes? You all have the same chance, and as you all carry out the conditions of the competition you will find it well worth while, whether you actually win one of the big prizes or not! So come along with your letters. Bunnies, I want to see every one of you, all over Canada, do your best to win a prize!



Your affectionate Bunny-Uncle,
Uncle Peter.

New Bunnies!

Perhaps you have been told this Story, though it's very old: how once a horse and donkey went along the road together; the donkey loaded down with bags, behind the horse most sadly lags, the Horse, no bundles on his back, steps lighter than a feather. Poor donkey stops the horse to ask, if he will help him with his task, and carry half the load because his back is nearly broken; and now it may be clearly seen, that horse was very very mean. He would not help his donkey friend, nor heed the words he'd spoken. O'er many a weary aching mile, the donkey stumbled onward, while, the selfish horse quite gayly pranced along close by his side; until at last poor donkey stopped, and down upon the road he dropped, and quite forlorn with strength all gone, he closed his eyes and died. The man who owned them came along. He saw that things were very wrong, and tried to help the donkey up by lightening his load. But soon he saw it was too late, and when he knew the donkey's fate, he did not like to leave him there—lying upon the road. So to the horse he sternly said "Through selfishness your friend is dead, you would not bend to help him when you knew he was in trouble; so now you'll take upon your back, both donkey *and* his heavy pack. You *might* have carried HALF the load, BUT NOW YOU'LL CARRY DOUBLE." Now Bunnies, listen well to this, if things with others are amiss, do what you can to help them, and cheer them all you know; or sometime it may chance that you will have to CARRY DOUBLE too, just like the selfish horse did in the "the days of long ago!"

Bunny Club Competition for November

I wonder how you Bunnies liked the little Bunny-Club competition in the October issue. There hasn't been time to find out, yet. Here is another one. Take eleven small squares of paper, and on them write the letters of the word CONTENTMENT, like this:—

C	O	N	T	E	N	T	M	E	N	T

Then see how many different words you can make out of those letters, such as *Cot, Not, On, Ton, Ten, Men*, and so on. Write a list of all the words you make, and send them to Uncle Peter, The Bunny Club, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto, to reach me not later than December 10th. Six prizes will be given for the best six lists according to age, and as it will be Christmas time they will be nice prizes. See if you can win one of them.

John Bunny's Birthday Party

(*Continued*)

Then Mrs. Fieldmouse and her crowd,
Of little mice so hearty—
Like Bo-Peep's sheep they brought their tails
Behind them to the party.

And lots of little birds were there
Whose names you'ld know quite well,
I cannot tell them, for it takes
Too long the names to tell.

And Mr. Owl was there, but he
With sadness nearly cried—
He was too big to enter, so
He had to stay outside!

Oh my! they had a glorious time
As fast the hours went round,
(I only know what I have heard,
For they were underground.)

And when the moon came up that night
They danced upon the green,
The finest funniest birthday dance
That I have ever seen.

PART III.

John Bunny laughed and laughed till tears
Began to fill his eyes
To see a bunny dancing with
A squirrel half his size.

The little field-mice stayed inside
They did not care to roam
About upon the grass until
The owls had all gone home.

And who supplied the music,
Well, that's something I can tell,
The birds supplied the music
And they did it very well.

Now Mr. Fox was walking out
(He often does, at night)
He could be seen quite plainly
The moonbeams were so bright.

Six little owls as sentinels,
Were sitting in the trees,
Each gave the danger signal
(The signal was— a sneeze).

Before you could have clapped your hands
They all had vanished quite!
Not a Bunny or a Squirrel or
A mouse was left in sight.

The Bunnies skipped beneath the ground,
The squirrels up the trees,
The mice decided "they would stay
Till morning, if you please!"

The little birdies ceased to sing,
They stopped each blithsome air,
And when old Foxie reached the spot
The meadow-land was bare.

And down below John Bunny said
"I really must confess
Mr Birthday Party has turned out
A very great success."

Now children all, both great and small
My wish to you is this:
That when *you* have a birthday
It will be as nice as his!

It's Not Mussy Like Mustard

Vaseline
Trademark
Capsicum
PETROLEUM JELLY

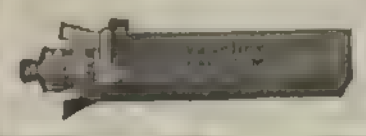
is a clean counter-irritant. "Vaseline" Jelly, blended with Capsicum, breaks up congestion in the throat and chest, and serves in every case where our grandmothers prescribed mustard plasters. And it does not blister the skin.

"Vaseline" Capsicum on a poultice at the back of the neck will dull a raging headache. Its warmth bakes out a toothache.

Sold in convenient tin tubes at Chemists and General Stores everywhere. Avoid substitutes.

Write for new illustrated booklet.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY, (Consolidated)
1880 Chabot Avenue, Montreal



Upstairs, Downstairs, in my Lady's Parlor"

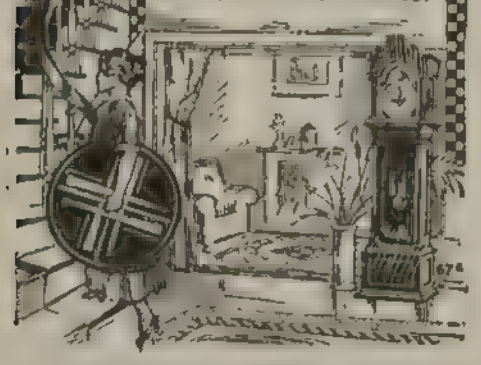
There are a hundred different uses for a light, compact

PEERLESS FOLDING TABLE

You will find it the most necessary piece of furniture in the house. Bring it out from behind the bookcase, or piano. Set it up wherever you wish. It is so light—only 11 lbs.—and so compact when folded, that you can tuck it under your arm and carry it up or down stairs.

Your dealer has it, or will get it for you. Ask him, MADE IN CANADA. Write for FREE booklet "C" describing our "Peerless" and "Elite" Tables.

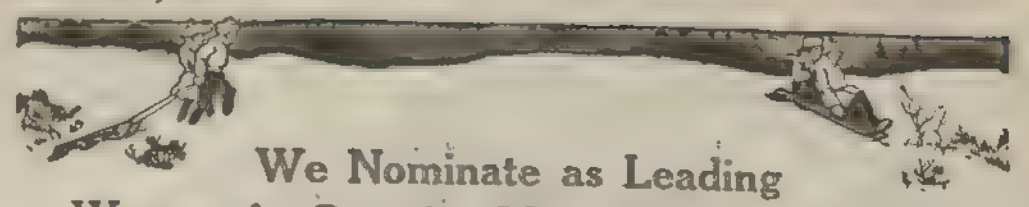
HOURD & CO., Limited
Sole Licensees and Manufacturers, LONDON, ONTARIO.



VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME

Taught in simplest English during spare time. Diploma granted. Cost within reach of all. Satisfaction guaranteed. Have been teaching by correspondence twenty years. Graduates assisted in many ways. Every person interested in stock should take it. Write for catalogue and full particulars . . . **FREE**

LondonVet.Correspondence School
Dept. 151 London, Ontario, Can.



We Nominate as Leading Woman in Ontario—Mrs. May R. Thornley

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

She assembled her co-workers, and together they called a meeting of the leading clergymen in Toronto of all denominations. The ruination of Canadian soldiers in England and in France through the liquor traffic was discussed in detail. Then Mrs. Thornley suggested that a petition be arranged, signed by all the *wives* and *mothers* of soldiers in the province; that other provinces be requested to do likewise, and that these be presented to the Prime Minister with a view to killing the liquor evil in England where so many Canadian soldiers must needs be quartered.

When the work was completed in Ontario, Mrs. Thornley, Mrs. E. A. Stevens and Mrs. Pugsley, officers on the provincial W.C.T.U. went to Ottawa to present the petition to Sir Robert Borden. He received them, in company with Sir Geo. Foster, and together they went into the question. The petition was signed by 66,000 wives and mothers; had it included sisters and daughters, the number of signatures would assuredly have been doubled.

The Premier promised the ladies that he would lay the facts before the War Office in London with his endorsation. Later, from London, came a letter stating that he had done so. But there, the matter rested.

Here is where "The Fiddlers" comes in. Arthur Mee used that petition and its attendant facts when exposing, in "The Fiddlers" the ruination, aye and damnation caused by the liquor traffic among Canadian soldiers in England. That the book is censored as an exposé of facts is to-day the subject of considerable comment here, since it is *not* censored in either Australia or New Zealand or elsewhere.

Of the many stories of the "conversion" of prominent women to the suffrage cause, none is more interesting than Mrs. Thornley's.

One day—when she was ten years of age the realization came to her that there would come a time when she could not continue to romp and play with the brother who was such a splendid pal; that her lot would be to sit in the house and darn and sew; that indeed her life would have to be far removed from his. So she climbed into a tree and nursed her grief alone.

But that favorite brother found her and insisted on knowing the cause of her grief. She told him. With truly masculine superiority he exclaimed: "Oh, girls always have to do such things."

The injustice fired her little soul and she determined to help change things so that men and women could do the same things and be pals still if they wanted to. And she has done so.

AND now, her latest activity merits more praise than cold print can express. To offset the evil influences that wait upon the boys overseas at almost every turn, Mrs. Thornley intends to supply them with worthy literature-messages of inspiration, of hope, of love, of Christianity. In order to do this, she has come forth with another of her original schemes. She is now launching a "Thimble and Trinket Fund," to raise money.

The idea is the collection of old silver thimbles and trinkets which can be sold, or if that is impossible, melted down, and the metal sold. She is asking for co-operation—and what Mrs. Thornley asks, she generally gets!

She labors on, in gladness of heart. "The high stern-featured beauty, of plain devotedness to duty" has indeed been her motto. She has had no wasted days.

So we proclaim her Ontario's outstanding woman!

She will refuse the title, shrink from the honor, we know, but in just that, she will furnish the test of her merit.

Facts and Figures That Tell the Truth

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

accidents caused by drink, we may value Canada's loss at $150,000,000 for the year.

Yes, we must have Dominion Prohibition! Whatever excuse there may be for Britain's Premier there can be none for the Government of Canada, when all but one of its Provinces have Prohibition and that one more than two-thirds dry.

British Columbia, after a delay two years has enacted a prohibitory law. Saskatchewan, as we predicted last year, has voted out its remaining liquor shops and now counts with the other prohibition provinces, while Alberta has amended her law to exclude advertising liquor in any shape or form and to prohibit any person in the Province having in his, or her possession more than one quart of spirits and two gallons of Malt. This rules out everything in the way of ware-houses and Commission firms."

After dealing with other matters of importance to the Convention, Mrs. Stevens, continued, in reference to Arthur Mee's books, "The Fiddlers" and "Defeat or Victory?"

Britain Still in Bondage

NEVER had a country more loyal or self-sacrificing workers against this giant evil than has our Motherland yet we find her refusing to permit the export of her prophet's warnings to her overseas dominions and our Dominion in turn, taking the hint from her, has censored the copies which had reached here before the ban was placed upon them. Mr. Arthur Mee, the author of these books and one of her foremost prophets, has given so vivid a picture of the evils she will not remedy, that she fears the effect of it in her more sober possessions. In an open letter to Premier Lloyd George, Mr. Mee says some pretty startling things.

He says: "We want 9,000,000 loaves of bread per day, and brewers destroy 450,000 of them. If waste is a crime who is the criminal here?

"You stopped the import of rum because we have enough to last for years, but a ship has just brought in 150,000 gallons of rum for the year 1920 which might have brought in 500,000 loaves of bread for the present year. Do you know that in one town, in your own country of Wales, eight babies have died from coarse war bread since you came into power?

"It is not safe to imperil the health of our poor, while French and English soldiers are given? Will President Wilson, Commander-in-Chief of the American Army and Navy have power to prohibit such rations? If so, will he be brave enough to exercise that power? God forbid that the mothers of our soldier boys in France shall vainly weep and pray and petition, as did their Canadian sisters."

The Social Evil

PASSING on to moral questions, Mrs. Stevens dealt with the social evil of the day.

"This submarine warfare of Satan is getting in its deadly work among our soldiers. The military authorities are greatly exercised over it, and have asked the assistance of Women's Societies, the pulpit and the press. Many of our leading workers are of opinion that it is creating greater havoc than liquor and are doing their best to stem the tide.

"One gleam of light we see—the danger is known, and must be uncovered—no longer can it be a submarine warfare—it must face the light of day; no longer can we shrink from it, for the health and morality of our country are at stake. It requires education and legislation and in both we can be helpful. Our Department of Purity and Mother's Meetings must come to the rescue. We have an abundance of literature on the subject and our mothers should inform themselves so that they may be guides to their children. And we must have legislation to guard our homes."

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to *try* the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't alright."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "alright" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

Our "Gravity" design gives greatest convenience, as well as ease of operation with quick and thorough work. Do not overlook the detachable tub feature.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, *before they pay for them*, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it.

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50c a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

State whether you prefer a washer to operate by Hand, Engine Power, Water or Electric Motor. Our "1900" line is very complete and cannot be fully described in a single booklet.

Better address me personally:

F. W. MORRIS, Mgr.,
"1900" Washer Company
357 YONGE ST. - - - TORONTO

Watch and Toilet Set FREE

GOLD FILLED — FULLY GUARANTEED

Girls! If you love pretty jewelry you'll be delighted with this exquisite little bracelet watch! Its most bewitching and the daintiest design we have had! Just the size of a quarter! Has genuine gold filled bracelet and case, pretty gilt dial and imported Swiss movement! You'll just love this little watch and you can **own it without paying a cent** and get this beautiful carved ivory-like Toilet Set too the loveliest and most useful set for your bureau you could wish! Magnificent comb brush and mirror set with **exquisite floral design** on the backs. Looks just like real priceless hand carved ivory. Jennie M. Swayze, Hatchley, Ont., says: "My comb and brush set are simply lovely. I am very much pleased with them." **You can win** this richly designed set by selling only 40 packets of beautiful Christmas, Greeting, Fancy and Patriotic post cards at ten cents a packet. You can sell them easily. Everyone buys these cards—they are **the cream of the finest printed.** Radiant, sparkling decorations—beautiful rich colors all popular new designs. Every card a gem—**you just show them and take the money.** People always buy lots of post cards more than ever now to send to the soldiers. Annie M. McClure, Centreville, Bedeque, P. E. I., says "Selling your cards is just a pastime. Please send me $3.00 worth more." **It will be just as easy for you!** Then send us the $4.00 and we will immediately send your magnificent toilet set. Postpaid. Show it to your friends, get only 4 of them to win a prize as you did and this charming little watch is yours too, **without a cent to pay.** If you desire the watch alone, you can win it by selling just $7.50 worth. Don't delay—write now. **In 20 years we've given over $200,000 in presents.**

THE GOLD MEDAL CO., Dept. 10T Toronto, Ont.

CANADA

Should You Be Exempt ?

Every facility is afforded those who have reasonable ground for applying for exemption under the Military Service Act. Each man's case will be considered by a local, civil board, sitting in the locality where he lives, and will be decided as is desirable in the national interest.

The idea behind the Military Service Act is to call up first only those whose absence from civilian occupations will cause least disturbance to the country's economic and social life. One hundred thousand reinforcements—*no more*—are to be raised under the Act.

Cases of Exemption

Over 1,250 civil tribunals have been organized throughout Canada, known as Exemption Tribunals. These boards are comprised of 2 members, one appointed by the county judge and one by a joint committee of Parliament. It will be seen that these tribunals are non-military and independent. The members are men closely acquainted with conditions in the places where they sit and will be able to give each case sympathetic attention.

National Interest Will Govern Exemptions

Consideration will be given to applications for exemption received from men engaged in the production or manufacture of commodities necessary to the conduct of the war and the support of those at home and cases in which real hardship would be caused by the withdrawal. Not all men who register these claims will be exempted, but such claims will receive careful consideration. National interest must govern.

Promptness is Essential

Prompt application for exemption is strongly urged upon all who, being included in the first class, believe they deserve exemption. But first visit a Medical Board and find out if any further action is required. Unless the Medical examination places you in Category A., you will have no immediate obligation for service.

Issued by
The Military Service Council.

108

WHY I COUNT MY CALORIES

The Calory is Becoming the Intimate of Every Intelligent Woman

By KATHERINE M. CALDWELL, B.A.

IN the old days "Befo' the Wah" a calory might have been a native of the South Sea Islands or the name of a newly discovered germ, for all the average woman knew or cared about it.

To-day, casual talk of calories is sandwiched in between a new pattern for khaki sweaters and the plans for the next Red Cross bazaar.

We have learned since we housekeepers went on active service that when we serve each of the five so-necessary classes of foods—(fruits and vegetables, foods of the "meat and milk class," starch, sugars, fats) *someplace* in each day's menus and in about the right proportions we can feed our families better and it will cost us less.

Important, both, in these days of food conservation and high prices!

But we can go farther still, for with the knowledge that the meals we serve are *complete* in their service to our bodies there goes the knowledge of just how much of those foods is required to make a perfect ration for the family.

A Simple Sum

"I know there are 100 calories in a banana, a large egg, or five eighths of a cup of milk. But how do I know how many there are in a pudding or made-up dish of any kind?" objects a woud-be win-the-war housekeeper.

Very easy to answer.

Let us take a recipe for a pan of corn muffins. Each ingredient will have its measure in calories:

1 cup corn meal.	510 calories
½ cup flour.	201 "
4 teaspoons baking powder.	
⅓ cup sugar	200 "
1 egg	100 "
Salt	
1 tablespoon shortening .	100 "
1 cup milk. .	160 "

This gives a total of 1,274 calories and makes a dozen muffins.

Obviously then each muffin will supply fuel for our bodies to the extent of about 106 calories.

"But I can't stop to figure that all out, every time I cook," objects the busy housewife, whose time is her most precious commodity.

Of course not, if she had to do it indefinitely. But it comes as easily as her everyday cooking, after a few days of carefully noting the values of the materials she uses in cooking—a very small price in effort, to pay for the useful knowledge it will put at her every day disposal. It amounts to little more than getting an idea of how much of the commoner foods there is in the standard 100 calory portion. These illustrations and lists and the large photographs of 100 calory portions in September EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, if cut out, pasted on a card and hung above your kitchen table, will be a handy reference.

Each Has His Needs

Learned folk have undertaken for us the task of working out the food needs of people of various ages and equally various activities. We have only to apply their findings to our own households.

A child from—

3 to 4 years requires . . .	1,300 c. daily
5 to 7 " "	1,400-1,700 c. "
8 to 12 " "	1,700-2,000 c. "
14 to 16 " "	1,800-3,200 c. "

A woman of medium weight requires at—

Sedentary occupation	2,000-2,200 c. daily
Manual labor	2,200-2,500 c. "
Hard outdoor labor	2,500-3,000 c. "

A man of average weight requires at—

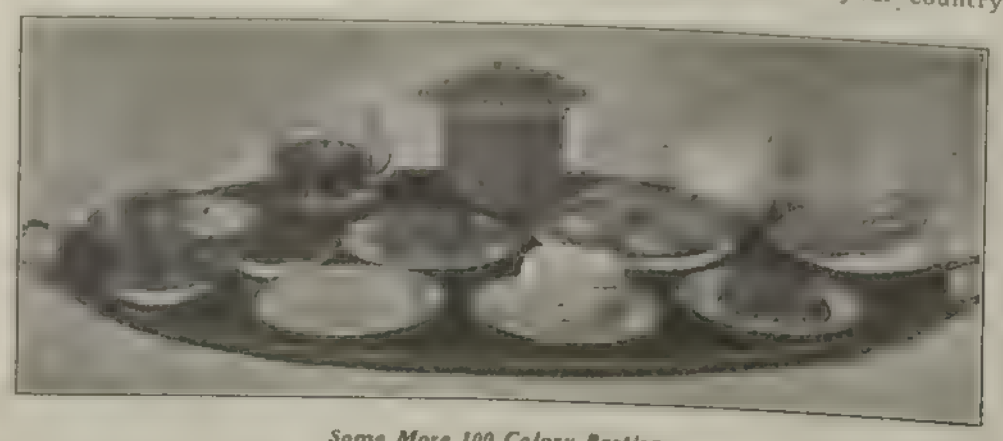
Sedentary occupation	2,500-3,000 c. daily
Manual labor	3,000-3,500 c. "
Hard outdoor work	3,500-4,000 c. "

It but remains to fit each member of the family into one of these classes and to fill up the day's meal.

The average family in this country, consisting of let us say, father, mother and three children, will call for about these measures of fuel value in their daily diet:

Father	3,000
Mother	2,400
Child of 9 years . .	1,800
" 6 " . .	1,500
" 4 " . .	1,300
Total	10,000

The importance of this more intelligent planning of meals is one of very real war-time significance



Some More 100 Calory Portions

The motto of every woman of the allied countries to-day is "I shall not waste."

So when we plan our meals to meet the bodily requirements of our families, giving them the foods that will fulfill each particular need, we will besides improve their digestions and health, reduce left-overs without the *skimping* no one of us would like to originate at our wontedly well-spread tables. We merely eliminate the "eating for eating's sake" into which our tasty, well-cooked dishes entice us.

The Child is First

The growing child is always the first consideration. With him, it is not merely a case of replacing worn out tissues, but of making new ones. So we have come to regard the diet for the growing boy or girl as the basis for all food planning. He needs, however, a little larger percentage of protein—of *building materials*, than does the adult who does not have to grow but has only to replace worn out tissues. The food of infancy—pure, whole milk—is a complete and perfect food. But it is unique—quite the only food that contains all the elements needed to build and to repair.

When we get to the *solid-food* stage, therefore, we must have a variety, in order to get the "complete ration." So we eat the "meat and milk" class of foods that are rich in protein. It is as necessary that we have the nitrogen that is in this protein to build and repair our tissues, as that we have nitrogen in the air we breath. But only a small part of the mission of our foods, is to build tissue—from 10 to 15 per cent. we have found. So we really require less foods of this class (meats, milk, fish, beans, peas, eggs, cheese, nuts) than many people suppose—one tenth to one seventh of the total calories in each person's daily meals is sufficient.

What does this say, to the people who have been in the habit of eating meat three times a day?

It says "Don't Do It!"

And quite apart from the requests of our Food Controller that we should eat less meat. If all the protein we eat made tissues, we might well wonder what would happen to the person who eats meat three times a day, with, in addition, the body building protein in the soup or fish, when served as a course at dinner, eggs and milk used in cooking, beans or peas when they are served *with* meat instead of in its place, nuts (one wonders what started the custom of serving these highly condensed forms of protein food at the end of a big dinner) and cheese, which though tremendously rich in protein, is also a favorite dinner top-off.

But nature has a little more consideration for her ignorant or gluttonous children, than they sometimes have for themselves and only a limited amount of the supply is used in her manufacturing plant. What she rejects, the poor digestive and eliminating organs have to deal with; the whole system is over-taxed, the nerves are affected—in fact the whole physical and mental fitness is impaired.

So you score one for your country and one for yourself when you cut down on meats, if you have been in the habit of eating them more than once a day.

Another Busy Builder

Mineral matters help make bony tissues and feed the nerves, so they too must be recognized as builders. Fruits and vegetables supply these most bountifully but have a small caloric count as much of their value does not yield itself to measurement by calories. We get water in its purest form in them, and they are important too, because they supply bulk—necessary to satisfy appetite, to give the "happy fullness" one epicure of ancient Rome celebrated in song.

So as body regulators, as well as builders we must have plenty of fruits and vegetables even though they seem to add few calories to the list. They do much to keep us well.

Fuel

Just as the automobile has its fuel, burns it and produces energy, just as the fire produces heat from its fuel, so do our bodies derive their heat and their energy from the foods that they burn.

The greatest amount of our food-calories should figure up in the big classes of foods that we mass together as starches, sugars and fats.

Almost nine tenths to six sevenths of our total daily calories will come from these foods—from the starchy grains, potatoes, rice, tapioca, peas, beans (which are also very rich in protein), bananas; from the sugars—cane and beet sugar, fruits, syrups; from the fats (the great heat producers, of which we naturally use more in winter months), cream, butter, oils, cocoa and chocolate, fat of meats, and nuts.

There should be most calories of a *starchy* nature, then fats and lastly, sugar calories.

Easy?

Very.

Good from a health standpoint?

The best. General family fitness, healthy, well developed children—these are testimonies every mother will appreciate.

Economical housekeeping?

Surely. Careful, well measured, intelligent providing is one of the best antidotes for High Prices.

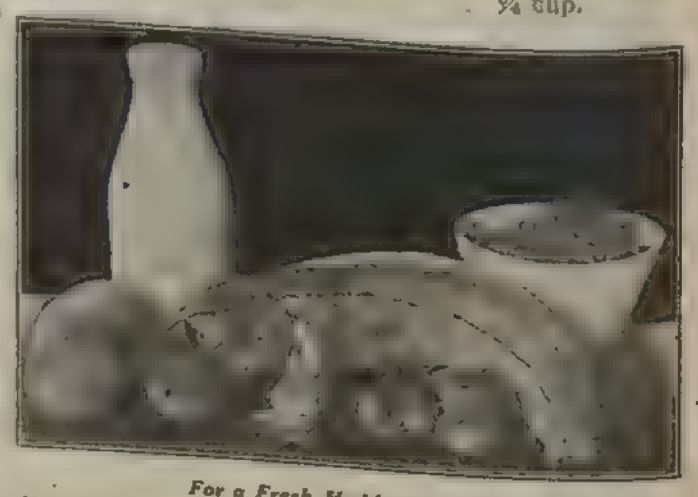
National Service?

The finest our women can render. They it is who alone can save the wheat, beef and bacon, and starve the Garbage Can—to help feed Canada's fighters and Canada's allies—and at the same time keep Canada's people fit and her children sturdy and well fed.

Count the calories—it will help!

100 Calory Portions of Much Used Foods

BEEF	
Round	One good slice.
Porterhouse	3" cube.
Sirloin	One small serving.
	One small serving.
VEAL	Large serving.
LAMB CHOP	One medium.
BACON	Four or five small slices.
FISH	
Fish balls	One, two inches in diameter.
Halibut steak	Piece 3" x 2" x 1".
Salmon (canned)	½ cup (scant).
VEGETABLES	
White beans	2 tablespoons.
Lima beans	2 tablespoons.
Split peas	2 tablespoons.
Beets	4 medium.
Cauliflower	1 very small head.
Onions	3 or 4 medium.
Peas (canned)	¾ cup (drained).
Potatoes	Sweet, baked, ½ medium.
	White, baked, 1 medium.
	White, mashed, ½ cup (scant)
FRUIT	
Apples	1 large apple.
Baked apples	½ apple with 1 tablespoon sugar.
Orange	1 large orange.
Dates	3 to 4 dates.
Cranberry jelly	2 tablespoons.
Grape(Concord)	1 large bunch.
Grape juice	½ cup.
Lemons	3 large.
Pineapple	1 slice and 3 tablespoons juice.
Prunes (stewed)	2 large and 2 tablespoons juice.
CREAM SOUPS	2-5 to ½ cup.
BREADS, ETC.	
White	2 slices, ½" thick.
Boston Brown	1 slice 3 x 3 x ¾.
Corn Bread	1 slice 2 x 2 x 1.
Muffins	About ¾ muffin.
Rolls	1 roll.
CEREALS	
Macaroni, cooked	1 cup.
Cornmeal, cooked	2-3 cup.
Cream of wheat, cooked	¾ cup.
Oatmeal, cooked	1 cup.
Corn flakes	1¼ cups.
Puffed rice	1 1-3 cups.
Rice, boiled	¾ cup.



For a Fresh Haddock Chowder

5 lbs. Haddock	1150 calories	6 medium potatoes	600 calories
1 thin slice fat pork	50 calories	3 cups milk	480 calories
2 medium onions	50 calories	Total	2250 calories

FAMILY FINANCE

My War Bond and I

By A WOMAN AT HOME

I HAVE gone into partnership lately—a big, wonderful partnership that makes me feel vastly proud and vastly humble, like a gilded potentate and an earnest worker, all in one.

I have gone into partnership—with Canada.

My country's success—financial success (which is so completely dependent on her success in the war, at the same time as that war-success depends upon her finances)—means *my* success now. Our fiscal fates are firmly bound together, for *I have bought a War Bond.*

Perhaps you bought one long ago. Perhaps you have clipped a lot of coupons and drawn your more-than-five per cent. interest many times.

But if so, you are no prouder than I, nor more grateful, that you have been allowed to do this Bit for your country, for your Empire.

Why? Because at first I was excluded from this happy participation.

Too Big to be Personal

WHEN the first call went out to Canada's citizens, asking them to lend their funds (at excellent rates of interest!) to their country, I read all about those bonds, and I ached to buy one—not alone for the pleasant sense of prosperity and safety that an investment in such a good security gives, but because it offered such a chance for individual service, for individual sacrifice, if need be. I was hungry for just such an opportunity to "serve," for my husband and my boy were both on the firing line and I was—waiting.

But there were issued bonds worth One Hundred Dollars and worse still, multiples thereof!

One hundred dollars was a lot of cash for me! It would mean the most careful saving for many months.

However, the saving started, although I did not actually expect ever to buy that bond. For I hugged close to my heart the hope that before the day my savings reached one hundred dollars, there would be no need for war bonds and that I would have my Big Boy and my Little Boy at home again.

A Fair Adjustment

DID someone urge, at Ottawa, the rights of the "small investor," to have some little share in financing Canada's men, Canada's war?

I don't know, but I imagine so.

The second War Bond issue was brought out, and close on its big success, close on the gladness that came when I saw how the people stood behind My Boys, with their purses open—close on the little sadness that I could not buy even a *quarter* of one of those bonds—there came the announcement of the twenty-five dollar certificate—purchaseable for $21.50

My War Bond!

Only two dollars were needed before I could buy one. They came so quickly! And immediately I took my first part in the actual financing of our army, with all its needs.

My first part, but not my last. I have bought a second Certificate for a second $21.50. And when the little ten-dollar Certificates came out I had just enough to buy one—the savings toward my third bond.

Did I wait?

No.

Acquisitiveness possessed me utterly. I wanted more and more of Canada's war certificates. I wanted to send more FIGHTING DOLLARS to stand by my fighting men, to put food in the Commissariat for them, shells in the guns for them — and faith into the hearts of them!

When I have $100 in War Savings Certificates, I shall exchange them for a War-Bond, partly because one of those Bonds was my first big wish, and partly because of their excellent terms. I believe a Bond of any issue is always convertible into one of a new issue, at the issue price, providing only that it is a twenty year bond. My brother paid $97.50 for one of the first Bonds, and when the last ones came out, he converted his gaining $1.50 by doing so. This is so fair—one is sure of getting the best terms the Government is giving.

At first, I should have been a little shy of attempting to purchase anything so awe inspiring as a *bond.* But it has been made so simple that I shall write to a good bond house or go to the manager of our bank without a flutter except those of pleasure and pride.

When War is Over

AND when the war is over and my soldiers come back to me—God grant they may come back to me—and when my country no longer needs to keep my dollars in uniform—I shall have a cosy little sum invested, that if it is needed, will help my little Boy to start his civilian life again.

That, too, is a warming thought for a mother to cling to during that period of "waiting."

So success to my partner and to me! I am in our great joint venture to my last available dollar, for on the result of our venture depends largely the chance for the victory and the return of our soldiers.

I am with Canada in the War Loan and the War Loan is with My Boys!

"I'M an old army man" announced a patriot whose fine physique corroborated his statement, "and I know something of the needs of an army. Those needs call for a pile of money. There is no safer investment in the world than lending your money to the government of a steady prosperous country. It pays well—a fact that is of course mighty pleasant But if there wasn't a cent of interest in it for me, I'd lend every cent I could lay my hands on, for as I say, I know the needs of the army and to supply those needs without straining, or with it, if necessary—is a great big factor in any country's success in war."

"Why do I take my surplus funds and buy War Bonds? Why don't I put them safely in the bank and draw my 3%?"

He was a business man—a successful, hard-headed, unsentimental business man.

"I'll tell you why. It's not because I draw over 5% interest, instead of 3%, or because they are always saleable, if I need my money at any time, although I distinctly like those features. It's because IT'S GOOD BUSINESS, old man. It's the surest, safest place for my money to-day. If those bonds ever became worthless, then no savings account or bonds or real estate or any other investment in the country would be any good to me. I'm playing safe—I'm buying war-bonds."

He too, was a business man, one with a reputation for long sightedness and an eye for profit.

"I am buying war bonds to my last limit. Thousands of other business men are doing it for the very same reason as I.

"The success of every business concern in the land, including my own, is dependent very largely on the financial stability of the country. While Canada needs my money, she is going to have it. That isn't altogether patriotism—it's sound business."

ARE you really interested in the War Loan?

Does that 5% interest convey anything to you?

If so—do you lack information concerning War Bonds?

If you do, write us. Whether your interest arises from patriotism or sound business, War Bonds are a good investment either way.

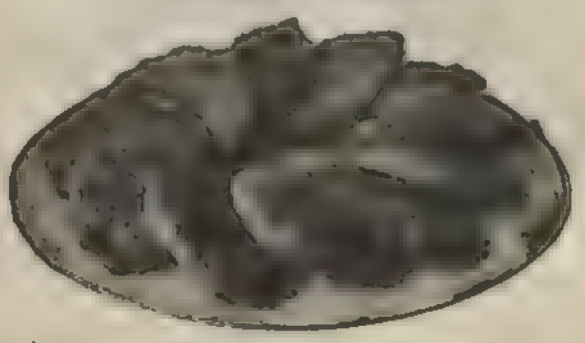
Send along a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Editor, Family Finance Dept., EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and we will be glad to help you.

How Much are You Paying for Eggs?

You can save half their cost in baking by leaving some of them out, often one-half or more, and adding Royal Baking Powder, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted. The following recipes are practical examples.

These recipes also conserve flour as urged by the Government.

Oatmeal Cookies

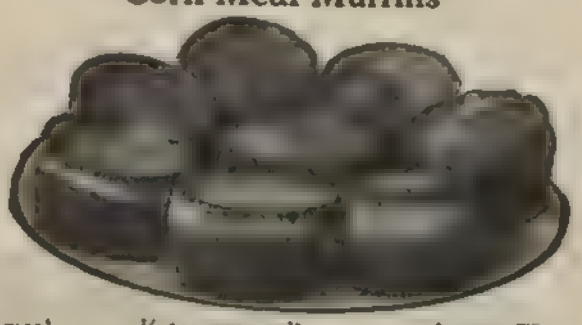


½ cup shortening — 1 egg — ½ teaspoon salt
½ cup brown sugar — 3 tablespoons water — ½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup corn syrup — 1 cup rye flour — 1¼ cups rolled oats
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder — ½ cup chopped raisins (if desired)

Cream shortening, add sugar and syrup, beaten egg and water. Add flour, baking powder, salt and cinnamon which have been sifted together. Mix well and add rolled oats and raisins. Drop by spoonfuls on greased pan and bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

(The old method called for 2 eggs)

Corn Meal Muffins



½ cup corn meal — ½ teaspoon salt — 1 cup milk
1¼ cups flour — 2 tablespoons sugar — 2 tablespoons shortening
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

Sift dry ingredients together into bowl; add milk and melted shortening and beat well. Bake in greased muffin tins in hot oven about 20 minutes.

(The old method called for 2 eggs)

"55 Ways to Save Eggs," a new booklet mailed free. Address Royal Baking Powder Co., St. Lawrence Boulevard, Montreal

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

saves eggs

Cream of Tartar, the chief ingredient of Royal Baking Powder, is of pure fruit origin, derived from grapes, and has no substitute for making a baking powder of the highest quality.

Royal Never Leaves a Bitter Taste

No Alum *Absolutely Pure*

LUX

Clean Without Rubbing

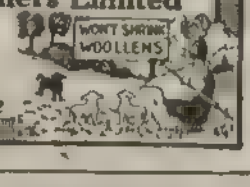
Here is the modern soap and the modern way of using it—LUX—tiny flakes of the purest essence of soap, making the creamiest of lathers in which even your very finest things are safely washed because they are not rubbed — just cleansed by gently stirring about. Try LUX and see for yourself.

British made, by

Lever Brothers Limited

Toronto

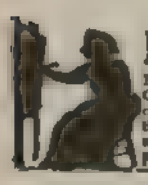
All grocers



42

LEARN AT HOME BY MAIL TO

DRAW—PAINT



Be a Cartoonist, Newspaper, Magazine or Commercial Illustrator, paint in Water Colors or Oil. Let us develop your talent. Free Scholarship Award. Write for particulars and free Illustrated Art Annual.

Fine Arts Institute, Studio 196 Omaha, Neb.

"Yes, Home-Made Bread *Is* Economical

By baking your own bread you not only save money but get loaves that are solid, nutritious and delicious."

Mrs. Ida C. B. Allen, Author of Mrs. Allen's Cook Book says

Five loaves of bread weighing 13 1-2 ounces can be baked at home for the price you pay for only four 13 1-2 ounce purchased loaves.

Try This Recipe for Three Loaves

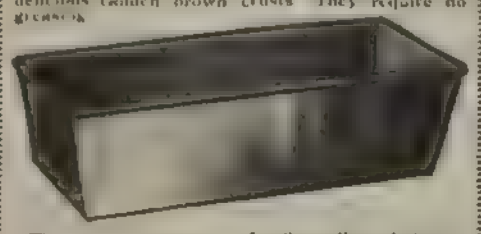
Two cupfuls scalded milk or one cupful water and one cupful milk. One tablespoonful of shortening. One teaspoonful salt. One compressed yeast cake. One tablespoonful sugar. Flour to make stiff batter. One quarter cupful tepid water.

Dissolve shortening in hot milk, pour into bowl and cool to lukewarm. Dissolve yeast cake in warm water, add to milk with sugar and salt. Gradually add flour to make a stiff batter, stirring vigorously. Turn on floured board and knead ten minutes. Set to rise till double in bulk. Form into loaves with little kneading, place in "Wear-Ever" bread pans, let rise again and bake about forty-five minutes. For perfect results and greatest economy use

"Wear-Ever"

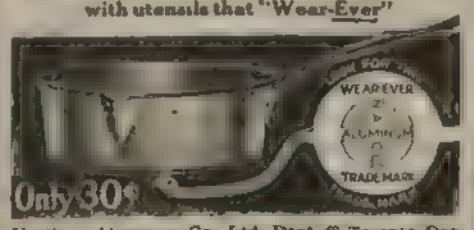
Aluminum Seamless Bread Pans

Because "Wear-Ever" Bread Pans heat so evenly the loaves bake all the way through and have delicious Golden Brown crusts. They require no greasing.



The enormous pressure of roller mills and stamping machines makes the metal in "Wear-Ever" dense and smooth, hard and durable.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"



Northern Aluminum Co. Ltd. Dept. 48, Toronto, Ont.

Send prepaid 1 qt. "Wear-Ever" (wine measure) Stewpan. Enclosed is 30c in stamps (to be refunded if not satisfied). Offer good until Dec. 20, 1917 only.

Name .....

Address .....

The Experiment Kitchen

Devices That Commend Themselves for Their Economy of Labor, Food or Money

Conducted by KATHERINE M. CALDWELL, B.A.

A Castor You Will Like

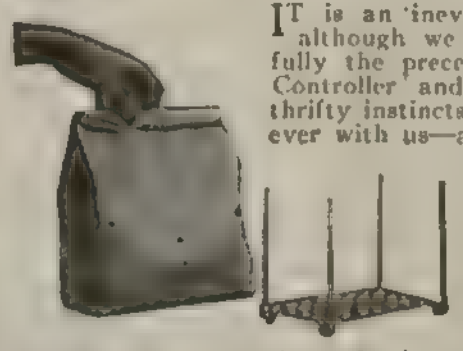
CHAIRS have changed and tables have changed but it did begin to look as though the old-time metal or wooden castor was with us forever—or if it did give place, it was to the small metal cap.

The hard-wood floor has jolted even these "oldest inhabitants" from their one-time air of sure possession. A new claimant for favor has arrived—and has been given a most gratifying reception. For the great discovery was made that "a soft voice is an excellent thing"—in a castor as well as in a woman! And the castor made of feltoid possessed that goodly thing. Also, it makes no mark on a polished floor and less work for the polisher!

Where there are delicate rugs or carpets to be considered, the gentler presence of the feltoid castor is appreciated. The rolling of a heavy chair will not endanger the fabric, the tread is so light and smooth.

If a castor does not suit any particular piece of furniture, you can get the little flat tips of the feltoid that may be either screwed in or hammered into place.

For Our Decreased Waste



IT is an inevitable fact that although we may follow carefully the precepts of our Food Controller and our own most thrifty instincts, waste matter is ever with us—also, the question of its disposal.

A satisfactory method of taking care of it is provided by the waste-receiver illustrated. A small metal stand that sits well above the damp sink-bottom, has four metal uprights from its corners. Into it, one slips a bag made of a particularly tough, fibrous paper. Given an ordinary sink strainer to drain off the tea leaves or other moist discard, and a dollar's worth of these bags, with a stand (which is made to last a life-time) and you will be equipped to keep the neatest of sinks and be noted amongst flies and insects as a very poor provider.

The mouth of the bag can be folded over when it is not in use and when the receptacle is full, just fold it close and put it in the pail or box which your garbage man calls for. Or you can eliminate even this much bother, if you will just put it into your stove or furnace and do your own cremating.

If you live in an apartment house, these neatly closed bags can be put on the lift and sent the way of the bulky and more difficult garbage-can.

And remembering always that "By their waste ye shall know them" when the roll of patriotic housekeepers is called, let us keep even the smallest paper bag down to the very smallest compass in the matter of contents.

"The Queen Was in the Garden Hanging Out the Clothes"

THE inclement days are coming when, if an impudent black-bird doesn't "snap off her nose," Jack Frost may do it instead. A clothes-line that the housewifely Queen could have put in place—with absolutely no trouble—in kitchen, attic or basement, or on the back porch, would have made its instant appeal to her, when she had her tea-towels or the king's court-train ready to hang out to dry.

The clothes reel that we could have recommended for this purpose is pictured here. It will hang on a hook or nail and when you want a line, you need just pull the loop of smooth, clean, clothes-line to the required length and hang it over one or two nails (you can spread the double line, making a triangle, if you so desire). When the line is out of use, it will wind up again like a fishing reel, and *keep clean until needed again*. A great point, whether you are hanging up royal linens or just nice, white muslins.

Doubling Our Butter Supply

A DOLLAR-STRETCHER! That is what we have found a device to be, that was sent us in quite another guise.

There have been on the market several versions of the mayonnaise or cream-beater that does its work in a covered glass jar. This particular whipper is as excellent as it is simple—merely a glass jar with a little plunger that must be thrust up and down through an opening in the lid.

Four small paddles are whirled rapidly as the twisted stem of the plunger slips through a straight slit in the cover.

But to the use we found for it in the Experiment Kitchen: Half a pound of butter, softened and creamed a little with a fork—was put in the jar, one cup of milk was added and the plunger was put to action.

After a few minutes of splashing, we had no longer butter and milk in the jar, but a soft yellowish mass that soon declared itself a pale, soft butter.

A pint of it! For the jar was full.

This means a very real economy, half a pound of butter, worth 25c and half a pint of milk, 3c, going as far, ultimately, as over a pound of butter—for it is soft and creamy and spreads thinly. Of course, there is a temptation to use it generously, but those are temptations to which we do not yield, in these days of stretching our food-stuffs as well as our dollars!

An Upright Beater

WHEN you are beating eggs or mayonnaise and your recipe tells you to add "a few drops of vanilla" or "a teaspoonful of mustard" what do you do?

Rest your egg beater against the edge of the bowl and trust to its innate sense of balance? It seems to be the way of beaters, at such a time, to flop over and immerse the handle in froth—if their consideration for you keeps them from overbalancing the bowl entirely.

Here is an egg-beater—a new member of an old family that, like David Harum's famous horse, "will stand without hitchin'." A heavy disk, made of perforated steel, is attached below the wheels and the beater will stand on its own, at all times, in a highly co-operative manner, leaving you with both hands free when you need them. A vast advance in an already well-advanced device!

A Dependable Assistant

THE flavor of the roast is in the basting," was an old saying that is no less true to-day.

This self-basting roaster saves the busy cook much time and many burns and the meat is being basted every minute. Choice cuts are at their choicest and the cheaper cuts emulate them to the full extent of their juiciness and flavor. Burning is a faint and far-off possibility.

Vegetables will cook in with the meats and will absorb a most delicious flavor. Or the roaster may be used as a steamer, for vegetables and puddings placed on the rock above the water pan.

It is splendid for baking fish, as there is a grate on which the fish is kept above the water in the bottom of the pan. The steam keeps the fish from dryness or from sticking to the pan and it is kept firm and whole.

The woman who has many things to do while dinner is cooking, will find a real helper in this wholly self-sufficient roaster.

If you will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope, we will tell you where any of these articles may be obtained

Make That Overseas Xmas Box the Best Yet

Novel Evidences of Home Love Will Make Our Heroes' Yuletide Brighter

Our Readers from Coast to Coast Have Co-operated in Compiling this Page of Suggestions for Use Now That Packing Time is With Us

SOMEWHERE, on this coming Christmas morn, there will be no hearth fire, no hanging mistletoe, no decorative tree. Somewhere the ring of children's happy voices, the sunshine of women's smiles, will be but memories. Somewhere the sheen of earth's snowy mantles may lack its poetic loveliness, may convey only a realization of its chill, its limitless expanse. That Somewhere?—Yes, in France, in Belgium, too, and Saloniki—in all of the many war territories wherein the Allies must keep watch, where men—our men, must celebrate another Christmas Day.

Their one hope of happiness lies with us—here, at home.

Can we satisfy it?

Rather—are we *going* to satisfy it?

If we are—and God grant that there be no dissenting voice—if we are—then away with gloom!

Let us to action—now!

There is enough concentrated cheer in this old Canada of ours to transport every fighting heart abroad into veritable ecstacy.

And so the time is drawing near when we must bethink ourselves of something new, of some idea that will make the Christmas box which we are getting ready for despatch to George or Fred or Charlie, just a little different from anything we have sent to him before.

Last month we asked our friends throughout the Dominion to co-operate with us by offering suggestions that they had received from the boys overseas, or which were original and had proved successful.

Such a response as we got! This sending of boxes, especially Christmas boxes, to the men in the trenches is certainly the most vital question of the moment to every woman who has a relative with the overseas forces.

So for those who have been worrying over the problem of "what the boys would like," and who may have felt inclined to give up in despair and say with Solomon that "there is nothing new under the sun," these suggestions, culled as they are from the experience of women who *know* will indeed be helpful.

To begin with, here are a couple of "don'ts" sent in by the lads themselves

No More Hard Boiled Eggs!

"NEVER again send hard boiled eggs," came the heart felt wail of one of our boys at the front as received in a recent letter. "We took them a mile out of camp the day they came and buried them twenty feet deep but the blamed things wriggled up even then and came back to us." And this although the eggs in question were the newest of new laid, straight from the hen to the saucepan, were boiled three-quarters of an hour and liberally coated with parrafin wax. There may have been some exaggeration in the writer's statement, but eggs are evidently not the most successful of travellers.

"Don't pack cheese with any other eatables," was the contribution of another lad. "If you send it, put it by itself or with things to which its flavor will not adhere. No matter how well you pack it, everything in the same parcel tastes of it, and it becomes somewhat monotonous to eat jam and cheese, cake and cheese, candy and cheese."

One idea which should appeal to all our boys who have a sweet tooth—and what boy has not?—was sent in by a mother in Alberta. "When packing a cake fill the spaces in the box which contains it with granulated sugar." Other ways of utilizing these corners are by packing them with pea-nuts, pop-corn or seedless raisins.

Mrs. D. A. Sinclair, of Tara, Ont., sends in the following excellent piece of advice, "When you send fruit cake, ice it on every side, top, bottom and all, as this enables it to retain its moisture longer." She also suggests that if the box does not quite reach the weight allowed, enough puffed wheat or rice may be poured in to bring it to the exact number of ounces. Continuing,—"Nearly every box I send contains a bar of soap, wrapped in a handkerchief. I also send my husband garters and always put in copies of the latest magazines."

A letter received from Mrs. W. M. G., of Halifax, tells us that "I sent a box to a soldier lad with the request that he distribute the contents among five boys he knew, who did not receive boxes from home. I sent six of everything—tooth brushes, tooth paste, pairs of socks, etc.—and if I may judge from the letter I received, signed by the 'Happy Six' the little gifts were much appreciated."

This is the true Christmas spirit! If others will follow the example set, many a Tommy who otherwise might spend that day in a very un-Christian-like frame of mind, will be cheered and encouraged by the knowledge that he is not friendless, and it will become in reality a "Merry Christmas" to him.

A Box That Says "Merry Christmas"

They Do Love Pie

"THE boys tell me that they are longing for pie," Mrs. M. T. of St. John exclaims warmly, "mince pies, of course, they are appropriate to the season, but also the apple and fruit pies such as mother used to make. I have found that if you will make empty shells of pie crust, bake them, fill them with sugar or something dry, pack them in a cardboard box and add a little jar of fruit so that the boys can fill them for themselves, they travel safely and the gratitude of the lads is overwhelming." By the way, when sending fruit, it is well to remember that raspberry and strawberry jam are the first favorites, with the rest of the field well in the background.

Mrs. A. Day, of Dauphin, Man., sends a most interesting letter, replete with brilliant ideas.

"We all know," she begins, "that strong tan laces, khaki handkerchiefs and soft towels are always acceptable, as well as boracic acid, Lifebuoy soap, tooth picks and lice ointment; and even McDonald's chewing tobacco has been asked for by boys who never used it before. Some of the things which make an agreeable change are Governor and Chili sauce, Worcester sauce or home made pickles. Wrap glass jars in plenty of soft paper (which can be used as toilet paper) and pack firmly into one pound baking powder tins.

"Nut and raisin cookies or carraway cookies always keep well if baked to crispness, as they do not then mould so easily.

"A shaker of salt and pepper mixed is handy. A small tin of curry powder and one of celery salt might give a "different" flavor to their Mulligans.

"I am the mother of two boys who have been soldiers since 1914, one of whom has spent three birthdays at the front, while one has just come through "Hill 70" without a scratch.

"September EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD with its useful suggestions was the best ever."

One mother writes that she always packs what she has to send in a tin biscuit box, first making fudge and pouring it into the bottom of the box to the depth of about an inch. When this has cooled, she marks it lightly into squares, cutting them to perhaps half the depth, lays oiled paper across and packs on top of that

There is one possibility in the line of filling the chinks and corners of boxes to go overseas which will provide pleasure also for those at home and is sure to make a strong appeal to our Canadian lads and lasses. It is now the season when nutting parties are in order and even in the vicinity of the city there are woods where nut trees may be found. This year the crop appears to be an unusually heavy one. All over the country the husks of the little brown three-cornered beech-nuts are opening and the nuts are beginning to drop. What pleasanter occupation than a long day in the woods, in the crisp sunny Autumn air gathering these nuts? And then what a surprise to the lads overseas to find their home-made taffy flavored with these dainty little kernels or, on opening a package to see all nooks and crannies filled with the brown shining morsels.

One lad who has been serving in the trenches for three years asks for more Horlick's Malted Milk Tablets. "Please keep on sending them," he says. "They are handy to carry around and one in your mouth will relieve the terrible thirst, when no water is to be had." Another suggests, for the same reason, lemon sherbet, which comes in tablet or powder form.

Sweets, of Course!

IN a letter from Mrs. A. of Ottawa comes the following suggestion, "In the booklet included in the packets of Knox's Gelatine is a recipe for marshmallows. These keep well and are much liked by the boys. Other popular sweets are the Swiss milk chocolate—which it is impossible to obtain over there at present—peppermints (the little striped black and white ones called by the children "humbugs" or the round white ones) nut taffy and the old-fashioned sugar candy that one sees so seldom now in the sweet shops but which can be procured from any druggist."

In feeding the bodies of our lads, do not forget their other wants. If in a box from home a boy at the front finds a mouth organ, he feels that a service has been rendered, not only to himself but to his whole regiment. "The fellows are always borrowing mine," one lad says. A pack of playing cards is also appreciated and while in times of peace many people may object to these, they are the greatest of boons to Tommy in the trenches, enabling him to wile away many a tedious waiting hour.

She "Set a Fashion"

MISS Mildred L. Argue, Toronto, was kind enough to arrange this useful list, gleaned as she says, from her brother's letters:

When sending tobacco overseas, buy it in small bags. As the tobacco is used, the bag can be rolled down. When every inch of space in a kit bag counts, this is a consideration.

Shaving soap in tubes frequently oozes out. Sticks of shaving soap are better.

Cigarettes in tin boxes carry best. Any boxes exposed to the rain are not spoiled.

Send plenty of Cleanall Soap—the soap that needs no water. The boys feel rested and cheerful after a wash.

Little jars of fruit carry well if placed in baking powder tins.

With safety pins the boys can pin a number of things to their coats. They are also useful for holding down their gas masks. Get the largest size.

Don't forget toilet paper and insect powder.

From British Columbia comes a recipe that is so old that it may be new to many. "One of the delights of my childhood," says a dear old lady, who having no boys of her own in the trenches, ministers to all the homeless and friendless Tommies she can hear of "was the coming of baking day. Then my Irish grandmother would utilize all the scraps left from the family baking in making me 'sugar pies.' These consisted of a large spoonful of brown sugar and a tiny bit of butter, deposited in the middle of a square of paste, the edges of which were then folded over and pinched tightly together and the little turnover put in the oven to bake. Never have I forgotten the delicious 'goo-ey' sweetness of those turnovers, and when, some time ago, I was racking my brains for something new to send to the front, a memory of these lost delights flashed across me. I made a batch of sugar pies, packed them in a box, filled all crevices with granulated sugar and sent them off. From that time I have been deluged with requests for more. I have set a fashion and boys write home to their mothers asking them to try and make them some of these delightful confections."

In packing the parcels, if means can be found to increase the daintiness of their appearance without materially adding to their weight, it will add much to the pleasure of the recipients. A clever idea has been sent in by Miss M. B., of Toronto.

She says, "When my boxes are filled level with the brim, I lay in two or three smooth sheets of parrafin paper and scatter on them some maple leaves that have turned color. I get leaves that are a gorgeous yellow, bright scarlet or streaky green and red and dip them in melted parrafin. This forms a thin, transparent film over them and keeps them perfectly. I feel sure they will be a real 'message from home' in a land where there is never a maple to be seen."

Bags of Coffee

HERE is a brilliant idea to be used when sending coffee to the boys. It is a modification of the rule of the Y.M.C.A. when preparing coffee in large quantities. This formula has

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26)

The Simple Truth About Corns

A corn today is just as needless as a spot of dirt.

It can be ended almost as easily, as simply and completely as a spot of dirt.

The way is scientific. It was invented by a famous chemist. It is prepared by makers of surgical dressings, whom physicians respect.

It is called Blue-jay.

You apply it in a jiffy, and usually but once. There is no muss. The pain stops instantly and forever.

The action is gentle. It affects the corn alone. The corn is wrapped and protected, so you forget it. In two days, usually, the corn is gone. Only very tough corns need a second application.

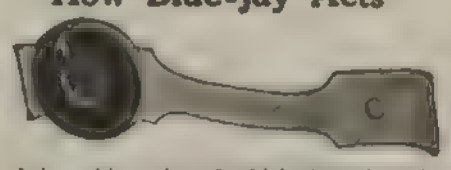
The results are sure. The method is gentle, but no corn can resist it. Millions of corns are ended every month in this way. Don't use harsh methods—relics of the old days. See what Blue-jay does.

Prove it on one corn tonight.

B&B Blue-jay Corn Plasters
Stop Pain Instantly
End Corns Completely
25c Packages at Druggists

BAUER & BLACK *Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc.* Chicago and New York

How Blue-jay Acts



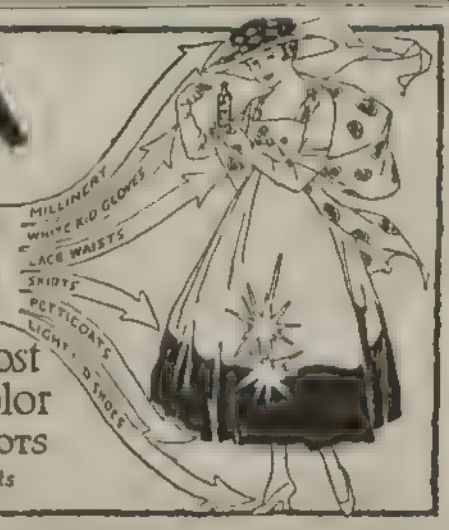
A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B&B wax, which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

CARBONA Cleaning Fluid CLEANS



Without injury to the most delicate fabric or color
REMOVES GREASE SPOTS
15c 25c 50c Bottles-All Druggists

CANNOT BURN OR EXPLODE

Shoes made with "F B & C" white and fancy colored kid, are cleaned with Carbona Cleaning Fluid

Be Proud of Your Carpets and Floors

WELCOME your visitors with the certain knowledge that they will find nothing to criticize.

Dustbane

will keep your carpets looking bright and new. Your floors will appear freshly polished if you sweep them with Dustbane. It makes the work so much easier too, because it settles the dust.

Order a tin from your grocer. If he doesn't stock it, ask him to get it for you or write the manufacturers.

DUSTBANE MFG. CO., LIMITED
OTTAWA, ONT.

Faces Made Young

I will tell the secret of a youthful face to any woman whose appearance shows that time or illness or any other cause is stealing from her the charm of girlhood beauty. I will show how without cosmetics, creams, massage, masks, plasters, straps, vibrators, "beauty" treatments or other artificial means, she can take the look of age from her countenance. I want every woman, young or middle aged, who has a single facial defect to know about my

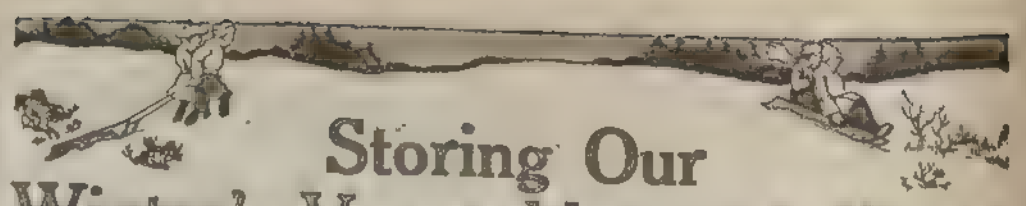
Beauty Exercises

which remove lines and "crow's feet" and wrinkles; fill up ugly hollows; give roundness to scrawny necks; lift up sagging corners of the mouth; and clear up muddy or sallow skins. I will explain all this to any woman who will write to me. I will show how five minutes daily with my simple facial exercises will work wonders. This information is free to all who ask for it.

Results Guaranteed

I absolutely guarantee results. No woman need be disappointed. I offer the exercises at my risk. Let me tell you about them. Write for my Free Book (sent in plain sealed envelope). It will tell you just what to do to bring back firmness to the facial muscles and tissues and smoothness and beauty to the skin. Write today.

KATHRYN MURRAY
Suite 1150 Garland Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



Storing Our Winter's Vegetables and Fruits

When the Canning and Drying of Vegetables is Over, Let Us Look to Our Vegetable Bins

By KATHERINE N. CALDWELL, B.A.

GATHER ye vegetables while ye may" is our newest motto—for frosts will soon invade our gardens, and high prices our shops.

And having gathered, let us use plentifully the few things necessary to their successful storing—sand, earth, fresh air, and common sense.

Small satisfaction, after digging, seeding, planting, feeding and gloating over our fine vegetable gardens if our last move in the game lose us the ripened results of our labor!

First, we must decide on the storage place—a few qualifications are essential.

If you live on a well-equipped farm, you will, of course, have a proper root house and pits and a fund of knowledge and experience and you will not need to join our little storage council. But we mere house-holders, in cities, towns, and villages, will take thought together, that we may not need to remember you with envy when the days of scarcity and out-of-season prices come.

The architect of the average modern house, being usually a man—and frequently a bachelor is still learning the needs we women have in the way of cupboards and closets and places to ply our trade and store our goods. We have gained much, by steady reiteration of our demands. But we, ourselves, have given little thought to the keeping of quantities of winter vegetables — so simple to buy potatoes by the peck—though some of us have been so thrifty as to purchase them by the bag! Carrots, onions, cabbages—well, one can get them all winter—ten cents a bunch and cabbages at twenty to thirty cents.

No such casual housekeeping for Canadian women this year! We, too, have taken up arms for the defence of our homes and our country. We want it to be said when the war is won—Canada's House-keeping Battalions did magnificent work!"

IF people will store for use in their own locality, a sufficient supply of winter vegetables, it will help to keep the market level. Transportation always puts up costs and the merchants will demand payment for storing edibles to supply the day-to-day demands of their customers. There is no better way to keep down prices of such commodities, than to store them yourself when they are plentiful and cheap. The storage facilities need deter no one—a dry place, cooler than ordinary house heat but warm enough to prevent the vegetables from freezing, is possible for almost everyone."—Hon. W. J. Hanna, Food Controller.

Our Most Suitable Place

PROBABLY the cellar will offer us the best corner for a vegetable store-room—though, of course, each house will differ and a corner of the outside kitchen or some other place, may be your selection. Wherever the place, it must have three qualifications:

1. It must be frost proof.
2. It must be damp proof.
3. It must not be air proof.

"My cellar is warm" you say. Good. But what of its ventilation? If you can also assure yourself that there is a free circulation of air through it, then go ahead. If not—well, quite irrespective of vegetables, your cellar should be well-aired—stale, stagnant and sometimes sour air, rising often to your living rooms above, is neither healthful nor pleasant. Cellar windows, even when closed, are not nailed—and it pays to open them frequently.

If there is a furnace in the cellar, it is best to choose a corner as far from it as possible. Rough boards will make an admirable partition, if there is not a vegetable room already. There should be a window with a sunny exposure, if possible.

"I advised a man who brought this problem to me the other day, to get a load of old brick from a wrecking company, and put up a rough wall himself," said Mr. Hanna, the Food Controller, when this subject was under discussion recently. An excellent idea.

Some shelves are the next need, and some small bins that will hold say one to three bushels of roots. A few narrow strips of board placed on the floor, will avoid direct contact—an advantage worth the slight trouble.

A few nails will be useful from which to hang some vegetables, and some boxes made of wooden slats (fruit crates are excellent) will complete your equipment.

The most perfect output of the garden should be stored for the winter—firm, solid, evenly sized. Blemished or stunted specimens are predestined for early use.

Careful handling will give fruit and vegetables a fair start a bruised and bumped apple or cabbage has a poor chance of health and wholeness through the long winter months.

And once again—a free circulation of air in the vegetable room—but never a touch of frost to damage its stores.

POTATOES: Fortunately, the potato crop is good and prices are comparatively moderate at present. They may be placed in bins, two or three bushels in each and covered with an old carpet or a piece of canvas to exclude light. In mid winter, they should be carefully looked over and any with a soft spot or a sign of decay, removed. One spot of rot will spoil all the potatoes in its neighborhood.

In the latter part of winter, you may observe that the potatoes are sprouting. If so, sort over again and remove the sprouts; the earlier they are caught, the easier it is to break them off, and the less good potato will be absorbed by them.

TOMATOES: Ripe tomatoes until Christmas? Yes, if you will pull up your vines, roots and all, before the frost gets them, and hang them from the cellar ceiling in a place where no light will strike them. The fruit will ripen slowly and will be of excellent flavor.

CABBAGE: In the late fall, before the final freezing sets in, the cabbages should be gathered for winter. After removing a few outer leaves, pile the cabbages on shelves so that the air will circulate freely about them. Or they may be tied two or three together and suspended from the ceiling.

If you prefer to store them in a pit, choose the dryest corner of the garden and pile them, heads down, in a pyramid that will come to a peak at the top. Throw more earth over them from time to time, and leave an air-vent if your pit is a large one. The ventilator can be stuffed with excelsior or straw, when the frost becomes severe.

SQUASH: A warmer place than the vegetable room is necessary for squash, which are easily spoiled by cold or damp. Place on a shelf and cover with a rug or some bags, or if you are storing many, you will find packing them in barrels with plenty of straw or excelsior, an excellent method.

ONIONS: Thoroughly dry, well-cured onions are the only safe ones to store. A slat-box will permit the circulation of air which they demand. Occasional sorting is necessary, and growing bulbs should be taken out for use.

CARROTS, TURNIPS, PARSNIPS, BEETS AND SALSIFY: Excessive dryness is *not* the cry for these roots—some moist sand in a packing box will fill their requirements admirably—a layer of slightly moistened sand in the bottom, then layer about of vegetables and sand. Or, if you care to pile them on the floor and throw earth over them, it will answer very well.

CELERY: Celery until Christmas is a fair estimate, if flourishing plants are pulled up by the roots before there is a severe frost, and placed in a box containing a couple of inches of moist sand. Pack with the roots close together, and keep in a dark, airy place. Celery will probably remain crisp and good for two or three months.

The Story of My Career

THE ALPINE PATH

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Author of "Anne of Green Gables," "Anne of the Island," etc.

(*CONCLUDING INSTALMENT*)

"WE coached through the Trosachs to the Trosach's hotel. The Trosachs is beautiful and grand, and perhaps before the carriage road was made it was wild enough, especially for some benighted wanderer who had all too good reason to fear Highland plunderers. But it is far from being the wild, riven, precipitous dell of my fancy. No, it is not the Trosachs where I have so often wandered with *Fitz-James*.

"The hotel is in a lovely spot, on the shore of Loch Achray.

"Where shall we find in foreign land—
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand?"

"Yet Loch Achray, too, was on a smaller scale than I had expected. We walked along it that night as far as the 'Brig of Turk,' gathering bell-heather and bluebells as we went. Scottish bluebells are certainly the sweetest things! They seem the very incarnation of old Scotia's romance.

A Foolish Disappointment

NEXT morning we walked through the Trosachs to Loch Katrine in a pouring rain and hired one of the boatmen to row us to and around 'Ellen's Isle.' I don't think I liked it because it, too, was not the islet of my dream, and I was conscious of a foolish disappointment.

"Benvenue, however, did not disappoint me. It dominates the landscape. Everywhere we went, there was old Benvenue, rugged and massive, with a cloud-wreath resting on his 'summit hoar.' I was very sorry that the night we spent there was wet. I should have loved to have seen a sunset effect on Benvenue."

August 6, 1912.

"Last Monday morning we went by train to Melrose and coached over six miles of most beautiful road to Abbotsford. Although we went on our own account we could not help falling in with a Cook excursion and this somewhat spoiled the day for us. But the scenery along the road is exquisite and we saw the Eildon Hills, cleft in three by the spells of wizardry. Abbotsford is most interesting, crowded with relics I should have loved to have dreamed over in solitude. But that might not be. The rooms were filled by a chattering crowd, harangued by a glib guide. I wondered if Scott would have liked to think of his home being so over-run by a horde of curious sight-seers.

Where Scott is Buried

WE drove from Abbotsford to Dryburgh where Scott is buried. As we were able to escape from the "Cookies" here we enjoyed the magnificent ruin doubly. Then we returned to Melrose and explored the ruins of the Abbey there. We could not follow Scott's advice, which I never believe he failed, as is asserted, to take himself, and view it by moonlight. But in that mellow, golden-gray evening light it was beautiful enough, beautiful and sad, with the little bluebells growing in its ruined courts and over its old graves. Michael Scott is reputed to be buried there, and there the heart of Robert Bruce was buried, and, doubtless, rests as quietly as though it had, according to his wish, been laid in the soil of the Holy Land.

"There is some wonderful hand-carving still left in Melrose, and the little hand high up on one of the arches is as suggestive as it is beautiful. What fair lady's hand was chiselled there in lasting stone? One cannot but think it was wrought by a lover.

"On Wednesday we left for Inverness, but stopped off *en route* to visit Kirriemuir, the 'Thrums' of Barrie's stories. In particular, I wanted to see the 'Den' where *Sentimental Tommy* and his cronies held their delightful revels. It is a lovely spot. One thing about it made me feel at home, its paths, which Barrie calls 'pink,' are the very red of our own island roads. I could have fancied that I was prowling in the woods around Lovers' Lane.

L. M. Montgomery

Like Inverness Best

OF all the places we have visited in Scotland thus far I like Inverness best. In itself it is only a small gray town but the surrounding scenery is magnificent.

"We drove out to Culloden the evening of our arrival and it is one of the drives that, for sheer pleasure, will always stand out in my memory. The road was exceedingly lovely and we were fortunate enough to have a nice old driver who knew all the history and legend of everything, and was very willing to tell it in delightful broad Scotch.

"The next day we visited Tomnahurich, the famous cemetery of Inverness. It deserves its fame; I am sure it must be the most beautiful cemetery in the world. It is a large hill outside the city, rising in a perfect cone, and thickly covered with trees. The name is a Gaelic word meaning 'the hill of the fairies,' and surely it must once have been a spot meet for a fairy kingdom and the revels of Titania. Seen at eventide, against a sunset sky, it seems a veritable outpost of the Land of Old Romance.

"We returned by way of the Caledonian Canal to Fort William, and thence by train. The sunset effects on the mountains along our way were wonderful. If I were to live near mountains for any length of time I should learn to love them *almost* as much as I love the sea."

"August 13, 1912.

LAST Monday we visited Roslin Chapel, a wonderful specimen of Gothic work in perfect preservation. This is the chapel of Scott's ballad, 'Fair Rosabelle':

'Seemed all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie.'

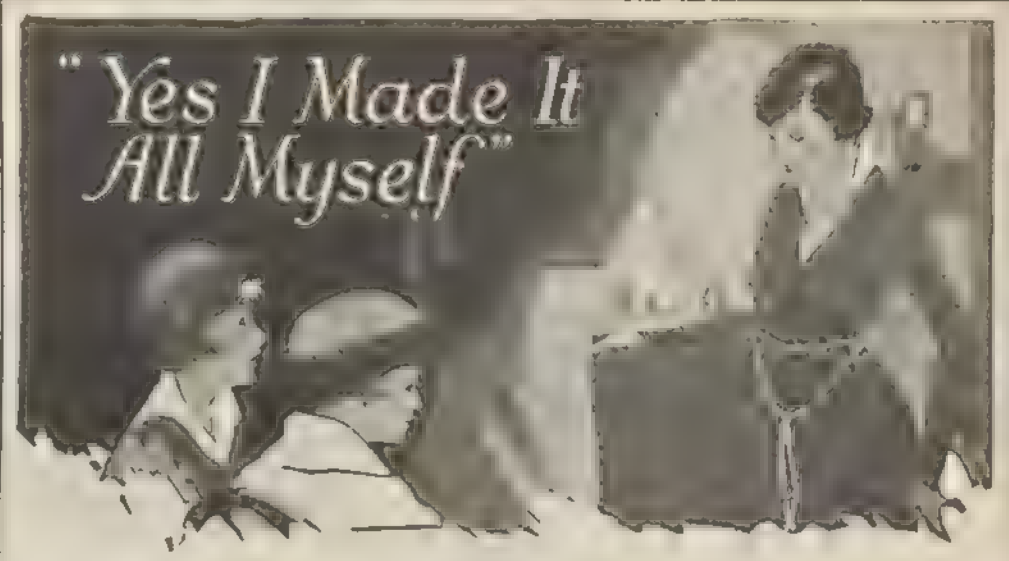
"Wednesday we left Edinburgh and went to Alloa to visit friends. Thursday we 'did' Dollar Glen. I had never heard of this place until Mr. M. of Alloa told us of it, yet it is one of the wildest, grandest spots we have seen in all Scotland. If Scott had touched it with his genius it would be as widely known as the Trosachs. Indeed, it is much like what I had imagined the Trosachs to be. Dollar Glen is like a deep gash cleft down

(CON. ON PAGE 38)

The Summit is Reached

The "Alpine Path" has been climbed! At the summit we rest, to reflect with you that there has been great joy, great inspiration in the accomplishment, and to look forward to the continuation of the journey, with L. M. Montgomery, upon the sunlit top, at some future time when another glorious milestone has been passed upon the roadway of her life.

—The Editors.



"I copied it from a design I saw in a fashion magazine. Up to six months ago, I never dreamed I could make my own clothes. But it's so easy and fascinating when you know just what to do. My clothes are more stylish and distinctive than they ever were before, yet they cost me less than half what I spent last season."

More than seven thousand women in city, town and country are now surprising their friends with stylish dresses and hats they have learned to make at home in spare time through the fascinating simple courses in Dressmaking and Millinery offered by the

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
OF DOMESTIC ARTS & SCIENCES INC.

You, too, can save half or more of the money you now spend for clothes or have at least twice as many dresses and hats by making them yourself. You can have a $35 suit for $15, a $20 dress for $6, a $10 hat for $3, and children's clothes for a mere fraction of what you have been paying. Think what such savings mean with the cost of living so high.

You can have clothes that are more stylish and becoming because you can select your own materials and follow any designs you wish, yet give them those little personal touches that make them more distinctive than any you could buy. Ours is a new method by which you learn right at home in your spare time from expert teachers every step in dressmaking, just exactly what to do from the time you draft or select your pattern until you stand before admiring friends in the stylish finished garment. So complete no detail is omitted, yet so simple and practical that in a few months thousands of women have learned to make all their own and their children's clothes or prepare for success as dressmakers and milliners.

Read These Letters From Delighted Students

"I have taken in enough sewing to pay for my Course twice over. I can't do all the sewing that comes to me. When I tell the people I can draft patterns they think I know it all. I make on an average of one fancy dress a week or two plain ones, and do all my own house work."
Mrs. G. M. Robertson, Nanton, Alberta.

"Since I began my Course last November, I have made a great many things:—two house dresses, a silk dress, a georgette crepe blouse, remodeled my suit so that it looks just like new and made all kinds of lingerie." Etta Quantz, Richmond Hill, Ontario.

"I would not part with my course for *anything* and I treasure it as I have never realized one could treasure anything of that kind."
Mrs. Hortense F. Sevrey, Hamilton, Ontario.

Take Up Dressmaking or Millinery

With the knowledge these courses give you you can secure a good position or go into business for yourself. Good dressmakers and milliners are always in demand. You can qualify now, right at home, for a successful career.

Send this coupon, or a letter or post card for handsome, illustrated book, telling all about our courses and method of teaching. Please state which subject interests you most.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. Y-6
425 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Woman's Institute of Domestic Arts and Sciences, Inc.
Dept. 6-Y, 425 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me booklet containing full information about your course in the subject marked X.

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking

Name_____
Specify whether Mrs. or Miss

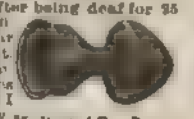
Address_____

HORLICK'S
Malted Milk for Infants

A safe milk diet, better than cow's milk alone. Contains rich milk and malted grain extract.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That I make myself hear after being deaf for 25 years with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story how I got deaf and how I make you hear.



Medicated Ear Drum
Pat. Nov. 8, 1908

Address, GEO. P. WAY
Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.) 52 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

HORROCKSES
are
Cotton Spinners and Manufacturers
with experience and reputation of over a century and a quarter. As they have always maintained the reputation of producing
the very best
you may rely on all goods which bear their name on the selvedge.

For information as to the nearest store where procurable, apply to agent, John E. Ritchie, 591 St. Catherine St West, Montreal

DOMINION EXPRESS
MONEY ORDERS

There is no better way to pay your out-of-town accounts.

Get them in all Dominion Express offices and Canadian Pacific Railway stations.

$5.00 costs 3 cents.

Keep him happy with Kodak pictures

Think what it means to the man "over there" when he tears open the long-wished-for letter and finds photographs of the home folks.

Pictures of Father, Mother, the "Kiddies," old Rover, the intimate views of every-day life back home. The kind of pictures that make the hours of "sentry go" shorter and "fatigue" easier.

He *needs* such pictures and they are easily made with a Kodak. There is no trick to the click of its shutter —good results are a matter of course from the start.

Kodaks from $7.00 up.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited, Toronto, Canada

BABY'S OWN SOAP

For Nursery Use

you cannot take chances on Soap. Four generations of Canadians have enjoyed the creamy, fragrant skin healing lather of Baby's Own Soap—the Standard in Canada for nursery use, on account of its known purity.

Baby's Own is Best for Baby—Best for You.

3-17

ALBERT SOAPS, LIMITED, Mfrs., - MONTREAL.

Make that Overseas Xmas Box the Best Yet

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

been reduced to fit the need of the individual.

Make some little cheese cloth bags and for each one allow:—

2 rounded tablespoonfuls of coffee.
1½ rounded tablespoonfuls of klim.
1½ rounded tablespoonfuls of sugar.

Mix these dry ingredients thoroughly in a bowl, and put five rounded tablespoonfuls into each little bag. Tie loosely and pack the bags tightly into a tin can with a closely fitting lid (or the coffee will lose its strength and the milk powder be effected by damp). Paste on the box—and also inside the lid where it will not be torn or made unreadable—these directions:—

"Put one of these little bags into a pint (4 cups) of cold water and bring to a boil. Boil two minutes, then take out the bag promptly.

The coffee is ready to serve—hot, creamed and sugared."

It can never be amiss to say a final word about the parcelling up of those things which are to carry home love and remembrance to our boys in distant lands. In sending to places upon the Eastern battle front it is better to pack in tin boxes, but for men in France and on the Western front the corrugated pasteboard boxes which can be obtained in several sizes, will be found lighter and equally satisfactory. Sew them up firmly in a piece of strong factory cotton printing the full name and address directly upon this in indelible ink. Fasten on the customs declaration and the necessary postage and the parcel has every chance of arriving safely at its destination.

This question of packing is particularly important. A visit to the room at the General Post Office where the parcels are awaiting shipment, will show only too many half-wrecked parcels which one knows stand but a small chance of reaching their destination. Packed carelessly, tied with the frailest of string and in many cases very sketchily addressed, they already show signs of dissolution. If it is worth while sending a box at all—and no mother doubts that—it is worth while to make sure that it will arrive in safety and this can be done only by careful attention to the strength and solidity of the packing

"Is It Worth While?"

There are, we shudder to admit, those who will even yet pause to ask:—"Is it worth while to go to so much bother with a box? Why can't we just send the things we have always been sending, in the same way?"

Is it worth while! Every mother or sister or daughter who is getting ready for her dear ones far away in France or Salonika, some parcel that will help them to feel that home love and longing are still about their paths, will answer indignantly, "Yes."

Think of the lads over there—wet, weary, muddy—yes, and many of them heart-sick with longing for the dear home faces, on the Day of all days when the great Home-maker first came upon the earth. It is said that on every mail-day, eager crowds watch for the postman's coming and strong men have been known to turn away with a burst of tears on hearing that there was neither letter nor parcel for them.

So you may imagine the joy of the lad who, upon Christmas morning, is the happy recipient of a box from home, filled with all the things that his soul loves, and with some surprise awaiting him in the shape of a new and toothsome dainty, an unexpected book or game, as some little evidence of home love tucked among its contents.

There are surely none among us who could bear to disappoint that expectation; to know that, overseas, some lad fighting for our sakes was going forth to that fight with the mournful thought in his heart, "Christmas! and they have forgotten me."

From shore to shore of this vast Dominion mothers, sweethearts and wives are preparing those parcels that will bring the Christmas message of love and goodwill to Tommy in the trenches; and if, by the most strenuous of thought and work, we can add one jot or tittle to the gladness of that message, we shall indeed be well repaid.

Everywoman's World Xmas Violin Club

This is a remarkable offer.

Only 150 Outfits can be sold to all you readers under this co-operative plan.

Send for particulars or better still — Enroll now by enclosing $1.00 with following coupon:

THOS. CLAXTON, LTD.
Toronto Date.....

Sirs:
Please enroll me as a member of your Christmas Violin Club to readers of "EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD" I enclose $1.00 which you will place to my credit on Violin Outfit. Send all particulars at once.

Name .....

Address .....

You run no risk. Should you decide not to purchase your $1.00 will be refunded, but in the meantime you are securing one of these most famous guaranteed Chadwick, or Curatoli Violins, complete with bow, rosin, instruction book, extra strings and certificate for 20 lessons free.

Terms: Enrollment $1.00
When shipped $9.00
Monthly $5.00 for six months.

ACT NOW!!!

Remember—Only 150 Outfits can be sold on this plan.
Complete information on request.

ACT NOW!!!

Thos. Claxton, Ltd.
Everything Musical
Write for Free Catalogue
251 Yonge Street, TORONTO

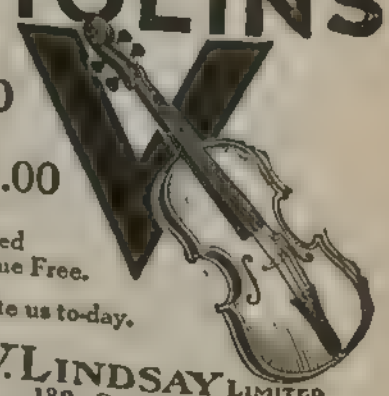
LOVELY BON-BON FREE!

Silver Plated **Gold Lined**

You'll be proud to own this beautiful bon-bon dish. Gives a rich artistic look to your table. Just the thing for serving candies, shelled nuts etc. In style. Popular new crimped design. Heavily silver plated outside, gold plated inside. Rich satin finish. Handsome ornamental squirrel handle 5 inches high, 22 inches circumference. **You can easily win** this splendid piece of silverware in an hour. Just sell 60 packets of beautiful Christmas Greetings, Fancy and Pair ottie postcards at only 10c a packet. They're the cream of the finest printed Radiant sparkling decorations -beautiful rich colors all popular new designs. Every card a gem. you just show them and take the money. People always buy lots of post cards - more than ever now to send to the soldiers. Mrs. Alfred M. Bonnar, North Sydney, C.B., N.S. says "I sold all the cards in 2 afternoons. Please send $4 worth more." You can do the same. Then send us the $4.00 and we will immediately send your bon bon dish post paid. Don't wait -order to-day.

The Gold Medal Co., Dept. EW 53 Toronto, Ont.

VIOLINS



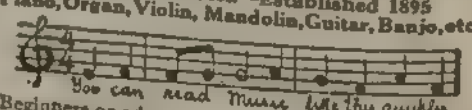
From $3.50 to $400.00

Illustrated Catalogue Free.

Write us to-day.

C. W. LINDSAY LIMITED
189 SPARKS ST.
OTTAWA CANADA

MUSIC Taught FREE
In Your Home
By the Oldest and Most Reliable School of Music in America—Established 1895
Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc.



Beginners or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only expense about 2c per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for FREE booklet which explains everything in full. **AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC**
Dept. 4
Lakeside Bldg., CHICAGO

The Endowment Of Music In Canada

And How the Art is Aided by the Individual

WHAT is Canada to do—what are Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver to do—in order that we may obtain the best music? —that we may be able to listen to great orchestras and Grand Opera?

There are critics who say that since the outbreak of war, the musical output in this country has deteriorated—that no music is being produced at the present time, which is worthy of the name—that Canadian taste in music has degenerated and that the classical masterpieces of the past are no longer appreciated by us.

Is this true?

If not—if Canadians still desire opportunities of hearing the highest class of music—that which is universally regarded as the greatest and best of its type—how is this result to be obtained?

One answer is that Canada must produce and support the music which it desires to hear by endowment. Here is what Dr. Karl Muck, Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has to say upon the subject:

"As yet the people of America do not seem willing to make the effort to support Grand Opera and Symphony Concerts. The question resolves itself into this: If you do not endow these institutions you cannot have this music. If you wish the music at this present stage of your development, it must be endowed.

"So far as I am aware, no musical institution of any description is supported by State or Government in America. The only endowments that are made are individual. It is important to notice that interest in the symphony orchestra is spreading, but what symphony orchestras there are, are not supported by the voluntary contributions of the mass of the people, but are in general the individual gifts of some one or two great lovers of music."

In Canada the day is surely coming when the Government and municipalities and civic bodies will contribute for the advancement and support of music—symphony orchestras, grand opera, choirs and bands—perhaps also schools of music. But before this day comes, the thought of endowment must become lodged, and individual and community musical culture must be developed.

Canada Does Recognize

ALREADY in Canada is music—grand opera, choirs and symphony orchestras—the recipient of support from private individuals of ample means and, in a lesser measure, from civic bodies. For example, certain Montreal citizens maintained grand opera in that city for a time, prior to the outbreak of war; and in Toronto, the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and Mendelssohn Choir have the support of private guarantors. The Mendelssohn Choir was about to receive civic support for its projected tour over-seas but war interfered with their plans and the civic grant was not required.

These rare examples serve to show that music in Canada has practical recognition, and give one confidence in asserting that the endowment of music in post-war days is likely to become a fact both in Eastern and Western Canada.

To a great extent the advancement of music has been indebted for its greatest impetus to wealthy lovers of the art. This fact brings to mind how many prominent people, Statesmen, Soldiers, Business Men have a passion for music.

Oddly too, it reminds one of the simplicity of taste in music acknowledged by many such figures in the public eye.

Choice of Great Men

A STORY related of the late Lord Kitchener while in India tells that when he went up to one of the frontier stations on a tour of inspection, the officers started a phonograph going one night after dinner, and asked their guest if there was any particular tune that he would like to hear. Kitchener replied that he would find something for himself, and after looking through the records chose neither grand opera nor some popular song but Newman's well-known hymn "Lead, Kindly Light." The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour is the founder of the Handel Society in England and has written a number of articles on Handel and a most interesting book upon that musician, a magnificent collection of whose works Mr. Balfour regards as one of his greatest treasures.

In Marcossen's sketch of Lord Northcliffe, the great newspaper man, now in the United States, it is said: "There is one definite rule in Lord Northcliffe's scheme of life that deserves mention.

Save in a great crisis, his work for the day ends with the hour for dinner. No guest in any of Northcliffe's houses will talk shop from that time on. Then you will see Northcliffe the Boy—the dynamic Peter Pan, who never grows up.

I like to recall an evening at Elmwood the smallest of his country places. There were only a few of us down there. After dinner, Northcliffe said, "Let us have the phonograph."

He stretched himself on a large couch, puffed away at a cigar, and luxuriated for the rest of the evening in American rag-time that ranged from "Down in Tennessee," to "Alexander's Rag-time Band."

The Regimental Band

RUDYARD KIPLING seems to have a fondness for military bands! In a speech before a meeting at London some little time ago Rudyard Kipling said:

"A few drums and fifes in a battalion are worth five extra miles on a route march, quite apart from the fact that they swing the battalion back to quarters composed and happy in mind, no matter how wet and tired it may be. We are a tongue-tied breed at the best. The band can declare on our behalf, without shame or shyness, something of what we feel and so help us to reach a hand towards the men who have risen up to save us."

WIND VOICES

By NORAH M. HOLLAND

What did you hear when the wind was crying—
Crying out in the dark and rain?
When golden and the red leaves were flying
And big drops beat on the window pane?
Was it the sound of an old refrain
That called and called and would not be still,
A voice from the long dead years again?
Hark to the wind upon the hill!

What did you hear when the house was sleeping—
Lying alone in the darkness there?
Was it a foot up the passage leaping,
And old-time laughter upon the stair?
Ah but the old-time days were fair
When love and laughter were ours at will;
Where are they now, I pray you, where?
Hark to the wind upon the hill!

Some Wonderful Snaps in Pianos and Organs

Will be Held for Christmas Delivery if Desired
Very Easy Terms Arranged on any Instrument

It is not a minute too soon to be thinking of Christmas. Transportation will be very slow this Winter. The wise thing to do is to secure your instrument now. We will ship it later, if desired—in plenty of time to reach you for Christmas. Send for complete list of our guaranteed, renewed piano or organ bargains to-day, and don't be disappointed at the last minute.

R. S. WILLIAMS' upright piano, polished ebonized case, three plain panels in top door, centre swing music desk, long over-strung scale. A lovely instrument in perfect condition. Has a very rich tone and a splendid bargain at **$225.00**

NEWCOMBE cabinet grand upright piano, lovely polished walnut case, folding fallboard, long over-strung scale. This is a standard Canadian make of piano which has been put into perfect condition and renewed in every part, both inside and out. Has a lovely tone and is an extra special bargain at **$255.00**

DOMINION large cabinet grand upright piano in figured walnut case, highly polished. Folding fallboard, plain panels in top door, over strung scale, 7 1-3 octave keyboard. This is another standard Canadian make with a splendid reputation. Is in perfect condition, has a rich sonorous tone and is offered at **$268.00**

HEINTZMAN & CO. cabinet grand upright piano, polished rosewood case, folding fallboard, three plain panels in top door, centre swing music desk, long over-strung scale, 7 1-3 octave keyboard. Has been thoroughly overhauled and renewed in every part, both inside and out, in our own factory. Has genuine Heintzman tone and touch, and is a snap at **$285.00**

SPECIAL SQUARE PIANO

HEINTZMAN & CO. large square grand in handsome rosewood case with serpentine base, carved legs, full metal frame with over-strung scale. The tone is rich and sonorous, and this instrument will give splendid satisfaction. A bargain at **$145.00**

SPECIAL 6-OCTAVE ORGAN

THOMAS six octave piano case organ, mahogany, rail top with bevelled plate mirror, sliding fallboard, long music desk, lamp stands, 11 stops including Bass and Treble Couplers, Vox Humana, Forte, etc., grand organ and knee swell, mouse proof pedals. This instrument has never been used, but has become slightly shop worn. Regular price $150. Offered special at **$120.00**

Ye Olde Firme

HEINTZMAN & Co. Limited

HEINTZMAN HALL

(Dept. A) 193-195-197 YONGE ST., - TORONTO

Mail this Coupon to Dept. A

Please mail me complete list of bargains in....., with prices and terms as per ad. in the November EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

Name.....Address.....

Rich Yet Delicate— Clean and Full of Aroma.

"SALADA" B109

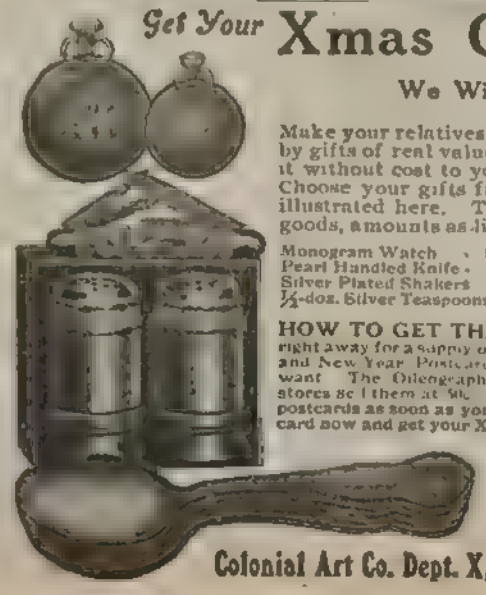
is blended from selected hill-grown teas, famed for their fine flavoury qualities. Imitated yet never equalled.

Get Your **Xmas Gifts FREE**

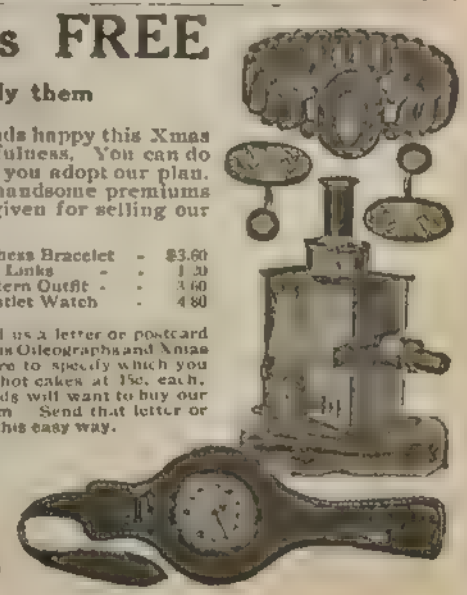
We Will Supply them

Make your relatives and friends happy this Xmas by gifts of real value and usefulness. You can do it without cost to yourself if you adopt our plan. Choose your gifts from the handsome premiums illustrated here. They are given for selling our goods, amounts as listed.

Monogram Watch	$4.00	Duchess Bracelet	$3.60
Pearl Handled Knife	1.50	Cuff Links	1.20
Silver Plated Shakers	1.50	Lantern Outfit	3.60
½-doz. Silver Teaspoons	3.60	Wristlet Watch	4.80



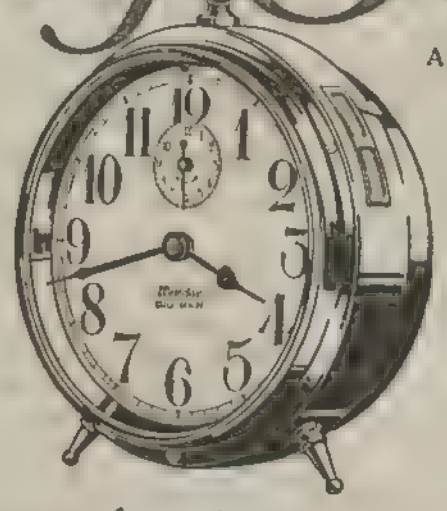
HOW TO GET THEM. Send us a letter or postcard right away for a supply of our famous Oileographs and Xmas and New Year Postcards. Be sure to specify which you want. The Oileographs sell like hot cakes at 15c. each, stores sell them at 50c. Your friends will want to buy our postcards as soon as you show them. Send that letter or card now and get your Xmas Gifts this easy way.



Colonial Art Co. Dept. X, Toronto

Big Ben

A Westclox Alarm



Comrade of Ambition

BIG BEN: friendly adviser to young men. In the morning of business life the magnet of success draws them into the world. Youth sets out to prove its pluck.

Big Ben of Westclox knows each ambition. Big Ben understands each dream. He's a loyal guardian of high ideals—a faithful business guide.

He says a good beginning is half the doing of a thing. His part in life is starting each day right.

Big Ben of Westclox is respected by all—sentinel of time throughout the world. He's loyal, dependable and his ring is true—ten half-minute calls or steadily for five minutes.

Big Ben is six times factory tested. At your dealer's, $3.50. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer doesn't stock him.

La Salle, Ill., U. S. A. Western Clock Co. Makers of *Westclox*

Other Westclox: Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, America, Bingo and Sleep-Master

INFANTS-DELIGHT TOILET SOAP

Thrift Demands Full Value — No Waste

Some day *you* will come to INFANTS-DELIGHT. Then you will *know* what it means to use a pure, "milled" toilet soap — one that is all soap. INFANTS-DELIGHT is concentrated and compressed under tremendous pressure to eliminate the moisture. That makes it more economical to use.

One Price 10c. Everywhere in Canada 120-C

New COAL OIL Light

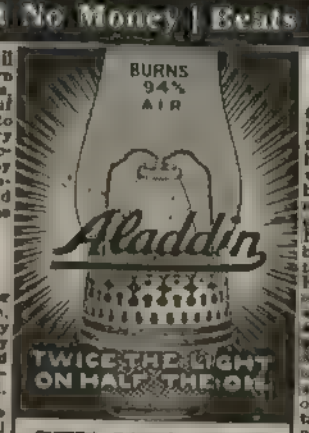
10 Days Free—Send No Money | Beats Electric or Gasoline

We don't ask you to pay us a cent until you have used this wonderful modern white light in your own home ten days, then you may return it at our expense if not perfectly satisfied. We want to prove to you that it makes an ordinary oil lamp look like a candle; beats electric, gasoline or acetylene. Passed by Insurance Underwriters. Children handle easily. Tests by Government and 36 leading Universities show that the new ALADDIN

BURNS 70 HOURS ON ONE GALLON

common coal oil, no odor, no smoke or noise; simple, clean, won't explode. Over three million people already enjoying this powerful, white, steady light, nearest to sunlight. Won Gold Medal at Panama Exposition. Greatest invention of the age. Guaranteed.

$1000 Reward will be given to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to the new Aladdin in every way (details of offer given in our circular). We want one user in each locality to whom we can refer customers. To that person we have a special introductory offer to make, under which one lamp is given free. Write quick for our 10-Day Free Trial Offer and learn how to get one free, all charges prepaid.



GET ONE FREE

Men With Rigs or Autos Make $100 to $300 per Month

Our trial delivery plan makes it easy. No previous experience necessary. Practically every farm home and small town home will buy after trying. One farmer who had never sold anything in his life before writes: "I sold 51 the first seven days." Christensen says: "Have never seen an article that sells so easily." Norring says: "92% of those visited bought." Phillips says: "Every customer becomes a friend and booster." Kemerling, says: "No flowery talk necessary. Sells itself." Thousands who are coining money endorse the Aladdin just as strongly. NO MONEY required. We furnish stock to get started. Sample sent prepaid for 10 days' free trial and given absolutely without cost if you become a distributor. Ask for our Dealer's plan. State occupation, age, whether you have rig or auto; whether you can work spare time or steady; when can start; township most convenient for you to work in.

Yours FREE — MANTLE LAMP COMPANY, 201 Aladdin Building, MONTREAL — Yours FREE

Largest Coal Oil Mantle Lamp House in the world

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Anti-septic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing. A. O. LEONARD Suite 202, 150 5th Ave., N.Y. City

To Hang Up Things

Pictures, Photos, Pennants, Draperies etc., use the world-famous, strong and dainty

Moore Push-Pins

Glass Heads, Steel Points.

Moore Push-less Hangers, *the Hanger with a Twist*, for framed pictures, mirrors, etc.

13c

At Stationery, Hardware, Drug and Photo Supply Stores. Samples and Booklet Free. Write Dept B

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Concerning Myself

By THE BABY

IT'S a whole month since I wrote to you last, and something very important has happened since then, I've just been waiting for the chance to *tell* you all about it.

You will remember I told you about Doctor last month, and how he often comes round to see Father. Well, one day last week he looked into my mouth and said to Father, "Well, well, the boy's started to cut his teeth already."

Both Mother and Father seemed to be very much excited over this. They came round to my cot at once to examine my mouth. Mother said to Doctor, "It can have only just begun to show or I would have seen it," and they all seemed to be very pleased about it. Of course when I saw they were all so pleased I was pleased too, and laughed as much as I could to show them that I thought I was pretty clever, but since then I have sometimes felt rather differently about it, for the place where I suppose these teeth are coming is rather sore sometimes, and bothers me a little. They have made me fretful, and I cried so Father brought me home a rubber ring to bite on, as he said it would help the teeth to come through. I don't know a bit what they look like, as I can't see inside my mouth, but I like the rubber ring very much.

I can't quite understand how it is that everyone seems to be so proud of my getting my teeth. I don't see why they should be, because nearly all the big people I know have got lots of them, and I don't think that any of them had them when they first were babies, so they must have all got them in much the same way as mine are coming, without their being able to help it. There is one old lady who comes to see my mother sometimes, who must have had something the matter with her when she was a baby. Although she is very very old, I cannot see that she has any teeth yet. Perhaps they forgot to come for *her*.

Regular Habits

MOTHER puts me to sleep at about the same time every day, and I sleep just about as long one day as I do another. This, my mother says, is good for me and saves her a lot of trouble. I think it must be a good plan, for as soon as the time comes round I get very sleepy, and that is what my father calls a "habit." Father says that there are different kinds of habits, and that some babies have a lot of bad habits, which they would not have if they were brought up properly. After I have been sleeping a long time, and wake up in a good temper, my mother and father say that I am a good baby, so that is how I know that this habit of sleeping at regular times is a good habit. And I can see that Mother is very wise to put me to sleep at regular times, for another reason, too. If she tried to make me sleep when I am not a bit sleepy, I just couldn't be good, but as it is I am *always* sleepy by the time she comes to put me in my cot.

A few days ago Mother took me out with her. She went down town in a kind of house that she called a street car. It is a big room on wheels and it goes along very fast. I liked the trip very much and saw a lot of things I had never seen before, but of course I don't remember what they were, as I did not get time to look at them properly. Along each side of the car there are seats, and the seats are filled up with people who sit quite still and stare at each other all the way, lots of them stared at me, too, and some of them said, "What a nice baby!" and whenever they said that my mother smiled, but she did not say anything to them. There were some other babies in the car too, one right opposite.

But that baby's mother was not nearly so nice as my mother is. She certainly did not seem to know much about babies, perhaps she had not had that one very long. At any rate it wasn't any bigger than I am. The baby cried, and its mother held it up, in the air with its head and its feet hanging down and slapped its back. She kept on slapping its back, and the more she slapped it the more it cried, perhaps she thought the baby liked it, but I'm quite sure it didn't. I was sorry for that baby. My mother does not do that to me. I thought it would have been much better for that other baby if it had been left alone a little more.

Mother says that I am very good when I am out, and my father says that it is because I am so well, and because my mother takes care that my habits are all regular. At any rate, I suppose that is why I was able to sit up with my mother's arm around me, and look at the other babies, and all the big people without having to have my back slapped all the time.

That is the only time I have been down town with my mother. I remember that my mother said to my father that she would not have taken me down town at all unless she had been obliged to. She found that she had to go and there was no one to leave me with so she simply had to take me along too. My mother says that it is not a good thing to take little babies amongst a lot of strange people, and that they get colds and other things in that way, and never know where they came from. She says that there would not be so many sick babies if they were all kept at home while they were little. So I don't suppose I shall go out in the street car with my mother again for a very long time.

Wanted—A Car

THE other day when Mother and Father were talking about babies going out, my mother said that it would be a fine thing for me if Father had a big car, much bigger than the one Mother puts me in, big enough to hold Father and Mother and me all at the same time. Mother said, "It would be a good thing for baby if you had a car." Father laughed, he seemed to be amused. What he said was, "I have heard lots of reasons why we should have a car, but that is the first time I have had the Baby given me as a reason." Mother smiled. "Don't you think that Baby is a good reason?" and Father replied, "Yes, I do, and I will see what can be done about it." It seems as though Mother has asked Father about a car often before she got me, but that he has never agreed to have one.

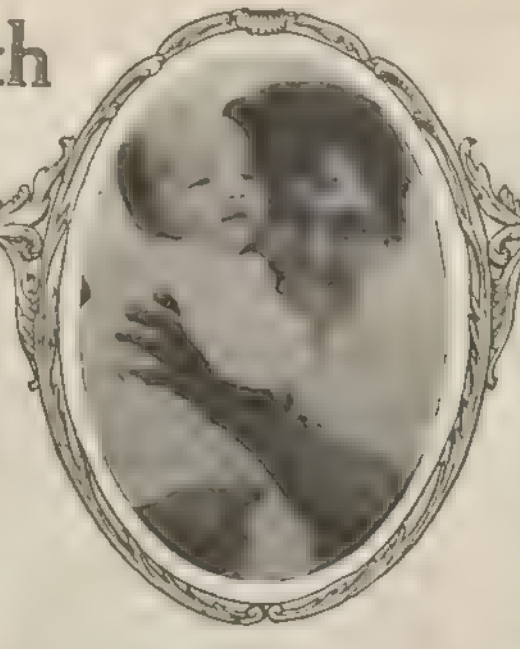
If he changes his mind now and gets one because I am here, that will be another good turn I have done for Mother, and she will think more of me than ever. I think Mother is quite right, though, don't you? It must be nice to be able to go away, far from all the crowds of people in a big car that will hold us all, and where we all have lots of fresh air. Father is a very nice man, and I know that if he can get a big car for me, he will be sure to do so.

It seems funny to me to see all the big people standing on their legs and walking about wherever they want to go. I hope I shall be able to do that before very long. Doctor told my mother that it was not a good thing for babies to walk too soon, or to try to stand up before their legs were strong enough. I can't even roll about yet, all I can do is to kick out my legs just a little, but they are getting stronger all the time. Doctor says it is a fine thing for me to be able to kick about as much as possible. He says it all helps to make my little legs strong, and to keep me well. Doctor is a nice man, and I know that I ought to be a very happy baby, with such nice people to look after me. Don't you think so, too!

A Word with The Mother

A Personal Chat

with Jean Blewett



Making Men

IT is the mothers who do the real teaching. It is the mothers who have virgin soil to work. All that the seats of learning from the country schoolhouse to the University can do for a child as time goes on is to add to what he already knows. The first seven years, the years when mother has him for her very own these are the ones which count. For this reason if for no other the mother is an important person, the home an important place.

The woman of to-day complains that the mill, factory and shop have taken the work from the home and that she has, perforce, to go out after it. But it is only the material part of her work that has gone. Especially is this true in regard to a mother. The spiritual work remains in the home,must of necessity remain there, since between here and the City Beautiful there is no place where it can so well be done.

To bear children is not enough, she must rear them. God breathed into man, made in His image, the breath of life, and every birth is in a way a repetition of the miracle. The mother with infinite patience, and love unfailing, breathes into the child the spiritual quickening, the faith in God and in goodness, the high ideals and love of truth and right which are to stand him in good stead in the days to come.

The Boy at School

A QUARTER of a century ago, in the country schools of Ontario, the pupil who was clever and good, diligent in the pursuit of knowledge, and, above all, obedient, enjoyed an enviable, "ticket" prosperity. He was rich on paper. So many tickets as reward for this, so many for that, each ticket having a verse or text in the centre. For ten small tickets he received a good sized one, for ten of the latter a regular leviathan of a ticket which typified a hundred marks to his credit. There were ticket paupers, of course, as well as ticket capitalists. Perhaps in no other place was the hoosier saying: "The folks as has are the folks as gits" better exemplified than in the old red school house which here and there turned out its embryo statesman, educationist, its law maker (and law breaker) its doctor, poet, preacher.

Attending one of these schools, which happened to be on the edge of a wood, was a lad who couldn't and wouldn't study. With the birds and bees to watch, with green things growing, and bushes beckoning, he found school too great a strain on him, and one May day literally took to the timber. A man of the neighborhood met him and remarked that it was in school he ought to be.

He pulled from his pocket the one small ticket he had managed to acquire, read aloud the maxim it held, "Know when thou hast had enough," handed it to the other with the air of one presenting a hard won diploma, and said: "I've tickets a-plenty. It's birds and snakes, an' live things for me from this on."

Country folk are quick to ridicule anyone who departs from a given line, and for a long time they would say of a person ignorant and conceited, "There's another with tickets a-plenty." But they stopped saying it after a while. Why? Because when that truant of the backwoods unfolded what he had learned of "birds an' snakes an' live things" he found a world wide audience. And in the country as in the city, only more so, "nothing succeeds like success."

Why the Laddies Love Her

YOUR mother isn't so clever as mine, my mother has letters after her name, and speaks at meetings," boasted the fourth form boy to his chum. For a moment the other's face fell, but only for a moment. "Oh, but you ought to hear my mother laugh!" he exclaimed in tones which told a whole story of glad comradeship "all the youngsters in our neighborhood come to our house to play."

I would rather have had that compliment than a finer one. We forget sometimes how children love merriment. We let the responsibility of parenthood press the laughter back. Yet for our own sakes we ought to keep the chord of gladness in our heart well tuned. Cheer means much at any time, but in these days of stress and sorrow it means more. What with hearing, seeing, thinking sad things, supping with sorrow, as it were, we are in danger of forgetting how to be happy. Scientists tell us that the more we refrain from laughter the harder we find it to laugh, and our own commonsense agrees. A hearty laugh is a wholesome thing. When we grow too busy, or too wise, or too pessimistic to enjoy it we are in a bad way.

If the nervous women worrying themselves thin over trifles, the grim ones who create gloom, the cross ones who make life a burden to all about them, the fussy ones with their imaginary ailments, their losses and crosses, the poor half alive ones afraid of their shadow, if these, and all the rest of us would find the happiness of life, see the fun of things, there would not be half the breakdowns nor the discontent. Doctors and sanitariums would not be in demand. Free as the air are some of the prescriptions evolved by specialists of world wide reputation, one of which runs: "Laugh and grow fat." A safe and sure remedy not only for grouching and grumbling but for real ills and diseases.

Let us try it out ourselves like the practical people we are, on ourselves and the folks we live with.

My husband is suffering from indigestion,"confided my nervous neighbor, "and I'm giving him the history of Alexander the Great in small doses between courses by way of a cure. He eatstoo fast as a rule."

"With the high cost of living worrying the heart out of folks, how do I manage to keep my man and my half dozen childer so happy and healthy, you're asking?" smiled my pretty Irish neighbor. "Simple food and lots of fun with it, there you have me prescription me dear. When I'm about my work I think up a good story to tell s asoon as we sit to our meal. I don't care how big a dose of blues the man comes home with, a hearty laugh cures him unbeknownst to himself."

Which remedy sounds most pleasant! The funny story may not equal the history of Alexander the Great as an educator, but as a tonic there is no comparison. The laddie's: "You ought to hear my mother laugh!" may not measure up to the other's boast of erudition and oratory, but we are all in love with it, and with her. It is the sunny hearted women who make this sad old world a good place to live in. God bless them!

An Old Wife's Prayer

They're praying for the soldier lads in grim old London Town,
I went myself, last night, and heard a Bishop in his gown
Confiding to the Lord of Hosts his views of this affair:
"We do petition Thee," he cried, "to have a watchful care
Of all the true men and the strong who at their country's call,
Go forth to fight for Liberty, to fight, perchance, to fall!"
"Amen!" a thousand voices cried. I whispered low: "Dear Lord,
A host is praying for the men; I want to say a word
For those who stay at home and wait,
The mothers and the wives;
Keep close to them and help them bear
Their cheerless, empty lives!"
The Bishop prayed: "Our cause is good, our quarrel right and just,
The God of Battles is our God, and in His arm we trust!"
He never got that prayer of his in any printed book,
It came straight from the heart of him, his deep voice, how it shook!
And something glistened in his eye, and down his flushed cheeks ran—
I like a Bishop best of all when he is just a man!
"Amen!" they cried out louder still, but I bent low my head:
"Dear Christ, be kind to hearts that beat for loved ones dying, dead.
Find comfort for the women brave,
Whose souls are torn to-day
With love and longing for the ones
In danger far away!"
"They will not shrink," the Bishop prayed, "nor fear a soldier's grave;
Nay, each man will acquit himself like Briton true and brave.
O, God of Battles, march with them, keep guard by day and night,
And arm them with a trust in Thee when they go out to fight."
"Amen!" a sound of muffled sobs. The deep voice trembled some,
But I, with hot tears on my face, prayed hard for those at home:
"Keep watch and ward of all who wait
In fever of unrest,
Who said good-bye, and let them go,
The ones they loved the best!"
"O comfort, Christ, above the din,
The martial clamor, hark!
The saddest sound in all God's world—
A crying in the dark!"

JEAN BLEWETT.

"See How Fine it is, Mother"

THE fine granulation of LANTIC SUGAR makes it better for every purpose for which sugar is used.

A *fine* sugar has higher sweetening power than a coarse sugar because it dissolves more quickly. You have often noticed the undissolved sugar left in the teacup or the lemonade glass. This is sheer waste.

Fine granulation makes easier cake baking. You can't cream butter and sugar together until the sugar melts. LANTIC makes creamy batter much more quickly than coarse sugar.

Preserves should be cooked as little as possible after the sugar is added. This keeps the natural fruit color bright and fresh. LANTIC is *fine* and dissolves in hot syrup instantly giving preserves and jellies a specially good color.

"Fine" in Granulation

"Fine" in Every Other Respect

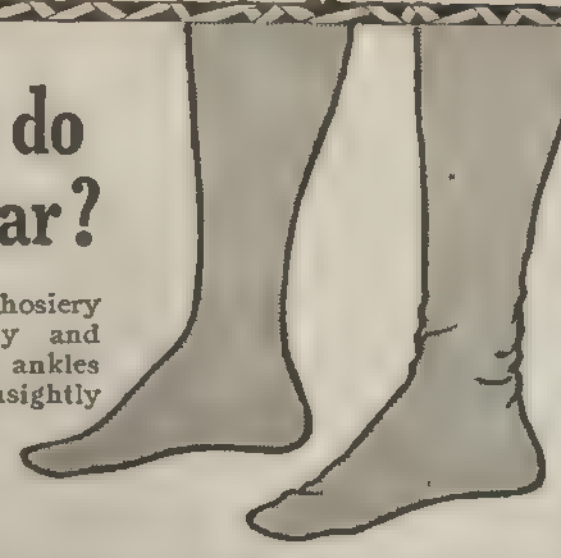
Lantic Sugar

2 and 5-lb. cartons
10, 20, 100-lb. bags

Always Ask Your Grocer for LANTIC

Atlantic Sugar Refineries
Limited
Power Building, Montreal

Which do you wear?



Do you wear hosiery that fits loosely and wrinkles at the ankles and toes? — unsightly and uncomfortable.

Or do you wear Mercury Fashioned Hosiery, with the slim ankles and perfectly turned toes?— not a wrinkle anywhere.

Mercury Hosiery is fashioned at the sides just above the ankles—a new idea—which makes it narrower and neater.

It is also fashioned at the top of the hose in a way to make it more elastic and comfortable.

Our new machines knit a fine, close-knit fabric, superior in finish even to those high-class foreign lines formerly imported.

There's *quality* of material behind the finish, too. We use only the best raw materials for our black cashmere, black lisle and white lisle goods.

Wear a pair and be convinced.

Mercury Hosiery

Mercury Mills, Limited, Hamilton, Canada

Also makers of high grade hosiery for men and underwear for men, women and children 52

Make the Most of TRAVEL

The Passenger to the Pacific Coast is to-day offered a choice of route that renders it unnecessary to retrace his steps, and opens up a wealth of new scenery and outdoor sport.

Do not fail to visit Jasper and Mount Robson Parks, with their wonderful mountains, gorges, glaciers and cataracts. Here the protection given to game has increased the quantity and reduced the fear of man.

Mountain sheep and goat, the most wary of animals, are seen feeding on the hills, and coming down to the railroad in view of passing trains. For further particulars see our booklet "Canadian Northern Rockies," or apply to General Passenger Departments:

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

Montreal, Que., Toronto, Ont., Winnipeg, Man.

$1.50 Brings you 12 issues of this big magazine. Send in your subscription

FREE Rose Bud or Rex Wonder RING. Set with rose bud or rex sparkler, your size for 15c, both for 25c. Warranted for three years. GOLD FILLED. REX JEWELRY CO., Desk , Battle Creek, Mich.

PROMOTION AND MYRTLE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6)

"Aw right. Dat good place enough. Dose Indians like as not be in dat deestrick. McNulty got heaps of chickens," he added with a knowing chuckle.

SO we rode on and I gradually became absorbed in thoughts that were nearer Bayswater than the Cypress Hills, leaving Gabe and Porter to do the talking.

After awhile they got arguing as to which was the better shot. There is always a little friction on that point between the scouts and the constables. You see, the former do not compete in the annual target practice for reasons known only to the executive. Porter was a marksman of the troop and wore a gold star on his sleeve for high aggregate scoring at the ranges, while Latreille was one of the best all-round rifle shots in the Territories. I have, myself seen him hit a running antelope at four hundred yards and bring down a swan on the wing with a bullet, and that is no mean shooting. What he could do at a fixed target was, of course, another thing; but he had Porter skinned to death as a wing-shot.

The argument soon waxed hot and was inclined to get personal.

"Oh, dry up, you chattering old squaws," I said. "If you're both so cocksure of yourselves, why, put up five dollars apiece and settle the matter when we camp for dinner. Duggan's old shack at the head of the flat will do to chew in and you can easily find a mark. I'll be umpire."

"Ver' good," said Gabe. 'I can shoot Portaire's tam head off at a mark or a deer or anytink."

"Not you, old stocking," laughed Porter. "We'll put a five-dollar bill apiece into the Corporal's hands and he shall decide. Most hits in three shots to take the pot. How does that strike you?"

"It's a go," replied the half-breed. "You fellows tink you run de earth."

Duggan's shack, the deserted log house of an old cattle-ranch stood on the hog back of a gravelly hill where the trail descended on to five miles of an alkali flat. It was about as dreary and desolate a spot as could be found in the locality which was for the most part fertile and well watered. Still it came in handy on patrols as a temporary shelter from winter blizzards or the summer sun.

WE tied our horses on the shady side, loosened their cinches and emptied out their stocking-full of oats apiece, then set about the discussion of canned salmon and sandwiches from our saddle-bags. Porter soon had a fire going with sagebrush and having emptied a couple of cans on to a flat stone, proceeded to boil them clean to make coffee in. A salmon can is not half bad as a cup but it does not hold as much as a tomato can. I have drunk up everything out of both from rye whiskey to alkali tea. One does not carry much Dresden china on a Police patrol; it is apt to get cracked. Plates we had none, nor old silver, though we boasted some valuable antiques in the way of fingers. An early breakfast and a twenty mile ride produces an appetite that laughs at damask table-linen. You city folks do not know the luxury of plain living until you've had a prairie lunch with God's blessed sunshine for a dining room and the blameless stomach of a child. *We* do not have to call in the aid of Cayenne and Worcestershire sauce to force our grub down, turning fretfully from *boeuf a l'Italienne* or dallying dyspeptically with a slimy old Mayonnaise. The simple life for us.

And then the post-prandial pipe, stretched in the shade with the sweet air playing over you and your inner man, like your thoughts, too full for utterance! To the hills with Egyptian cigarettes and Turkish atrocities! Give me an old briar pipe and Tuckett's Canadian plug. *That* is tobacco; not extract of nicotine and cascarilla bark. Oh yes; Johnnie knows. You bet your socks he does!

But one cannot dream forever. One o'clock. Time to be hitting the trail again.

"If you boys want to settle that bet, I said to my drowsy companions, "there is a brown stone on that first

A Stubborn Cough Loosened Right Up

This Homemade remedy is a wonder for quick results. Easily and cheaply made.

The prompt and positive action of this simple, inexpensive home-made remedy in quickly healing the inflamed or swollen membranes of the throat, chest or bronchial tubes and breaking up tight coughs, has caused it to be used in more homes than any other cough remedy. Under its healing, soothing influence, chest soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easier, tickling in the throat stops and you get a good night's restful sleep. The usual throat and chest colds are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, whooping cough, bronchial asthma or winter coughs.

To make this splendid cough syrup, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth, into a 16 oz bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup and shake thoroughly. You then have 16 ounces—a family supply of a much better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for $2.50. Keeps perfectly and children love its pleasant taste.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract and is known the world over for its promptness, ease and certainty in overcoming stubborn coughs and chest colds.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

THE GOLDEN FLAVOUR

Send 4c. in stamps to-day for the Mapleine Cook Book. Tells how to make this Golden Flavoured, Golden Iced Cake. Also 249 other choice "Golden Flavour" recipes.

2 oz. Bottle

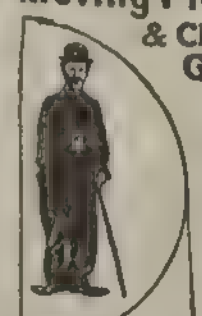
50c.

Crescent Mapleine

"The Golden Flavour"

Few drops go as far as a teaspoon of other flavorings. Pure. Wholesome. No home should be without it. In 1,000,000 homes now. Buy from grocers. Use just enough. Too much makes foods too rich. Dept. C.W. Crescent Mfg. Co., 25 Front St. East, Toronto, Ontario. (M 3)

Moving Picture Machine & Charlie Chaplin Film Given Away!



Laugh at Charlie in Your Own Home

Boys! Girls! Here's the chance of a lifetime! Greatest offer you ever heard of! Charlie Chaplin, the funniest man in the world right in your own home. Real Moving Picture Machine Charlie Chaplin film and 12 beautifully colored Magic Lantern Slides absolutely free. It's the real one and only Charlie too funny walk cane and all. You'll laugh for hours at his comical antics. Entertain your friends with the greatest fun-maker in the world Moving Picture Machine and Magic Lantern in one. Shows clear, life-like pictures that really walk, run and act. You'll learn to run it in 5 minutes. Built of sheet metal. Simple mechanism runs film. Polished double extra reflector throws a picture 4 or 5 feet diameter here. 800 candle power lamp; carbide generator. You can win it easily!

Just sell 60 packets of beautiful Christmas Greeting, Fancy and Patriotic postcards at only 10 cents a packet. You can sell them easily. Everyone buys these cards—they are the cream of the finest printed. Real art, sparkling decorations beautiful, rich colors all popular, new designs. Every card a gem—you just show them and take the money. People always buy lots of postcards more than ever now to send to the soldiers. Louis Stubbs, Langmade Sask., says "I have enjoyed many pleasant evenings with my moving picture machine and also my friends. It has given me no trouble and is working fine." Thomas A. J. Huson, Londonderry Sta., N.S., says, "I sold $3 worth of cards in 2½ hours." You can do the same! Then send us the $6 and we will immediately send the moving picture machine, Charlie Chaplin film and colored slides. Send now—be first in your town to have a Chaplin show. The Gold Medal Co., Dept. E.W. 76 Toronto.

15 TIMES THE MONEY

was spent on doctors' bills, without any benefit, as was spent in Zam-Buk, which effected a complete cure!" says Mrs. Fred Gervais of 126 Bleury St., Montreal.

"A rash broke out on my baby's skin, and she became very fretful and lost weight. I took her to a doctor, who gave me some lotion to apply, but it did not do baby any good. I then took her to another doctor, but with the same result.

"Then a friend, who saw the condition baby was in, brought me some Zam-Buk, which she so highly recommended that I commenced using it. In one week's time baby looked much better, and before a month had elapsed she was quite well again.

"Baby is now the picture of health, and I think it wonderful that $2 worth of Zam-Buk brought about this cure when $30 spent in doctors' treatments did no good whatever! I certainly advise other mothers not to experiment with useless remedies, but to save their little ones unnecessary suffering and themselves needless anxiety and expense by using Zam-Buk in the first place."

Zam-Buk is also best for eczema, ringworm, scalp sores, boils, ulcers, abscesses, bad legs, blood-poisoning, piles, cuts, burns and scalds. All dealers or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. 50c. box, 3 for $1.25.

Zam-Buk

MTG

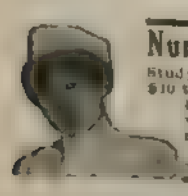
NO MORE GRAY HAIR!

The free trial bottle of MARY T. GOLDMAN'S HAIR COLOR RESTORER proves how quickly gray hair disappears when this scientific restorer is used. Simply applied with special comb; leaves hair clean, fluffy and natural; does not interfere with washing. Make this test on a lock of hair and you will never accept a cheap imitation. Then buy a full sized bottle from your druggist or direct from me. **But be sure that the bottle you buy is the *real Mary T. Goldman's.***

Send for trial bottle to-day and say whether your hair is naturally black, dark brown, medium brown or light brown. If possible, send a lock in your letter.

Mary T. Goldman
511 Continental Bldg.
Toronto, Can.
or
304 Goldman Bldg.,
St. Paul, Minn.
Established 40 Years

Free Trial Bottle

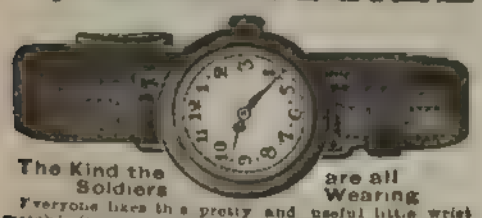


Nursing Taught by Mail

Study private nursing at home. Earn $10 to $25 a week! Instructions given by competent teachers (familiar with latest nursing methods). Send now for full particulars free.

Royal College of Science
[illegible]

Stylish Watch FREE



The Kind the Soldiers are all Wearing

Everyone likes the pretty and useful little wrist watch! On your wrist is the handiest place to wear a watch. No fumbling in your purse or pocket. Just raise your hand and see the time. Splendidly finished case, genuine Swiss movement, large easily read figures, strong black leather strap. You need this pretty little watch and you can **own it without paying a cent.** Just sell 60 packets of beautiful Christmas, Greeting, Fancy and Patriotic postcards at only 10c a packet. You can sell them easily. Everyone buys these cards; they're the cream of the finest printed. Radiant, sparkling decorations—beautiful rich colors—all popular new designs. Every card a gem; you just show them and take the money. Nellie Button, New Melbourne, Nfld., writes: "I sold all my cards without going out of the house." It will be just as easy for you! Then send us the $6.00 and we will immediately send your wrist watch postpaid. Don't wait—order to-day.

The Gold Medal Co. Dept. EW 3 Toronto, Ont.

15 TIMES THE MONEY

was spent on doctors' bills, without any benefit, as was spent in Zam-Buk, which effected a complete cure!" says Mrs. Fred Gervais of 126 Bleury St., Montreal.

"A rash broke out on my baby's skin, and she became very fretful and lost weight. I took her to a doctor, who gave me some lotion to apply, but it did not do baby any good. I then took her to another doctor, but with the same result.

"Then a friend, who saw the condition baby was in, brought me some Zam-Buk, which she so highly recommended that I commenced using it. In one week's time baby looked much better, and before a month had elapsed she was quite well again.

"Baby is now the picture of health, and I think it wonderful that $2 worth of Zam-Buk brought about this cure when $30 spent in doctors' treatments did no good whatever! I certainly advise other mothers not to experiment with useless remedies, but to save their little ones unnecessary suffering and themselves needless anxiety and expense by using Zam-Buk in the first place."

Zam-Buk is also best for eczema, ringworm, scalp sores, boils, ulcers, abscesses, bad legs, blood-poisoning, piles, cuts, burns and scalds. All dealers or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. 50c. box, 3 for $1.25.

Zam-Buk

little butte over there—about five hundred yards range, I should judge. Plug away at that while the horses finish their feed and I'll walk over and keep the score."

"A stone? So there is," remarked Porter in a tone of surprise. "That's queer. You must have sharper eyes than I, Corporal. I've been looking at those hills for the last five minutes to try to find a mark."

"Well, it's there, sure enough," I replied. "Now, you two toss for first shot and I'll score the hits. Then we must get away. No more fooling, remember, once we get across the flat."

I started towards the range of low hills while speaking and looking back, saw that Porter had won the toss and was lying flat on the ground adjusting his sight. I kept my eyes on the mark and when one hundred and fifty yards from it heard the sharp report of a rifle; too quick for a sure shot.

To my astonishment the stone had disappeared.

A hit and a good one, I thought; but what could the object be to get knocked over like that.

Waving my hand to them to cease firing I hurried up the slope. The top was quite flat and about fifty feet in circumference and not a sign of a stone anywhere. I looked round to make certain that I was on the right hill. Porter was still lying on his face and Gabe standing by him, rifle in hand, watching for my next signal. It was the hill without a doubt because there was nothing between them and me but *where* was the stone? Thoroughly mystified, I walked across the top and looked down the other side.

Then I stopped short, frozen stiff, with hands above my head and heart beating like a trip-hammer. I was looking straight into the muzzle of a rifle in the hands of a Blackfeet Indian.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

LADY OF THE EMERALDS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

materials. In my handbag I had a fountain pen. They took it away."

Mayhew searched his pockets. They yielded up a fat little blank notebook and a pencil. Miss Wilkins accepted them gratefully and hid them under her mattress.

He took her hand again at parting. She really had rather wonderful eyes! Mayhew sighed again and turned away. He had promised to bring her some reading matter the following day.

That night he paced his room for over an hour, his hands clasped behind his back, his brows drawn together as when he wrestled with some problem in psychology. He mused long upon Miss Clare Wilkins.

What had her past been? She seemed very well educated, and she appeared to have had a decent start in life. Evidences of refinement were observable in each tone, each gesture. Why had she stepped from the narrow path of integrity? What curious swirl of life's deep waters had sent this lovely human atom down among dark currents to mingle with the flotsam and jetsam of the world's iniquities?

He paused at his bookcase and took down a volume. It was one he had frequently read, but always with the detached interest of the scholar. Never had he expected to consult it from concrete motives!

It was a treatise on crime—crime in all its varied aspects. Mayhew turned the pages till he found a chapter called "Women and Crime," and under a sub-heading he read:

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 46)

Don't Be a Wall Flower!

Learn to Play BY NOTE

Piano, Organ, Violin, Cornet, Mandolin, Banjo, Guitar, 'Cello, Piccolo, Trombone, Clarionet, Flute, Harp, Sight Singing

LEARN MUSIC AT HOME

No longer need the ability to play music be shut out of your life! Now at last you can learn music—how to play any instrument—at home—yet without having a teacher at your elbow. By our wonderful home study method we have made it easy for you to play **by note** the Piano, Organ, Violin, Banjo, Mandolin, Guitar, Cornet, 'Cello, or learn Sight Singing.

No tiresome, "dry" exercises, no inconveniences, no trick music, no "numbers," yet simple, wonderful, easy for even a child. Now you can bring into your own life, and the lives of others endless pleasure and happiness through your music. Instead of being a forsaken "wall flower" you will be the most popular person in your set. By our new plan more than 200,000 gentlemen, ladies and children in all parts of the world have learned to play successfully and skilfully.

WONDERFUL LESSONS FREE

We want to have one pupil in each locality AT ONCE to help advertise our wonderful, easy system of teaching music. For a limited time we are therefore making a special advertising offer to give you music lessons in your own home. The ONLY cost is for postage and sheet music, which averages only 12½c weekly. We can do this because our course makes friends—pupils recommend it to others and then we make our profit. We make this offer on condition that you give them our name when they ask you.

Send No Money — MAIL COUPON TODAY

Learning music successfully by our Home Study method is a positive, proven fact. The lessons are so interesting it is more like a game than a study. Thousands who never knew one note from another before taking the lessons have developed into expert musicians. The average yearly enrollment for the past few years has been over 25,000 pupils. We grade you before you start and fit the instruction to your special needs. A beginner gets entirely different lessons than one who has had lessons.

Let us send you our new 24-page book, which describes the secret principles of our wonderful New System of Music Teaching from beginning to end, and contains scores of letters from pupils who have become expert players as a result of the Course. Write to-day. Mail coupon or postal.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1011 Brunswick Bldg. New York

FREE Coupon for Lessons

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 1011 Brunswick Bldg., New York:—Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons by Mail," explaining how I can learn to play for 12½c weekly. I would like to learn how to play the instrument.. ....

Name . . . .

Address . . . .

ARMY AIRPLANE & REAL RIFLE FREE!

Over 500 of these Rifles Already GIVEN AWAY!

BOYS! Build and fly your own model airplane! Get this $25. U. S. Curtiss Army Tractor! Finest Model built! Exactly like the big planes supplied the U. S. and British governments for use in France, but on a smaller scale. Guaranteed to rise from the ground and fly by its own power. Equipped with Streamline Aluminum Disc Wheels, Ball Bearing Shaft, and Aluminum Motor Hood. Comes complete, ready to assemble with a ruler, drawings and directions. This dandy $25 model airplane and a real, 22 calibre rifle absolutely free to live boys and girls. This is just the gun you need for drill and target practice and for hunting squirrels, muskrats, rabbits, etc.—a straight-shooting, hard hitting, dependable rifle. Has safety hammer, lever action, automatic shell starter, rifled blued steel barrel, regulation open sights and polished walnut stock. It's the gun that gets the game, and it's yours for selling just 60 packets of beautiful Christmas, Greeting, Fancy and patriotic postcards at only 10c a packet. You can sell them easily. Everyone buys these cards. They're the cream of the finest printed. Radiant, sparkling decorations, beautiful rich colors—all popular new designs. Every card a gem; you just show them and take the money. People always buy lots of postcards; more than ever now—to send to the soldiers. Lloyd Taylor, Deloraine, Man., says: "I sold 80 packets in 1 hour after school and could have sold more." You can do the same! Then send us the $6.00 and we will immediately send your rifle. Show it to your friends and get only six of them to earn a prize as you did and the real model airplane is yours too, with all charges paid. Don't wait—send your order now.

THE GOLD MEDAL CO. Dept. EW 20A TORONTO, ONT.

"I forgot all you sent me for 'cept"

Minard's Liniment

HE just couldn't forget Minard's Liniment. Mother always had a bottle in the house ready for his boyish troubles, a strain or a sprain, or the beginning of a cold or a cough.

Minard's Liniment contains no injurious drugs or any opiates. Perfectly harmless for young and old alike, it nevertheless has a powerful influence over pain.

In an age where imitations and substitutions are so common, insist upon Minard's, and keep a bottle always handy in the house.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited, Yarmouth, N.S.

COWAN'S ACTIVE SERVICE CHOCOLATE

Little Miss MAIDEN CANADA

For our Heroes——

At times during heavy bombardment the army commissariat becomes so disorganized that ordinary food is unprocurable for days.

During such times as this the value of a convenient and concentrated food that may be carried and handled easily, cannot be over-estimated.

Active Service Chocolate answers all the requirements of such a food. It is the most nourishing and wholesome chocolate manufactured. If you are unable to obtain this chocolate in your locality, write us, we will see that you get it.

Sold in 5c. and 25c. sizes.

A-101

Would You Like to Earn $1 or $2 Daily the Year Round at Home

The hosiery trade is booming, and the Demand far exceeds the Supply. We gladly take all the goods you can send us.

We must have more workers at once to help us keep pace with the demand. The Auto-Knitter is sent on favorable terms to reliable persons, and we furnish full instructions how to knit sox, etc., also all yarn needed. The work is simple and easily learned; the Auto Knitter is a high-speed machine, and works by turning a handle. Our fixed rates of pay guarantee you a steady income the year round, no matter where you live, but our workers often largely increase this by working for private customers.

Working either whole or spare time, this pleasant employment has brought prosperity to many workers in their own homes, and should do the same for you.

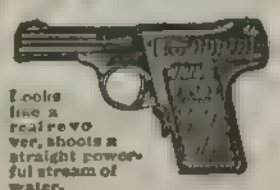
Write to-day, enclosing 3c in stamps, for full particulars, rates of pay, etc., and see what you and your family can now earn at home.

Auto-Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Limited

DEPT. 102A, 257 COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO

FREE DANDY BICYCLE AND GREAT WATER PISTOL

Boys send us your name and address to-day and you can get a Real Daisy Water Pistol and our great Flying Champion Bicycle in return for a little easy pleasant work. This is the finest bicycle any boy could own. It has a 22 inch frame, coaster brake, non-skid tires, roller chain, and all the most up-to-date improvements—just the slickest, quickest bicycle you've ever seen. And the Daisy Water Pistol beats all. Just what you've always wanted. It looks like a real automatic revolver, but shoots a straight, powerful stream of water that will chase dogs or cats, & provide a barrel of fun.



Looks like a real revolver, shoots a straight powerful stream of water.

Here's Our Proposition for Live Boys

No Money in Advance.—Just send your name and address to-day and get a free sample package of "Dainties", our delicious new whipped cream candy coated breath perfume that we want everybody in the land to try. With the free sample we send you just 30 handsome packages that we want you to introduce among your friends at only 10c. a package. The sample package will make it easy for you. Just open it and ask your friends to try a couple of "Dainties". They will like them so much that everyone will buy a package or two at once. A couple of little "Dainties" will purify the mouth and perfume the breath. Everybody just loves them. No trouble at all to sell.

Return our $3.00 when the breathlets are sold and we will promptly send you, all charges prepaid, the dandy Daisy Water Pistol and the grand bicycle you can also get without selling any more goods, by just showing your fine prize to your friends and getting only six of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did. Write to-day boys and you can soon own these fine rewards. 1 B

Address—THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO. Dept. N 4 TORONTO, ONT.

STAMMERING

or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
KITCHENER, - CANADA

Increase Your Earning Power!

ELLIOTT Business College

Yonge and Charles Sts., Toronto

Has lately been asked to fill positions at from $50 to $100 a month and others up to $2000 per annum. It pays to get a Superior Training. Write for Catalogue. Enter any time. W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.

WITH THE GIRLS AT COLLEGE

The "Mock Dinner" a Huge Success

By HELEN EDWARDS

ONE night last week my room mate rushed into our room all excitement. "Sit down, sit down and get your breath; and for goodness sake don't run all the way up three flights of stairs like that again," I said pushing her into a chair. "Now what's the news," as she began to look normal again, "get it out of your system."

It may not have been exciting enough to warrant all that waste of good energy but how was I to know? The prelude sounded rather interesting.

We were to have a Mock Dinner.—What is a Mock Dinner?—That is exactly what I asked. I had a mental picture of a Mock Trial, of a dinner featuring Mock Turtle Soup, Mock Duck and every other "Mock" dish ever invented. But it seemed, I was all astray.

"Wait," I was told—"wait and see."

I waited two long weeks, but meanwhile, I solved the mystery bit by bit, until last night, I saw the event staged. While every detail is fresh in my memory I want to write it all down.

Trials of a Hostess

WE girls of the Household Administration Class were responsible for the whole affair. Such brain-searching as we did have for two or three days making out a well-balanced menu for an eight course formal dinner and trying to keep the cost down to forty cents a plate. Each of us had to plan a menu. All were to be submitted, and the best one chosen. At the last minute I was tearing my hair and frantically multiplying and dividing to see if my menu would work out to give the required number of calories. You know what that means! In *these* days, everyone's figuring out by calories just what value the food will have for the body—a means of greater nourishment at less expense. But to estimate food values against time is not the easiest thing imaginable.

When I write home to Mother about having an eight course formal dinner she will say first thing, "What extravagance! The idea of having a big dinner in these days of food shortage!" But that is just where the "mock" idea comes in—there wasn't really anything to eat at all!

The Reason Why

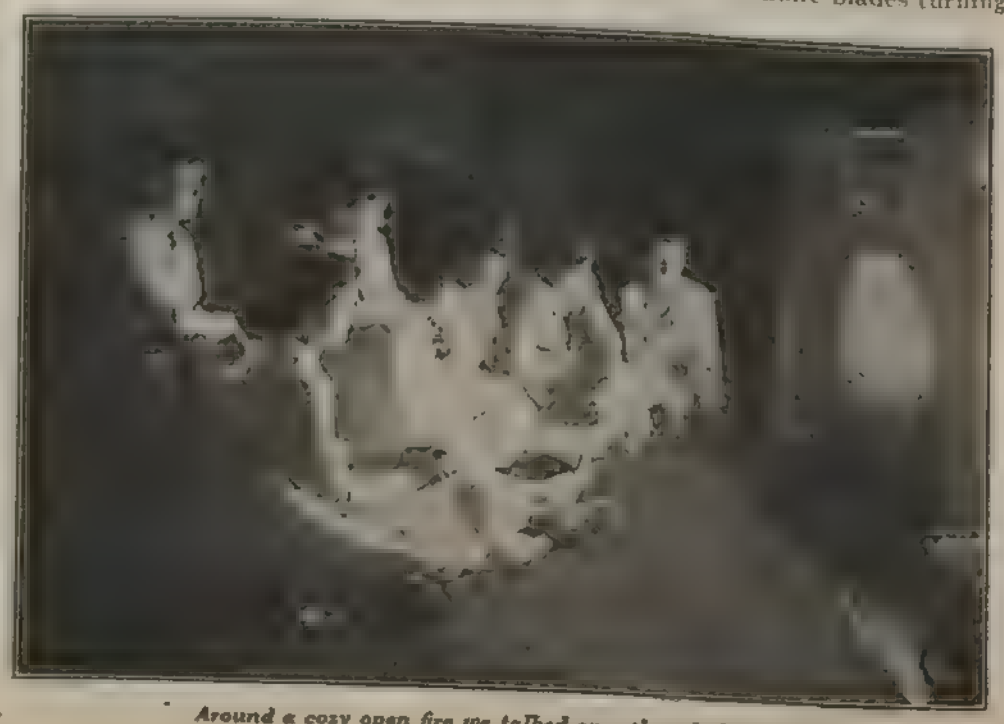
The whole affair was given so that we girls who gave it and all the rest who looked on will know exactly how it *is* done. I know now how to *plan* for a big dinner — how to write invitations to a formal dinner, how to accept them, how to decorate the table, how to place the linen, silver and china; how to usher the guests into the dining room, how to arrange the place cards, how to sit down, how to carry on the conversation, when to use the various pieces of silver, and how all the serving should be done — and oh — an endless number of "how's"—the hundred and one things that either hostess, guest or serving maid should know about a formal dinner. Each and every girl in that assembly hall assimilated the useful knowledge—or, should have, because they all had seats where they could see every detail of the performance.

We have had lectures, in our Household Administration Class, on every detail in connection with a formal dinner, but to carry it out in actual practice is quite an experience, as last night's event proved.

Our Share of Work

TWO of us were responsible for the setting of the table. Woe to us if the least wrinkle appeared in the cloth, or if the table padding peeped out at any place or if the cloth hung the least bit more at one place than at another! The bouquet in the centre had to be low enough not to interfere with the guest's line of vision across the table. We even took a tape line and measured each cover when we had all the silver placed. It was lucky that we did because we had the covers varying in size from nineteen to twenty-three inches, whereas, as you know, the distance from the outside edge of the folded napkin on the left to the very last piece of silver on the right should be twenty-two inches for a formal dinner. Of course if we ever give a formal dinner in our own homes we will not be so fussy as to have each cover measure up to the exact inch. Still it is well to know what is right.

When we had the silver placed for four courses in the order in which it would be used, beginning at the outside and working in, with the handles just one half inch from the edge of the table and with the knife blades turning



Around a cozy open fire we talked over the whole affair

Let Us Decide That Point!

WHAT the girls learn at college can advantageously be applied in the home. For instance is there anything you would like to know about table setting or serving for either informal or formal occasions? Or would you like to settle any little point on good form that has been bothering you for a long time—something you are not quite sure of? If you would, let Helen Edwards help you out. Write her, in care of Everywoman's World and she will have your questions answered by an authority on this subject.

—The Editors.

in, and had placed the folded napkin on the left the same distance from the edge of the table and with the cut edge of the napkin at the lower right hand corner, we placed a water glass at the tip of each dinner knife, to be later filled two thirds full just before the guests would come in to the dining room.

The Finishing Touches

THE place cards we put at the centre top of each cover. Of course, it was pointed out to us, bread and butter plates are not used at a formal dinner. We placed the chairs so that the edge of the seat just touched the table cloth. Then we scampered upstairs to dress, because you see we two were also to be included among the "guests."

While we had been setting the table the other girls of the class were arranging all the dishes on tables in the serving room. There was the rest of the silver to be attended to, as well. Two of these girls were the waitresses at the dinner and one was to manage the dishes as the different courses were brought to the table or removed. Four were "guests" and the other two "host" and "hostess" at the dinner.

Such a time as we had getting dressed! I was as excited as if I had been going to a real dinner, in fact more excited because we would have a

A Trifle Early But—

JUST a little note to remind our friends that Christmas is not so very far away and that strain can be lifted both from purse and nerves by selecting Christmas gifts gradually instead of leaving all to the last minute. And, speaking of Christmas presents might we suggest that the Yuletide issue of Everywoman's World will be the best ever. It will be full of the cheery Christmas spirit—good fiction and the many bright features that you have become accustomed to expect.

—The Editors.

hundred spectators watching every move we made. My room-mate wore a black evening dress because she had to represent a man guest. I wore my little gold gown. None of us wore flowers—you know it is wartime.

The Guests Arrive!

JUST as the clock struck eight we went to the drawing room where the girls who played host and hostess received us. The rest of the eight guests arrived during the next fifteen minutes, for, as everyone knows, a hostess cannot wait more than fifteen minutes for any guest at a formal dinner.

The "host" offered her left arm to the lady honored guest and led the way to the dining room. We followed, and the hostess with the gentleman honored guest brought up the rear. It all seemed so screamingly funny that we could not act naturally or even be sensible on our way to the assembly hall.

(I almost forgot to mention that in the "gentlemen's" dressing room there were the usual envelopes one for each gentleman with the name of the lady whom he takes in to dinner, and the side of the table on which he is to sit.)

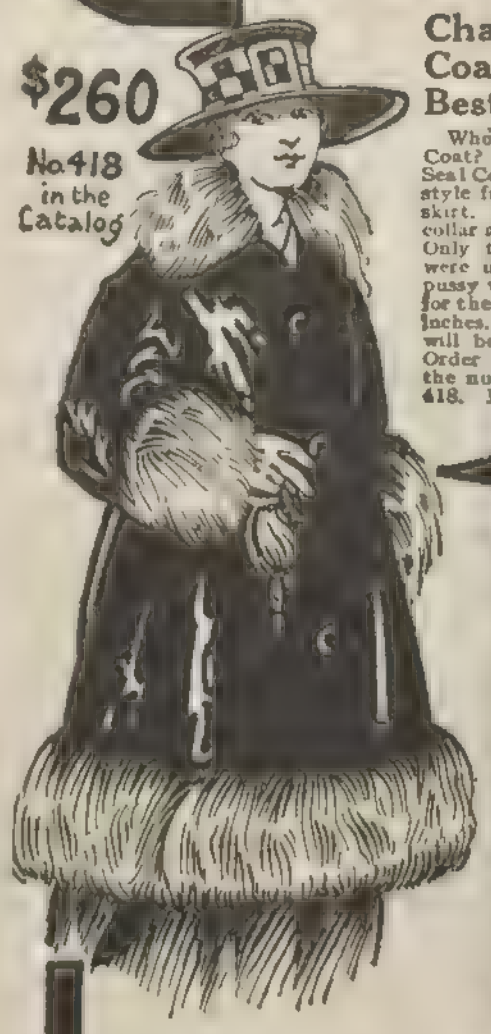
Well, when we were all ranged around the table with over a hundred spectators in the rear, we felt a wee bit more serious. We had to carry on conversation just as if we were really at a dinner, but thank goodness we did not have to talk in loud enough tone for the others to hear. Their part was to use their eyes, not their ears, so as long as we appeared to be carrying on a suitable conversation we fulfilled our duty.

The hostess sat facing the serving room door so that she could see at a glance everything as it came to the table. The gentleman honored guest sat at her right.

I was glad I had not been chosen for hostess for she has so many things to remember. She is served first and can begin to eat after three or four have been served, but she must always remember to be the last to put down

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37)

Wouldn't You Like This Coat



Charming Hudson Seal Coat—Latest Style—Best Quality

Who has not longed for a Hudson Seal Coat? We illustrate a wonderful Hudson Seal Coat here. It is made in the full box style from shoulder to extra full ripple skirt. The coat has a neat, deep crush collar and cuffs of fine quality black lynx. Only the very best Hudson Seal Skins were used for making this coat. Rich pussy willow or brocaded silks are used for the linings. Length of this coat is 44 inches. This is a sumptuous coat. You will be delighted with its appearance. Order by mail. Mention the number of the coat—418. Price only..... $260

A Dominion-Wide Mail Order Service

Our service covers Canada. From east to west of the Dominion we have hundreds of customers who have benefitted by the matchless fur bargains. Wherever you live, if you want furs of beauty and quality at low prices you should buy from us. The nearest mail box links you up with Canada's greatest fur house. Our stock includes hundreds of values like those featured here. A free copy of our catalog will be sent on request.

Fur Bargains for Everybody In Canada

Study This List of Suggestions Carefully — Select What You Want and Order At Once:

No. 435—Here is a snap in a Persian Lamb Coat. This coat is made from best quality glossy even curl Persian Lamb skins and has a deep cape collar and cuffs of best quality full-furred Alaska Sable; a slightly fitted waist line and extra full ripple skirt; silk crochet buttons. The best silk linings are used. Coat is 45 inches long. Price to you wherever you live $385

"Satisfaction or Money Refunded"

Read Our Guarantee

If, on receipt, you find that the furs for any reason are not satisfactory, write your name and address on the outside of the package and return them in ten days in good condition, stating why the goods are returned, and we will pay the transportation charges both ways and exchange or refund the money in full. All that we ask is that before you ship the article you notify us. We make no exception with any goods. Our policy is to give you complete satisfaction. Therefore, we do not wish you to keep any article that will be in any way unsatisfactory to you.

A Fur Set For Your Child This Winter

We have an Imitation Ermine set (No. 1940 in the catalog) which will delight the heart of your little girl. It is a pretty little set made of White Coney. Well made and of good quality. Take advantage of our mail order service and get this child's set for..... $6.50

Bargains Like These On Every Page of Our Big Catalogue

Each of the offers in this advertisement is a feature from our wonderful FREE style book. This splendid book is the pulse of the fashion world. It contains illustrations of hundreds of the most interesting furs and fur styles. It also quotes astonishingly low prices on the exquisite coats and pieces described. You will be delighted with the many beautiful furs illustrated in the Fur Guide. No person can make a satisfactory choice in furs without this guide. You need a copy. Send for one today—it costs nothing to you. We will mail a copy by return post.

Natural Red Fox Muff

Red Fox is one of the few furs that have been continuously admired season by season. We have a number of fur pieces in this beautiful fur, a notable example of which is featured here—a muff at the remarkable price of $27.50. This muff is made in the new melon shape. The choicest of pelts have been used. Trimmings of a head, and a large natural tail make it very charming. The muff is lined with the finest of silk and has an elderdown bed. No. 59. Price.. $27.50

Natural Red Fox Neckpiece

If you are in search of a Neckpiece in a fur which can be worn appropriately with any coat, we would suggest a Red Fox Neckpiece. A desirable one is our No. 339. Our designers and operators have exercised their skill to good advantage in producing this neckpiece. It is in the full animal style. A head, tail and paws are used for trimmings. The neckpiece is made with good quality natural Canadian Red Fox pelts. The price is as attractive as the quality. In whatever part of Canada you live you can get it by sending us $22

SENT FREE—Just Send Your Address on a Postcard

MAKE YOUR SELECTION

Read over the fur bargains we feature here. If anyone of them is what you want, order today. When ordering be sure to give our order number, i.e., Red Fox Neckpiece No. 339, etc. Make your selection at once.

SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY

SELLERS-GOUGH FUR COMPANY, LIMITED

244-A Yonge Street TORONTO

FUR BARGAINS BY MAIL

I Make My Own Hats

"Now, thanks to the Woman's Institute, I have four becoming, stylish hats where I used to have only one." You, too, can learn by mail, at home, through our fascinating method to make your own and your children's hats at one-fourth their cost in a shop. You can earn money making hats for your friends in spare time or open a millinery shop of your own. Pictures make everything clear—designing, making, trimming, remodelling, everything. Hundreds of delighted students. Send now for handsomely illustrated free book, "Millinery Made Easy."

Woman's Institute, Inc., Dept. 8-M, . 425 Fifth Ave., New York

Wrinkles

Thousands have successfully used this formula to remove traces of age, illness or worry: 1 oz. of pure

Powdered SAXOLITE

dissolved in ½ pt. witch hazel; use as a face wash. The effect is almost magical. Deepest wrinkles, crow's feet, as well as finest lines, completely and quickly vanish. Face becomes firm, smooth, fresh, and you look years younger. No harm to tenderest skin. Get genuine saxolite (powdered) at any drug store.

Be A Nurse

Earn $15 to $25 per week

Thousands are taking up this congenial respected vocation. Offers unusual social advantages. Excellent income. Any woman of 18 or over can learn under our simple, perfected system.

LEARN AT HOME

Our system founded 1902 is endorsed by leading physicians. Dr. Perkins, the founder, will personally instruct you, assure the rough training yet anyone's best of time. Low tuition; small monthly payments. Send for 32 lesson pages and large illustrated catalog today—ALL FREE upon request. Write now.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING, Est. 1902, 116-N Michigan Boulevard, South, Chicago

Get the Genuine SAPOLIO and Avoid Waste

MONDAY S TUESDAY A WEDNESDAY P THURSDAY O FRIDAY L SATURDAY I SUNDAY O

Used every week-day—Brings rest on Sunday

The General All-Around Cleaner

It takes a joint of Beef to make a bottle of Bovril

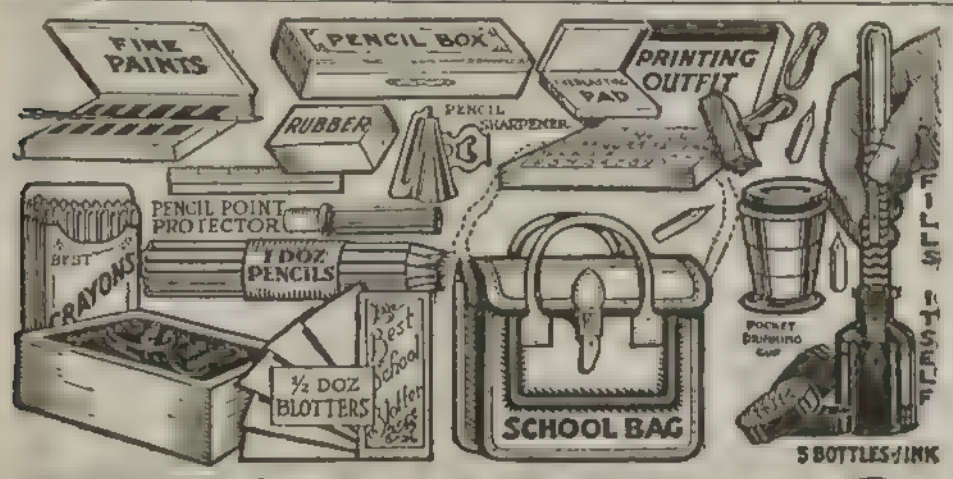
Bovril contains the goodness of the Beef.

The vital elements that give beef its special place and value as a food are concentrated and stored in Bovril.

In theory many non-meat foods have a high nourishing value, but they do not yield up nearly all their nourishment to the body. They are like German money, not worth its face value when you try to turn it into gold. But Bovril enables you to extract that nourishment which otherwise you would never get. In other words, it enormously increases the feeding value of other foods.

Body-building powers of BOVRIL proved equal to 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

In spite of the increase in the cost of beef (the raw material of Bovril) the price of Bovril has not been increased since the outbreak of the war.



FREE Grand 38 - Piece Scholar's Outfit and a Dandy $5.00 Camera

BOYS AND GIRLS – This is the best and most complete Scholars' Outfit you have ever seen. It would cost you a small fortune to go into the store and buy all these useful and necessary articles. **Just read what it contains!** One large size English school bag, boy's or girl's style, three gold finished nibs, big complete printing outfit with three rows of type, type holder, tweezers, and everlasting ink pad, one dozen high grade lead pencils, a fine pencil box with lock and key, a first rate eraser, a fine quality pencil sharpener, a sanitary covered aluminum pocket drinking cup, a box of fine crayons, a box of paints containing 6 good colors, a twelve inch wooden ruler, a set of six blotters, a dandy hundred page scholar's memo pad, a point protector for your lead pencils fitted with fine eraser, and last, but not least a fine self filling fountain pen with a package of ink tablets, sufficient to make five bottles of finest quality fountain pen ink. **It is a wonderful outfit.**

Send us your name and address to day, and we will send you just 32 of our new Royal Princess Sanitary Soap Sheet books to introduce among your friends. No trouble at all to sell. Everybody wants to carry one or two of these handy books in the purse or pocket to avoid using the soap in hotels, trains, stores, schools and other public washrooms. The soap in such places is a well known carrier of many serious diseases, to avoid which, one should carry one's own private supply of soap. No more handy nor compact way of putting up soap could be devised and your friends will be delighted to have the opportunity of securing these handy little books containing 12 sheets of delicately perfumed soap for only **10c.** You'll be sold out in less than an hour.

Return our **$3.20** and we will at once send you the grand 38 piece scholar's outfit exactly as represented, and a beautiful **$5.00** Folding Camera will also be sent to you for showing your grand scholar's outfit to your friends and getting only five of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did. We arrange to stand payment of all transportation charges on your outfit under our reimbursement system. Write now—while you think of it. All.

Address, Gold Dollar Manufacturing Co. Dept. 4 7B Toronto, Ont.

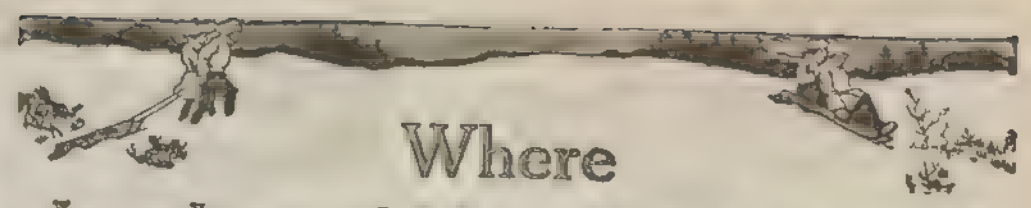
Disappointed again! No delivery of your laundry from town! No collar ready to wear!

The Arlington Washable Collar will make you independent of the laundry. Fine in appearance, made of the best linen and always ready for use. Just a moment's work with a little soap and water and the Arlington is as good as new again.

Send for Style Books, enclosing 25c. for a sample collar. Give your size and say the kind of collar you prefer.

Arlington washable Collar

The Arlington Company, Limited
Toronto, Canada



Where Leaders of Men Are Trained

A Sketch of the Canadian Training School at Bexhill-on-the-Sea, England

By JAMES GORDON
"One of the Bexhill Lot"

"THERE go some of the Bexhill lot," is a phrase that has come to have a definite and complimentary meaning at most places in England where Canadian soldiers are seen on parade or in the streets. Bexhill-on-Sea, formerly one of the most delightful of the small summer resorts on the South Coast, is now best known as the home of the Canadian Training School. Men who have been seasoned with hard fighting in France and have been found fit for higher duties go to Bexhill to be trained for the commissioned rank, and there are also young subalterns just out from Canada are sent for a final polish of smartness and "pep" before they go into the big push. An average class is about 600 strong and is made up of 200 Officers, 300 Cadets, and 100 N.C.O's. The latter are qualifying as instructors. The whole is divided for administrative purposes into five companies of four platoons each.

There are many Schools for soldiers in England and behind the lines in France. Most of them are highly specialized and restrict their efforts very definitely to Trench Warfare or Bayonet Fighting or whatever their particular subjects may be. The Canadian Training School is a school for the more general training of officers, but it also specializes in two matters of extreme military importance—smartness and discipline.

Cadet Company on the Entrenching Area

A day there was, when the lack of discipline and general slackness in the Canadian Corps was a matter of common discussion in military circles in England, and greatly exaggerated stories on the subject drifted back to Canadian newspapers by way of their English correspondents. These reports were highly coloured, but they were to a certain extent based on fact. Festubert, Givenchy, and St. Eloi bear undying witness that the first Canadian divisions had the sort of discipline that makes men fight and fight hard when things are going badly, but the Higher Command had grave doubts as to whether the rough and ready methods that carried our men through Ypres would take the place of the rigid discipline and machine-like efficiency necessary when the fighting opens up. So they decided to impart smartness and discipline in large quantities to the Canadian Corps. And the Canadian Training School at Bexhill was chosen to be one of the instruments for the dissemination of those qualities.

All Returned Men

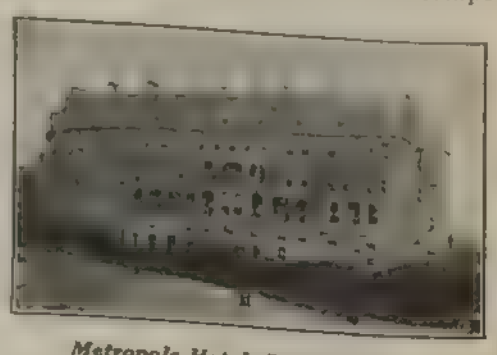
THE Commandant of the Canadian Training School is Lieut.-Colonel A. C. Critchley, D.S.O., who saw service and was twice wounded with the Lord Strathcona Horse. The Officers comprising his staff are all returned from the front and a remarkably keen lot they are. They know their work and they know how to handle men. Indeed it could not well be otherwise for the problem they have to face is no easy one. Men who have done anything up to a couple of years in the trenches are likely to be rather keen critics. Moreover they are inclined to look on forming fours, sloping arms, saluting by numbers and all the rest of the recruits' training as something miles beneath their dignity.

The system of training at the C. T.S. is based on the principle, that a thoroughly trained Platoon Commander is much better than a half-baked Brigadier. The larger aspect of warfare is left out and a graduate of Bexhill is made capable of looking after the forty men in his platoon under all the varied circumstances of warfare. It must not be thought that this is any small matter. Modern warfare has shown that the actual tactical handling of infantrymen pivots on the platoon commander.

On the first day of each new course there is a heart to heart talk by the Commandant to the incoming Class, when he points out that the main objects of the course are elementary rather than advanced, that smartness and discipline are what he wants and means to get. He gives most excellent reasons, and the lecture is illustrated by moving pictures taken of the previous class when it had nearly graduated. The pictures rather take the ground from under the feet of the most confirmed conservatives in the new class and they go out to their parades under the instructional sergeants vaguely wondering if they also can be made to move like those men in the picture and outdrill the "Guards" in their palmiest barrack-square days.

Exit Old "Sawg'nt Majah"

THE instructional sergeants are not at all the type of the drill instructor of other days. Gone are the red face the foaming mouth, the frenzied command, and profane comment of the Sawgn't Majah that used to "knock the drill into 'em." In place of these is a quiet young man who gets results by being keen and patient and efficient. He tells his platoon the way he wants them to form fours. If they fail to do it exactly his way he tells them again. And if they do it wrong a hundred times he will tell them after each attempt exactly how he wants it done. Finally it will be grasped by the dullest intellect that there is only one way that will satisfy him. Then it will be done right and the instructor will smile and say "good" in a voice of wonder, as if he had never seen fours so beautifully and perfectly formed in all his instructional life. Imagine an old style Sawgn't Majah ever admitting that his men had ever done anything right!



Metropole Hotel, Bexhill, Where Three Companies Are Billeted

There are other ways of obtaining smartness than by drill and marching

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 43)

Mothers Will Appreciate

THERE was considerable stir, in the first year of the war, when it was thought that Canadian Soldiers might not be under the immediate guidance of Canadian Officers when in action. When fears were calmed the question arose as to how well trained those officers were to lead.

Canadian mothers will appreciate this little sketch by an officer-in-training at one of our Canadian Training Schools in England, as indicative of the efficiency of the men who lead our Soldiers to Victory.

—The Editors.

RURAL CANADA

In the Opinion of Others

MESSAGES of appreciation continue to come in from women in every province in the Dominion who have enjoyed the initial issue of RURAL CANADA for Women. The infant publication has made friends—real true friends by tens of thousands.

Why?

Because RURAL CANADA realized that the best way to *have* a friend is to *be* one.

Its new found friends are now acknowledging their appreciation of the good cheer it has brought to them.

But their letters speak for themselves.

"I HAVE read and thoroughly enjoyed my RURAL CANADA," writes Miss Gertrude M. Crisp, Sunny Brae, N.B., "I like it because of its atmosphere, though to analyze this is a difficult matter.

"It is a pleasure to receive into our homes a magazine so in harmony with the best things. RURAL CANADA seems to arouse ambition and create a desire to excel."

The Joy-Spirit

EVERY letter has that "joy-spirit." Here is one from a farm in Saskatchewan: "We are very much in love with our new magazine, RURAL CANADA.

"When we first came West we thought we had reached the uttermost parts of the earth, for we were as far West as the C.P.R. tracks were laid. But now we do not feel isolated for we are bound to Ontario and the Eastern Provinces by stronger bands than the steel of the C.P.R. RURAL CANADA brings us all together."

Mrs. C. Widders,
Moosomin, Sask.

"So worth while," writes L. M. Ion of Carleton Place, Ontario. "It 'grips' one to read of men and women who have made good."

"Just the magazine a Mother needs in her home of boys and girls!"—this from Mrs. W. Robinson, Glenora, Man.

Mrs. Albert Kay, Merlin, Ontario sends this message:—

"I find just the magazine I was wishing for in RURAL CANADA. And, oh it is going to be such a help to us farmer's wives!"

A letter from E. M. Menzies, Pitt Meadows, B.C., says:—

"RURAL CANADA for women has arrived, and the wealth of information instruction, advice, and sympathy that it brings to the wives and daughters of our broad productive land is such that we women, who are trying to do our 'bit' in carrying on the greatest industry of our Dominion, should feel personally indebted and grateful to those who have prepared it for us.

"RURAL CANADA brings with it such a spirit of personal interest in our work, and sympathetic desire for our success, as to cheer and encourage us to higher ambitions and greater activities."

Special to Friends

IF you have two friends who would like RURAL CANADA, send $2.00 for three subscriptions when you are sending in your own—or, if you are a member of a Women's Institute, remit the money through your secretary. Institutes and clubs sending us ten subscriptions or more at once may have the special "Club-of-Ten" rate, which we have quoted to the secretaries by mail.

If, perchance, you have not yet seen RURAL CANADA, we will send you on request a sample copy for only four cents in stamps, to cover postage; or, better still, while you are at it, send along one dollar and have RURAL CANADA for a year. If you do not like it we will send your dollar back instantly and cheerfully on request—such is our faith in our new magazine, edited and published expressly for women and home folk of our Canadian farms.

Get Behind the Wheel of a Ford and Drive

TRY it just once! Ask your friend to let you "pilot" his car on an open stretch. You'll like it, and will be surprised how easily the Ford is handled and driven.

If you have never felt the thrill of driving your own car, there is something good in store for you. It is vastly different from just riding—being a passenger. And especially so if you drive a Ford.

Young boys, girls, women and even grandfathers—thousands of them—are driving Ford cars and enjoying it. A Ford stops and starts in traffic with exceptional ease and smoothness, while on country roads and hills its strength and power show to advantage.

Buy a Ford and you will want to be behind "the wheel" constantly.

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Runabout -	$475
Touring - -	$495
Coupelet -	$770
Sedan - -	$970

F. O. B. FORD, ONT.

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited
Ford, Ontario

Spray
the poultry
house with
Pratts
Poultry Disinfectant
and rid the walls, nest boxes, roosts and dropping boards of lice and mites. Keeps down bad odors. Kills germs. Prevents disease.
At your Dealer's in 1 gal., ½ gal. and 1 qt. cans.
Write NOW for PRATTS new book, "Poultry Wrinkles." It's FREE.
PRATT FOOD CO., of CANADA, Ltd.,
68D Claremont St., Toronto.
P-11
Pratts
ANIMAL AND POULTRY
DISINFECTANT

3-ft. Baby Doll & 42-Piece Outfit Given Away

Girls, the most wonderful offer ever made! Beautiful, great, big, baby doll with magnificent **houseful of furniture** and real **dolls dishes** ALSO LOVELY FREE. You'll be happy as the day is long with this dandy outfit! Imagine the **delightful hours you'll spend** dressing her fixing her house and setting her table. Dolly is 3 ft. long, has sweet rosy cheeks baby blue eyes and ruby lips. She is dressed in a baby's lovely long dress has a bonnet, nursing bottle and all. **You just can't help loving her!** Her furniture all ready to cut and put together, includes bed dresser chiffonier chair buffet dining table and chairs settee parlor table and chairs, with a richly colored rug for each room. 17 pieces in all. Her tea set is made of fine white metal and includes tea pot sugar cream cups, saucers, spoons and a tray with fancy raised design. Ruth Freed Dubuc, Sask. says:—"When we rang up the post office and heard my dolly was there I could hardly wait till papa brought it home. When he came I ran out and got the package. I was so afraid to open the box for fear my darling was broken, but it wasn't even scratched. Everyone thinks it a beauty."

You can win this grand outfit, doll, furniture and dishes, by selling only 45 packages of beautiful Christmas, Greeting, Fancy and Patriotic Postcards at only 10 cents a packet. You can sell them easily! Everyone buys these cards—they're the **cream of the finest printed.** Radiant, sparkling decorations—beautiful, rich colors all popular, new designs. Every card a gem—you **just show them and take the money.** People always buy lots of postcards—more than ever now to send to the soldiers. Muriel Craig, Kincosta, Man., says "I sold $5.50 worth in a half-hour." **You can do the same!** Then send us the $4.50 and we will immediately send this magnificent 3 ft. doll and big 42-piece outfit, post paid. **Write today—in 20 years we have given over $200,000 in presents.**

THE GOLD MEDAL CO. Dept. EW 13, Toronto, Ont.

That Pain Is Nature's Warning

Backache tells you your Kidneys are out of order. Unless you take the warning promptly, you may have worse than lame back. Gin Pills, the tried and tested remedy for Kidney trouble, will relieve you; also, if urination is painful, and the water is highly coloured or shows brick dust deposits, if you suffer from inflammation of the Bladder or of the Ureter, the remedy is

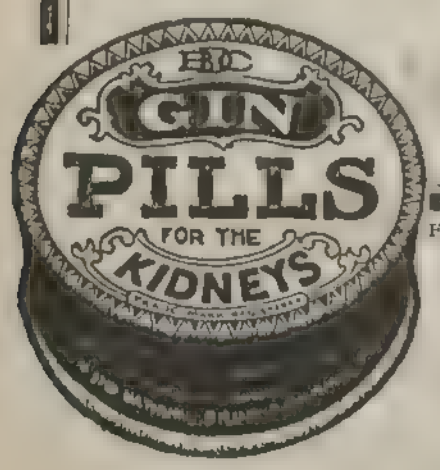
Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS

Thousands can tell you Gin Pills will do wonders for you—healing and soothing the inflamed organs, affording instant relief and correcting your trouble right at its source.

"I suffered with pains in the back, and also had Kidney trouble. Five doctors failed to relieve me. Then I tried GIN PILLS, and in two weeks I found great relief. They are an excellent remedy."

PRESTON NURSE,
437 West 35th St., New York City.

Others have found relief! Why not you?

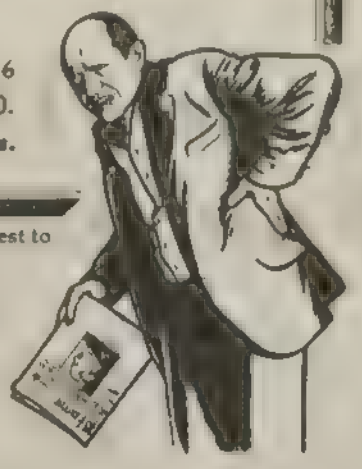


50c. a box or 6 boxes for $2.50. At all dealers.

Free Sample on request to

National Drug & Chemical Co. Of Canada Limited
TORONTO, ONT.

Or to U.S. address
NA-DRUG-CO. Inc.
202 Main Street
Buffalo, N.Y.



SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

Get the Varnish that is made to do what you want it to do.

MAR-NOT, For Floors. Made for floors—to be walked on and danced on, if you like—to have water spilled on it, and furniture dragged over it. ***MAR-NOT*** is tough, durable, absolutely waterproof. Dries in 8 hours, rubs to a dull finish, pale in color, particularly desirable for fine hardwood floors.

SCAR-NOT, For Furniture and Woodwork, has been the means of converting thousands of women to the idea of protection in the home. They use ***SCAR-NOT*** to make their furniture fresh and bright. Even boiling water does not injure this varnish.

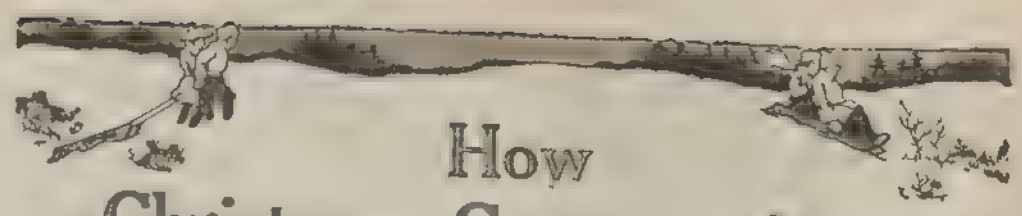
REXPAR, For outside work—doors, etc.—it is absolutely waterproof and will not turn white no matter how long exposed.

The Sherwin-Williams dealer in your neighborhood has the right varnish for your purpose. Ask him. Ask also about ***FLAT-TONE***, the oil paint for walls and ceilings—24 beautiful shades, that will not crack or rub off, and may be washed with soap and water.

Color schemes and suggestions for any part of your building furnished by expert decorators, free upon application, and without any obligation.

Send for book—"The A.B.C. of Home Painting". Mailed free on request.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO., OF CANADA LIMITED,
897, Centre St., Montreal, Que.
110 Sutherland Ave., Winnipeg, Man. 10
Paint, Varnish and Color Makers. Linseed Oil Crushers.



How Christmas Came to Nina

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13)

Won-der-ful . . . *one-door-ful.* (laughs uproariously).

Enter Mrs. P., and Mrs. S., followed by the children, boys and girls of all ages, in fancy dress or not. Arrange themselves at right angles to foot lights on either side of stage. Tableaux may be as simple or as elaborate as desired—a simple but effective method of production being a large frame held by the boys within which the groups are placed. A black curtain on the rear wall will add greatly to the effect. This can be put in place while the children are assembling. If electric lights are used, let them be turned out while the picture is being posed, Mr. Cann talking all the time. Thus—

Mr. C.—Now, every one look pleasant. Watch for the birdie (whistles). Tut, tut! Don't open your mouths. It's your eyes we want to see, not your mouths! Mrs. Patterson, I think we will call this picture—(Title, as "THE SOLDIER'S RETURN"). Now, are you all ready?

(*At Mrs. P.'s answer Mr. Cann will strike a match, the lights flash on for a few seconds and then off, giving the effect of a flashlight. While the stage is dark, the next group must take their places, but so on until all the pictures have been shown. Mr. Cann can speak on as follows*—)

Mr. C.—That last one was a beauty. Oh, ho. . . I've got my plate upside down. Jolly good thing there was n't any soup in it— or your photos. Ho, ho! My eyes and nose . . . my lungs and liver . . . wouldn't you make a fine picture, standing on your heads! We'll label this one—(*title*). Ready, girls and boys?

(*When all the pictures have been shown and the lights go up, Mr. Cann speaks thus*—)

Mr. C.—There now, young folks. I've no more plates and you won't be able to cheat the Sand-man much longer, judging from Louisa McGuire, here! (*A little girl gives a very big yawn*).

Besides, if I stay out any longer, my missus will come down town looking for me, and the first thing I know she will join that mob fighting to get into Ben Grisdale's store just because he's got more junk marked down a dime or two.

Mrs. S.—Oh, has he, Mr. Cann? Has he really marked *everything* down?

Mr. C.—Looked like he had marked everything down, including the names of some darn fool women (pardon, Parson) who didn't have enough money to pay for their extravagances. But, there! Don't get me started on women and the charging system or I'll be talking all night. (*Gathering up camera, etc.*). Let's all give a good, hearty cheer for our boys across the sea, to-night. (*all*) HIP—HIP—HOORAY! Merry Christmas, folks!

(*Exit*).

All.—Same to you, Mr. Cann! Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

Mrs. S.—(*a little apart from the others, musingly*). I wonder if Ben Grisdale has reduced that brass desk set. I know Frank will want to give me a nice present, this year. I haven't got his cheque, yet, nor my separation allowance, but it will surely come and I can charge it.

Mrs. P.—(*talking to the children*). All right, children. We'll begin with (*name of song or carol*).

(*Children now arrange themselves in rows parallel with foot lights, facing audience. Accompanist seats herself at piano, and Mrs. Patterson opens door into hall—Left, as though preparing Victrola.*)

Mrs. S.—(*moving in front of children toward door, Right*). It won't do any harm to *see* what the price is, anyway. I don't have to *buy* it. Nina, come here! (*Nina leaves group of children and stands beside her mother at the door*).

I'm going down to Grisdale's—

A low sobbing is heard outside. Children look at one another in fright, then group about Mrs. P. at left of stage, leaving window in view of audience. A CHILD again shows her white face at window and disappears.

Daisy.—I thought I saw some one at the window.

May.—So did I.

Grace.—Let's look.

(*They rush out of door, right.*)

Mrs. S.—(*speaking hurriedly to Nina*) I'm going to Grisdale's—

Nina.—Oh, mother, please buy me that doll's kitchen outfit—*please!* Ir won't be Christmas for me without it. I've just set my heart on it. Honestly. I dream about it—I just *pine* for it.

Mrs. S. -Well, I won't promise, but if the things are really reduced, I'll see. I won't be long and you wait here until I come to get you. *Wait.* —do you understand?

Nina.—Oh, yes, yes. I'll do anything. If you'll only get the kitchen. I'll be good for a whole year. (*Exit Mrs. S., Re-enter girls*).

May.—We couldn't see any one.

Mrs. P.—Well, perhaps it was only fancy. Take your places little people.

(*They form rows again; and sing—When all songs have been sung, Mrs. P. again speaks*).

Mrs. P.—Now Mr. Burton has a few words to say before you go.

Mr. B.—(*assuming a rather pulpit-like manner*). I merely wish to remind you that the more generously we give toward this Christmas festivity, the more, both literally and spiritually, we will get out of it. As you all know, we agreed to help Santa Claus this year with his work because he has so many military hospitals to visit. We do not expect him to come to us nor to spend any of his money upon us. We will give of our abundance into the general fund, and the money usually set aside for our Christmas Festival, is being sent to a very destitute and stricken community, where it will bring a little cheer to a number of children whose fathers have laid down their lives for their country. Four of our older girls have offered to decorate the tree and tie up the presents each of you send, and in this way we will be a sort of Toy Exchange—the doll which belonged to you, will after to-morrow, find another home; and the engine which knew Johnny here, as a fireman last year, will respond to another hand during the year to come. And so, dear children, may God bless you and reward you according to your generous spirits. And may His angels guard you while you sleep.

Clapping hands by children and a good deal of confusion as they troop out (exit Mr. B.). Calling Merry Christmas off and on the stage. Mrs. P. stops in doorway L.

Mrs. P.—Now, Daisy, dear, don't be long. There are only a few things left to do here, but there are hundreds at home.

(*Exit Mrs. P.*)

Daisy.—I know (*To Nina, May and Grace grouped round tree*). We are having the whole Gregory family to dinner.

Nina.—Good heavens! That mob? You *must* be fond of work.

May.—(*sorting over box*) Oh, girls, look at this box! There's nothing in it but old junk.

Grace.—Whew, isn't it awful? Looks like the tail end of a rummage sale. I wonder who sent it?

Daisy.—(*going over to look*) Oh, what a shame! Broken toys, torn books, *one* mitten, and it has a hole in it! Do you know, I think it would have been better if Mr. Burton had asked people to put their names on their boxes and then they would have been ashamed to send such rubbish.

Nina.—(*who has been very uncomfortable*) Oh, well, it's here now, so I suppose we may as well wrap the things up. See, I have three finished already. (*Hangs them on tree*).

Grace.—Oh, here is a dandy box—perfectly good sweater. Why, Daisy Patterson, it's yours!

Daisy.—(*wrapping busily*). I don't need it. I'm learning to knit and I can make myself another. I'd like to mark it for Alice Gregory, if nobody minds. She has such bad rheumatism.

May.—Sure, let's give it to her. Wont she be tickled? (*Puts in card*).

(*Soft music off stage. A CHILD appears at window, smiling. Daisy listens.*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42)

DO YOU SING?

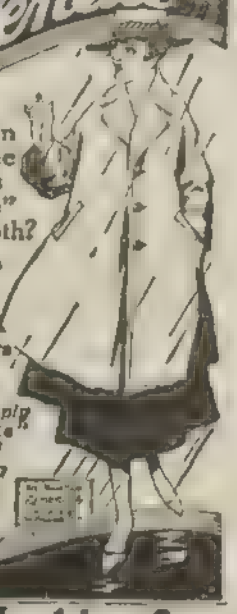
Then you know the value of a good throat tablet! Singers who have used Peps say there is nothing can equal them for the throat and voice.

Mr. Wm. C. Hill of King and Locke Sts., Hamilton, writes: "For years I was troubled with a huskiness in my throat when singing, which nothing I tried could relieve until I used Peps. Now, before singing, I dissolve a Peps pastille in my mouth and it keeps my throat and voice perfectly clear."

Peps are the wonderful breatheable cure for sore throat, bronchitis, asthma, coughs, colds, laryngitis, etc. 50c a box, 3 for $1.25. All dealers or Peps Co., Toronto.

PEPS

"Cravenette"



WHO minds sudden showers when the new Coat or Suit is made of "Cravenette" *Regd.* showerproof cloth?

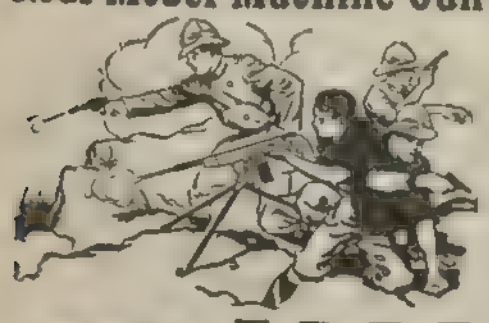
Dampness, fog, showers leave no trace on it.

Every yard and every garment of genuine "Cravenette" Proof bears the Trademark shown below.

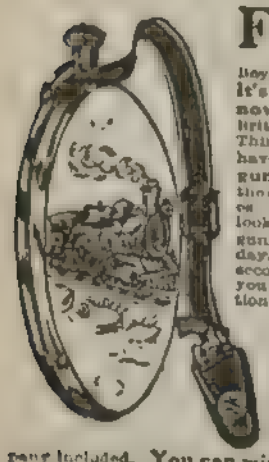
If your dealer cannot supply the genuine "Cravenette" Regd. proofed cloth and garments, write us. 77

The Cravenette Co., Limited
P. O. Box 1954. Montreal.

Real Model Machine Gun

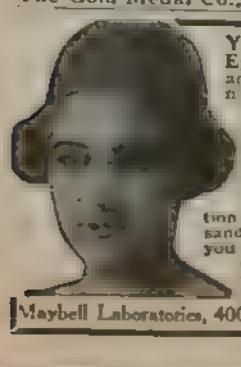


FREE



Boys! Get into the war game! It's the only real fun nowadays. Get this real British Model Machine Gun. Think of the fun you can have organizing a machine gun battery and keep up the enemy out of your reach. The gun itself is 18 inches and looks like the real rapid fire guns **used in France today.** Shoots ten shots a second—and they hit where you aim. Shoots in any direction—front—side—in the air—anywhere. 19 shot magazine; air cooled chamber, automatic elevation, full circle swivel. Mounted on heavy tripod, and finished in nickel and black enamel. **Full instructions** for organizing Machine Gun Company included. **You can win it easily** and get this handsome, thin, nickel plated watch with Cowboy Fob, too. This watch has a beautifully engraved locomotive on the back, is fitted with carefully tested works with large easily read figures. **Stem wind and set and is fully guaranteed for a whole year.** George Brown, Jr., Simcoe, Ont., says, "I wouldn't sell my watch for $6. I have had it 4 years now and it is running like a top yet." Given, ABSOLUTELY FREE, for selling just 10 packets of beautiful Christmas, Greeting, Fancy and Patriotic postcards at only 10 cents a packet. You can sell them easily. Everyone loves these cards—they're **the cream of the finest printed.** Radiant, sparkling decorations—beautiful, rich colors all popular new designs. Every card a gem—**you just show them and take the money.** People always buy lots of postcards—more than ever now to send to the soldiers. Fred Lunge, South Edmonton, Alta., says, "I sold $5 worth in one day." **It will be just as easy for you!** Then send us the $4 and we will immediately send your watch. Show it to your friends, get only 4 of them to earn a prize as you did and the real **Model Machine Gun is yours** too without a cent to pay. Don't delay—write now. **In 20 years we've given over $200,000 in presents.**

The Gold Medal Co., Dept EWI - Toronto



You Can Have Beautiful Eyebrows and Lashes by applying LASH BROW INE nightly. It nourishes the eyebrows and lashes making them long, thick and luxuriant, acting wonderfully to your beauty, charm and attractiveness. LASH BROW INE is a guaranteed pure and harmless preparation used successfully by thousands. Send 5c and we will mail you "LASH BROW INE" and our beauty booklet prepaid in plain sealed cover. Beware of worthless imitations.

Maybell Laboratories, 4008K Indiana Ave., Chicago

WITH THE GIRLS AT COLLEGE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

her fork or spoon when all have finished at each course. It depends upon her too, to keep the conversation general.

"Make-Believe" Eating

THE first course was cocktail. The maids brought in one at a time from the serving-room, serving first the hostess, then the one to her right and so on around the table. But we, alas!—had only the dishes, with no cocktail in them! We went through all the motions of eating and although it seemed absurd at first we soon entered more into the spirit of the thing. I was glad we had some water to drink; that, at least, was *real*.

The maids soon whisked away our dishes of the first course, removing from the right.—By the way, Miss Weir our lecturer in Household Administration says that authorities differ on this point. Some say that all placing and removing should be done from the left, some say place at the right and remove from the left. But Miss Weir prefers to have both placing and removing done with the right hand and at the right side of the guest. In this way the waitress can use her right hand for the work and still stand behind the guest's chair. Of course in holding a dish from which a guest is to take a serving, it must be offered at the left.

The soup course came next. We had a piece of bread the regulation size—two and one-half inches by one and one half inches by one inch, to eat with our imaginary soup.—The bread was *real*, also, and had reposed on the napkin at each cover before the guests came to the table. It was lucky that there was no soup in the soup plates, for the waitresses were so nervous and their hands shook so that someone's dinner gown would surely have been ruined had there been any soup to spill.

As fish course followed soup, and roast and vegetables came next, followed by game, entreé, salad, dessert and fruit we enjoyed the fun more and more. When the waitresses were crumbing the table after the salad course had been removed we tried to make them laugh. We were laughing hilariously at the slightest provocation but of course they did not dare even to smile.

Placing the Silver

FOR each course after the fourth course the silver was placed separately, the forks or spoons were carried on a little silver tray and placed before placing the dish belonging to that course.

"Here come the bird-baths," said my partner when the finger bowls appeared.—She had been playing the rôle of English society man all through the evening and pronounced it "bawths."

Salted nuts and mints had been on the table from the first. We had each given a few cents toward buying them and it was money well spent for they helped to relieve the strain between courses. Whenever we took a few nuts or a mint some of the girls among the spectators would groan just loudly enough to be audible. I honestly think that we girls at the table had more fun out of the evening than anyone else did.

The after-dinner coffee served in the little high cups which the waitresses brought in four at a time on a tray was so black and so strong that I felt sure I would never sleep that night.

The coffee finished, our hostess rose and we did likewise. Most of the girls gave a sigh of relief, for an hour is a long time spent in watching endless dishes come and go.

Any Questions?

THEN Miss Weir announced from the platform that anyone might ask any questions about the dinner that had just been carried out.

One question asked was, "Is the hostess always served first?" Miss Weir replied that the object in serving the hostess first is that she may see each course before it is served to any of her guests and know that everything is just as she wishes it.

The bell was ringing for ten o'clock by this time, which meant that all the girls must retire. Miss Weir took our class to her little sitting room, where around a cozy open fire we talked over the whole affair. Although it seemed like a farce it had really been quite worth while and will help us to face formal occasions without fear and trembling when we leave school.

TRUE ECONOMY

DEMANDS THE USE OF MORE

PURITY FLOUR

There is more actual food value in ONE POUND OF PURITY FLOUR than there is in One Pound of Beef, One Pound of Potatoes and One Pound of Milk COMBINED.

The truly economical housewife must take advantage of this great strength in PURITY FLOUR over other food substances by serving more frequently the delicious bread and rolls, toothsome, dainty cakes and crisp, mouth-melting pastry which are among the possibilities of this perfectly milled product of the world-famous Western Canada wheat.

* * * * * * * * *

The Purity Flour Cook Book

180 pages of the latest information on the culinary art. Reviewed and approved by the DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT of the MACDONALD COLLEGE, and furnishing tried and economical instructions on all dishes for all meals. A GENERAL PURPOSE HOUSEWIFE'S REFERENCE BOOK.

Mailed postpaid to any address for 20 cents.

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, LIMITED

TORONTO WINNIPEG

234

$9.70 Worth of Fancy Work Designs Given Away

Girls! A chance you can't afford to miss! Grand, special anniversary offer to celebrate our 40th year in business! **$9.70 worth of the most beautiful transfer designs,** a patent spring steel hoop and full instructions for 32 different fancy stitches **all absolutely free!** For over 20 years we have been giving valuable presents to boys and girls at the rate of $11.00 worth a year. Thousands of happy agents all over Canada are **winning our fine prizes.** Why not you? This magnificent set contains designs for 10 waists, 3 pillows, 6 floral sets, 3 alphabets, 3 pin cushions, 3 towel borders, 3 dolleys, 2 scarfs, 5 sets bow knots, 4 wreaths, 2 aprons, 2 handbags, 2 floral baskets, 2 corset covers, 15 designs for collars, underwear, etc., 8 designs and borders for dresses, a parasol, boy scout, night gown, lunch cloth, chimese front, baby shoes, glove case, tie end, bib, candle shade, baby cap, sailor set, Dutch children, Bulgarian work, flour d'lis, butterflys, sprays medallions, cats and mice and dozens of others. Enough fancy work patterns to **last you for years** and all given for selling only 30 packets of beautiful Christmas, Greeting, Fancy and Patriotic postcards at only 10 cents a packet. You can sell them easily. Every one buys these cards—they're **the cream of the finest printed.** Radiant, sparkling decorations—beautiful, rich colors all popular, new designs. **Every card a gem—you just show them and take the money.** People always buy lots of postcards—more than ever now to send to the soldiers. Grace Martin, Pembroke, Ont., says, "I sold $7.50 worth in 2 evenings." **You can do the same!** Then send us the $3 and we will immediately send this grand big transfer set, steel hoop and instruction book postpaid. Don't wait—write today. In 20 years we have given over $200,000.

The Gold Medal Co., Dept. EWH Toronto

In Women's Circles— where food problems are intelligently settled—

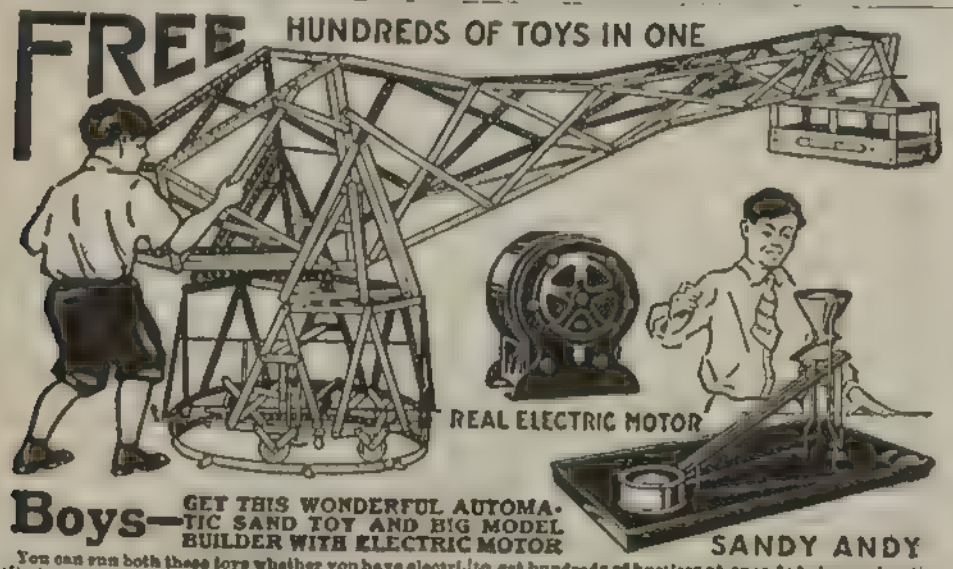
Redpath SUGAR

meets with well-deserved approval. Women prefer it because they have always been able to depend absolutely on its purity and uniform quality. It never disappoints.

"Let Redpath Sweeten It" 26

Made in one grade only—the highest.

FREE HUNDREDS OF TOYS IN ONE



Boys— GET THIS WONDERFUL AUTOMATIC SAND TOY AND BIG MODEL BUILDER WITH ELECTRIC MOTOR

SANDY ANDY

You can run both these toys whether you have electricity in the house or not. This is truly the biggest and best offer ever made to boys and every real live boy in Canada should take advantage of it.

"Sandy Andy" is more than a mere toy. It is a construction toy which works automatically. Pour sand in the hopper and Sandy Andy begins to work. The sand runs from the hopper to the c r, which when nearly full runs down the track, automatically dumps at the bottom and then goes up for another load. This operation continues indefinitely as long as there's any sand in the hopper. You'll never tire of "Sandy Andy." There's "pep" and ginger in the way it works—just like real big machinery and incline railroads.

All boys know the American Model builder. It is real by hundreds of toys in one. With it you can make actual working models of trucks, derricks, traveling cranes, aerial swings, fire ladders, bridges, etc. The outfit is complete and contains pulleys, gears, pinions, axles, beams, machine screws, etc., and best of all, a real electric motor capable of lifting 10 pounds, goes with each builder, so that you can actually run all the models you build.

This wonderful offer is made to boys because we want to get hundreds of hustlers at once to help us advertise and introduce "Dainteos," our delicious Whipped Cream Candy-Coated Breath perfume. Write to-day for a big Free sample package to try and just 30 large handsome packages to introduce among your friends at only 10c each. You'll sell them instantly by opening your sample package of "Dainteos" and asking all your friends to try them. Everyone will buy a package or two because they cannot resist the delicious flavor. Two or three little "Dainteos" will perfume the breath, cleanse the mouth and leave a lasting fragrance.

Return our $3.00 when the "Dainteos" are sold and we'll promptly send you the Automatic Sandy Andy with a supply of ocean white sand, and the complete big Model Builder and Electric Motor you can also receive without selling any more goods by simply showing your grand prize among your friends and getting only five of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did.

Write now boys and in a few days you'll be the proud owner of the finest toys in town. Remember we stand payment of all delivery charges under our reimbursement plan—it doesn't cost you a cent.

Address: 7B

Regal Manufacturing Co. Dept. S 3 B, Toronto, Ont.

YOU may have enjoyed other farm magazines, but RURAL CANADA for Women is the best yet—it is distinctly for the home.

Deafness

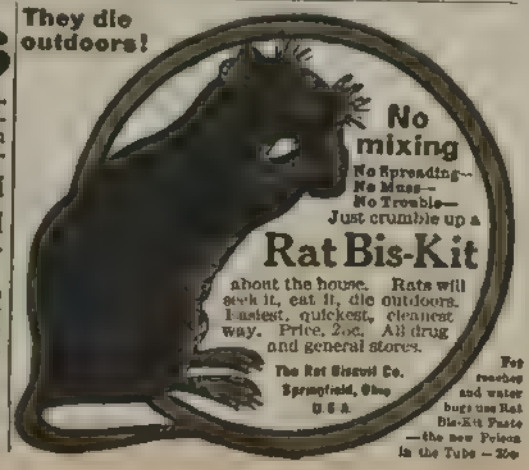
Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable. Write *today* for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
763 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.

They die outdoors!


No mixing
No Spreading—
No Muss—
No Trouble—
Just crumble up a
Rat Bis-Kit
about the house. Rats will seek it, eat it, die outdoors. Fastest, quickest, cleanest way. Price, 25c. All drug and general stores.
The Rat Biscuit Co.
Springfield, Ohio
U.S.A.
Rat roaches and water bugs use Rat Bis-Kit Paste—the new Poison in the Tube—25c

THE ALPINE PATH

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

through the heart of the mountain.

"Stirling and Abbey Craig on Friday, places steeped with romance. Yesterday we came to Berwick to spend a week in the Marmion country. Mr. M. and Miss A. came with us. Berwick is a most quaint, antiquated old town. As we live on the Spittal side, when we want to go anywhere we have to be rowed over the river mouth by one of the half-dozen quaint old ferrymen who have boats for hire. Last night we all went for a walk along the Spittal shore by moonlight. It was beautiful, but so like the Cavendish shore that it made me bitterly homesick."

"Carlisle, August 20.

WE are spending Sunday in Carlisle perforce, since we could not get any farther last night, owing to the big railway strike which has been paralysing Britain this past week. At Berwick we did not suffer from it, nor heed it. We let the outer world go by and lived in realms of romance where ferry boats and shank's mare were the only desired means of locomotion.

"Last Monday we went to Holy Island and explored the ruins of the old Abbey which was the scene of *Constance de Beverley's* death in 'Marmion'. We had an enjoyable sail down to Holy Island but the return home was sadly different. It was quite rough and how that wretched little steamer pitched and rolled! Both our gentlemen became so overcome that they had to retire temporarily from the scene, while Miss A. and I fought off surrender only by a tremendous effort of will and would have suffered less I think if we had just allowed ourselves to go!

"Luckily seasickness is never fatal and next day we were all ready for an excursion to Norham Castle, a very ruinous ruin.

"Growing all over the grounds was a little blue flower which I never saw anywhere else save in the front orchard of the old home in Cavendish. Great-grandmother Woolner had brought it out from England with her. It gave me an odd feeling of pain and pleasure mingled, to find it growing there around that old ruined Scottish castle which seemed to belong so utterly to another time and another order of things. We walked from Norham to Ladykirk and then back by the Tweed. When we grew tired we sat down on its bank and dreamed dreams. What meeter place could there be for dreaming than the twilit banks of Tweed?

"Next day we went to Flodden Field. It disappointed me unreasonably, it was all so peaceful, and harvest-hued, and agricultural. I felt as aggrieved as though I had had any right to expect to see a mediæval battle being fought under my eyes.

"Thursday afternoon we had a delightful little expedition to Homecliffe Glen and its deserted old mill. It might serve as a scene for a ghost story. In the midst of the ravine we came upon a clump of spruce trees literally loaded with gum, the first I had seen since leaving home. Spruce gum and the delights of picking it seem quite unknown in Scotland. We spent a half-hour picking it. To me and my husband the gum tasted delicious, but neither Mr. M. nor Miss A. liked its flavor declaring it was 'bitter'."

"York, England.
August 27, 1912.

LAST Monday we went to Keswick and stayed there until Thursday. It is impossible to exaggerate the beauty of the Lake District:

'The haughtiest heart its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here.'

"And then it is so interwoven with much of the best in English literature. The very spirit of Wordsworth seems to haunt those enchanted valleys, those wild passes, those fairy-like lakes.

"Monday afternoon we took a coach-drive around Lake Derwentwater. All was beautiful. An interesting sight was the Castle Rock, which figures as the magic castle of St. John in Scott's 'Bridal of Triermain.' There is only one point where the resemblance to a castle—said to be very striking—can be seen, and we were not fortunate enough to see it from that particular point.

"Tuesday we went to Buttermere Lake; Wednesday we motored for eighty miles around Lake Windermere. Some of the huge rocks on the mountain tops are of very peculiar shape. One of them is named, 'The Lady Playing on the Organ.' It is on the very top of a majestic mountain and certainly does, from one point of view, look exactly like a woman seated at a huge organ. Somehow, it captivated my imagination and I wove a hundred fancies round it. Who was the player, sitting forever at her mighty instrument? And what wonderful melodies did she play on it when the winds of heaven blew about her and the mountain tempest thundered and the great stars stayed to listen?

"That evening we walked out to the 'Druid Circle', a ring of large stones on a hill top, supposed to have been in old time a temple of the sun.

"Nothing I have seen thus far made such a vivid impression on me as this. The situation is magnificent. The hill is completely encircled by a ring of the most famous mountains in the Lake District, Helwellyn and Skiddaw among them, and the sense of majesty produced was overwhelming. Certainly those old sun-worshippers knew how to choose their sites. To stand there, at sunset, in that temple of a departed creed, surrounded by that assembly of everlasting hills and picture the rites, perchance dark and bloody, which must once have been celebrated there, was an experience never to be forgotten.

"Friday we came to York, mainly to see the magnificent cathedral. It *is* magnificent, a dream of beauty made lasting in stone.

YESTERDAY afternoon I became the proud and happy possessor of a pair of china dogs!

"I have been pursuing china dogs all over England and Scotland. When I was a little girl, visiting at Grandfather Montgomery's, I think the thing that most enthralled me was a pair of china dogs which always sat on the sitting-room mantel. They were white with green spots all over them; and Father told me that whenever they heard the clock strike twelve at midnight they bounded down on to the hearth-rug and barked. It was, therefore, the desire of my heart to stay up until twelve some night and witness this performance, and hard indeed did I think the hearts of my elders when this was denied me. Eventually I found out, I forget how, that the dogs did nothing of the sort. I was much disappointed over this but more grieved still over the discovery that Father had told me something that wasn't true. However, he restored my faith in him by pointing out that he had only said the dogs would jump down when they *heard* the clock strike. China dogs, of course, could not hear.

"I have always hankered to possess a pair of similar dogs, and, as those had been purchased in London, I hoped when I came over here, I would find something like them. Accordingly I have haunted the antique shops in every place I have been but, until yesterday, without success. Dogs, to be sure, there were in plenty but not the dogs of my quest. There was an abundance of dogs with black spots and dogs with red spots; but nowhere the aristocratic dogs with green spots.

"Yesterday in a little antique shop near the great Minster I found a pair of lovely dogs and snapped them up on the spot. To be sure they had no green spots. The race of dogs with green spots seems to have become extinct. But my pair have lovely gold spots and are much larger than the old Park Corner dogs. They are over a hundred years old and I hope they will preside over my Lares and Penates with due dignity and aplomb."

"Russell Hotel, London.
September 18, 1912.

SO much has been crammed into this past fortnight that I have a rather overfed feeling mentally. But when time is limited and sights unlimited what are harassed travellers to do? The British Museum, the Tower, Westminster Abbey, Crystal Palace, Kenilworth Castle, the Shakespeare Land, Hampton Court, Salisbury and Stonehenge, Windsor and Parks and Gardens galore!

"Our hotel is in Russell Square, the haunt of so many of the characters in 'Vanity Fair.' One expects to see *Amelia* peering out of a window looking for *George*, or perhaps *Becky* watching for *Jos*.

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 40)

Mr. Edison's Wonderful New Phonograph

Only $1.00 and after trial!

For years, the world's greatest inventor worked night and day to make the music of the phonograph true to life. At last he has succeeded. Now that you can get THE BEST on the wonderful offer below, you need no longer be satisfied with anything less than Mr. Edison's great instrument. Just read below how easily you may have the genuine New Edison in your home.

Yes, we will send you the New Edison, the product of the world's greatest inventor's genius, the phonograph with the wonderful diamond stylus reproducer and your choice of latest Diamond Amberol Records on *free trial without a penny down.* On this offer, you can now have the genuine Edison, the instrument which gives you real, home-like music, the finest and best of all phonographs at a small fraction of the price asked for imitations of Mr. Edison's great instrument. *Seize this opportunity!* Send coupon today—now!

A Happy Home

Happiness is life—and real happiness is found only in a real home. And by a *real home* I do not mean a house with a yard or farm around it. Oh, no! A real home is the place where the happy and united family gather together for mutual enjoyment and recreation. And the Edison makes this possible, for it stands supreme as the greatest home entertainer. It will mean more than entertainment and merriment, more than an hour of amusement, yes, it will mean genuine pleasure of the lasting sort—helpful entertainment and culture of the most beneficial kind. It will mean the family united—a new home.

Entertain Your Friends

Get the New Edison in your home on free trial. Entertain your family and friends with the latest up-to-date song hits of the big cities. Laugh until your sides ache at the funniest of funny minstrel shows. Hear the grand old church hymns. Hear the crashing brass bands, the waltzes, the two-steps, the solos, the duets and quartettes. You will sit awe-striken at the wonderful grand operas as sung by the world's greatest singers. You will be moved by the tender, sweet harmony of quartettes singing those old melodies that you have heard all your life. Take your choice of any kind of entertainment. All on free trial. Then, after the trial, send the outfit back at our expense if you choose. Or keep it on our great rock-bottom offer. **Send the coupon today!**

Rock-Bottom Direct Offer—

If, after the free trial, you decide to keep Mr. Edison's superb new instrument, send us only $1.00. Pay the balance on easiest kind of monthly payments. Think of it! A $1.00 payment, and a few dollars a month to get this wonderful new style outfit—Mr. Edison's great phonograph with the Diamond Stylus reproducer, all the musical results of the highest price outfits—the same Diamond Amberol Records—yes, the greatest value for $1.00 down, balance on easiest monthly terms. Convince yourself—free trial first. No money down, no C. O. D., not one cent to pay unless you choose to keep the instrument. Send coupon!

COUPON

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributors,
355 Portage Ave., Dept. 138, Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen:—Please send me your New Edison Catalog and full particulars of your free trial offer on the new model Edison Phonograph.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Our NEW Edison Catalog Sent Free

Your name and address on a postal or in a letter (or just the coupon) is enough. No obligation in asking for the catalog. Get this offer—*while this offer lasts!*

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Dist's.
355 Portage Ave., Dept. 138, WINNIPEG, MAN.
U. S. OFFICE: Edison Block, Chicago, Illinois

You begin to look old, with those grey and faded hairs, always so conspicuous. Send at once to your nearest store for a bottle of

LOCKYER'S HAIR RESTORER

Sold Everywhere

Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural color. It cleanses the scalp; is the most perfect Hair Dressing.

17-Piece Hand Painted Tea Set Given Away

A magnificent, genuine hand painted set that you will be delighted to see on your table! A charmingly beautiful set that will add a final touch of dignity and elegance and make you proud to be its owner. Exquisitely hand painted with richly colored full blown roses, dainty buds and delicately tinted leaves. Every piece full size—smooth satin finish, thin, light, transparent, but wonderfully strong. Mrs. Dave Griffiths, Sault Ste Marie, Ont., says: "My tea set is beautiful and I am proud of it." Imported direct from Japan! The loveliest and prettiest set you ever laid your eyes on and it's absolutely free for selling just 60 packets of beautiful Christmas, Greeting, Fancy and Patriotic post cards at only 10 cents a packet. You can sell them easily. Every one buys these cards—they're the cream of the finest printed. Radiant sparkling decorations—beautiful rich colors—all popular, new designs. Every card a gem you just show them and take the money.

People always buy lots of post cards—more than ever now to send to the soldiers. Mrs. A. M. Bonner, North Sydney, C.B., N.S., says: "I sold $5.00 worth in just two afternoons, please send me $4.00 worth more." You can do the same! Then send us the $6.00 and we will immediately send the tea set. Write now—don't delay. In twenty years we have given over $200,000 in presents.

THE GOLD MEDAL CO., Dept. E.W. 15 TORONTO, ONT.

THE ALPINE PATH

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38)

"Our afternoon at Kenilworth Castle was a delight. Of course, we had to be pestered with a guide; but I succeeded in forgetting him, and roamed the byways of romance alone. I saw Kenilworth in its pride, when aspiring Leicester entertained haughty Elizabeth. I pictured poor *Amy Robsart* creeping humbly into the halls where she should have reigned as Mistress. Back they thronged from the past, those gay figures of olden days, living, loving, hating, plotting as of yore.

"Last Thursday we went to see the Temple Church, in the grounds of which Oliver Goldsmith is buried. The church is a quaint old place, set in a leafy square which, despite the fact that Fleet Street is roaring just outside it, is as peaceful and silent as a Cavendish road. But when I recall that square it is not of the quaint old church and *Poor Noll's* grave that I shall think. No, it will be of a most charming and gentlemanly pussy cat, of exquisite manners, who came out of one of the houses and walked across the square to meet us. He was large and handsome and dignified, and any one could see with half an eye that he belonged to the caste of *Vere de Vere*. He purred most mellifluously as I patted him, and rubbed himself against my boots as though we were old acquaintances, as perchance we were in some other incarnation. Nine out of ten cats would have insisted on accompanying us over to *Oliver's* grave, and perhaps been too hard to get rid of. Not so this Marquis of Carabas. He sat gravely down and waited until we had gone on, seen the grave and returned to where he sat. Then he stood up, received our farewell pats, waved his tail amiably, and walked gravely back to the door from which he had emerged, having done the honor of his demesne in most irreproachable fashion. Truly he did give the world assurance of a cat!

"We sail for home next Thursday on the *Adriatic*. I am glad, for I am replete with sight-seeing. I want now to get back to Canada and gather my scattered household gods around me for a new consecration."

As my husband was pastor of an Ontario congregation, I had now to leave Prince Edward Island and move to Ontario. Since my marriage I have published four books, "Chronicles of Avonlea," "The Golden Road," "Anne of The Island," and "The Watchman," the latter being a volume of collected verse.

The "Alpine Path" has been climbed, after many years of toil and endeavor. It was not an easy ascent, but even in the struggle at its hardest there was a delight and a zest known only to those who aspire to the heights.

"He ne'er is crowned
With immortality, who fears to follow
Where airy voices lead."

True, most true! We must follow our "airy voices," follow them through bitter suffering and discouragement and darkness, through doubt and disbelief, through valleys of humiliation and over delectable hills where sweet things would lure us from our quest, ever and always must we follow, if we would reach the "far-off divine event" and look out thence to the aerial spires of our City of Fulfilment.

THE END.

His Experience

The pert elevator boy in the big hotel was airing his views to a passenger on the proper conduct of children.

"What do you know about it?" laughed the passenger. "You're not married, are you?"

"Well, no," replied the boy, as he flung open the gate on the top floor for his passenger to step out, "but I brought a good many families up in my time."

Little Things In Milady's Boudoir

By MURIEL P. JOHNSON

I HAD all kinds of admiration for the women who voluntarily made a war-time economy on clothes, but my heart was just spilling over with sympathy for those who HAD TO.

But I made one vow, and that was: that as long as I had to knit opposite an eighty-five dollar creation of transparent fluff, trimmed with a bead, I would'nt be a frump.

So I sat me down in a chair for a little retrospection of old methods, and a perfect brain-scooping process about new ones.

The Old Way

THE Autumn . . . Let me see! What do I need? A suit and hat, a coat, a pretty gown or two—hand them over to a good dressmaker. Shoes, two or three shirtwaists.

A month later. Why didn't I get a gown that would do for more occasions? Forced into it—another gown.

Gazing into a shop window, "What a pretty blouse!" . . . Another blouse! And so on, until I had collected clothes out of style for next year, and too good to throw away.

The New Way

THE Autumn . . . H'm-m-m! What can I *do without*! Just so much money until next Spring. Then I plan and buy, and after that I indulge in the act of spending on clothes only twice, i.e., in the Spring when the styles are set, and the early Summer.

I avoid extremes. What are the chances on the material in that blouse as a "make-over" for next year, with an up-to the-minute collar and some dainty cuffs?

I looked up an inexpensive dressmaker—you can always find one. She had not one suggestion to offer, but when I had pinned and demonstrated and talked and talked, she would do exactly as I said; and I found after I had studied my points, that I was a great deal better off financially than under the old system.

Shoe Trees

CONSTANTLY changing fashions in shoes make shoe trees come high. Crunch up tissue paper and stuff each shoe from the toe to the instep. This will shape to the shoe, is light for travelling, and, provided it is inserted while the shoe retains the warmth of the foot, will iron out the creases on the vamps, retaining for the shoe that new appearance.

My Scrap Bag

EVERYBODY has one, but I have yet to see one that isn't a complete jumble. It is surprising how old trimming cleaned, or washed and pressed can look, when you pick it out of a bag labelled and parcelled in some white tissue paper. The frills off underclothes, domes, buttons, hooks and eyes are annoying to rip off, but it is truly astonishing how they will save the pennies.

New Window Blinds

ARE your boudoir blinds ragged and-frayed? Turn them upside down, first ripping out the hem which holds the stick. This gives the additional length necessary when a hem is made at the other end of the blind.

Bedroom Slippers

WHEN your colored satin evening slippers look shabby, clean them with gasolene, take off the heels, make some colored ribbon pompons, and use them for bedroom slippers.

When your handkerchiefs become frayed and worn, cut off the initials and applique them on your underclothes.

New Corsets

I SURREPTITIOUSLY went to confide a brownish-black split-up-the-steels pair of corsets to the scrap-heap, but I was caught in the act. My hostess quietly took them from my hands. She made some thick suds in hot water, dumped in half a package of borax, swished round the corsets, and left them over night. In the morning she put in fresh suds, scraped hard with a nail-brush, rinsed, blued, and hung them in the sun, making frequent trips with the brush and strong solution of borax and water to touch up the yellow spots. Dried, stiff and white, she basted on patches of pique three inches over the size of the tear, and delved into her scrap-bag for a new top piece of embroidery. I was in ten dollars, because I did it again twice.

Pressed and Spotless

BI-WEEKLY applications of my gasolene bottle, my iron, a damp piece of unbleached factory cotton, a sleeve-board—and my clothes look fresh and new. Notice the sleep-in-your-clothes appearance of half the women you know.

Taking Care of What I Have

I ONCE had a quick, but illuminating glance into the wardrobe of the best dressed woman I know. There were no run-over heels on those shoes lined up on the floor, and they were mirror-like. A box filled with polishes and well used buffers bespoke the shoe-shine self-adminsitered with frequency and gusto.

No clothes were hung on top of each other, helter skelter in that wardrobe, every little shirtwaist had a hanger all its own, and over the "very best," neat cotton slips. Here before anything brushable is hung up, the dust is briskly taken off, not allowed to sink in and probably remain on because of the hasty grab next day.

Habits

THE home dyeing habit pays. Try for a one color tone, spats, gloves, hat pipings—looks expensive, but it isn't. Have a neat, cheap working dress, and stick to it for work. Never wear a suit skirt in the house—keep it for the street, thus avoiding "knees," and a worn out skirt with an unusable coat.

My Head

NOT a mess of hair, nor a neat hard pack. I scorn not wire curlers, iron wavers nor hair nets. I educated my hands and trained my hair after many try-outs on the different styles on the fashion page. An up-to-date head can carry off an out-of-date gown with the most perfect sang froid in the world. Yes, there were a million grimaces and I can'ts," but—

Give the "I can" attitude a chance—it always wins.

5 Breakfasts
For the Cost of One

Do you know that most breakfast meat dishes cost five times as much as Quaker Oats, measured by nutrition? And that eggs alone cost six times as much for the same amount of food units?

The average mixed diet costs four times as much.

Pound for pound, round steak and chicken have less than half the nutrition of oats.

Beef supplies, in lime, phosphates and iron, not one-fifth so much as oats.

As a balanced food, the oat stands supreme.

Also as a vim food and a food for growth.

Also as a flavory and inviting cereal dish.

Serve oats liberally and often. They will minimize your food cost, and your folks will be better fed.

Quaker Oats
The Luscious Oat Flakes

For extra flavor, insist on Quaker Oats. These flakes are made from queen grains only—just the rich, plump oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

Omitting the small grains makes them doubly delicious. Yet they cost no extra price.

Use them also in bread and muffins, in cookies and pan-cakes. Use them to thicken soup. The Government is urging every housewife to help conserve our wheat, and this is one way to do it.

30c and 12c per package in Canada and United States, except in Far West where high freights may prohibit

An Aluminum Cooker for $1.00

Made to our order, extra large and heavy, to cook Quaker Oats in the ideal way. Send us our trademarks—the picture of the Quaker—cut from the fronts of five Quaker Oats packages, or an affidavit showing the purchase of five packages of Quaker Oats. Send $1.00 with the trademarks or affidavit, and this ideal cooker will be sent to you by parcel post prepaid. We require the trademarks or affidavit as assurance that you are a user of Quaker Oats. The trademarks have no redemption value. This offer applies to Canada and United States. We supply only one cooker to a family.

Address The Quaker Oats Co., Premium Department

Peterborough, Canada (1723) **Saskatoon, Canada**

The Quartet from Rigoletto

Ciccolini, Alcock, Verlet and Middleton have sung this world-famed number for the New Edison in a way that will stir your emotions to the uttermost depths. The New Edison Re-Creates their performance with absolute realism. The acid test of direct comparison between their living voices and their Re-Created voices has proved this to be true. The illustration is from an actual photograph of this test.

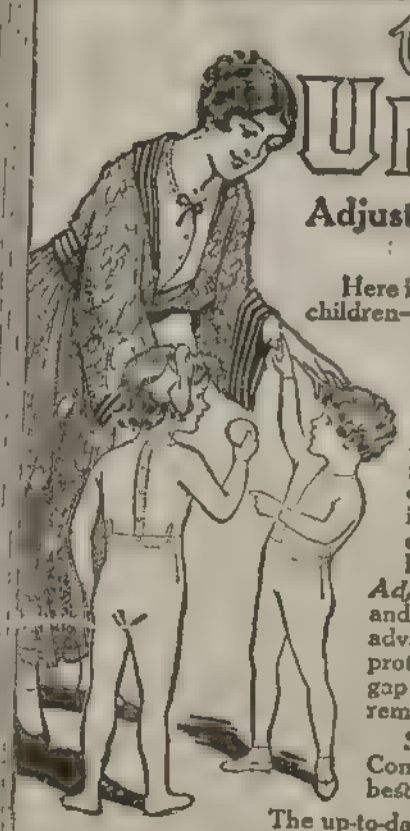
The NEW EDISON "The Phonograph with a Soul"

Visit the Edison Dealer in your vicinity and ask him to let you hear the Quartet from Rigoletto. Write us for the brochure, "Music's Re-Creation," and a complimentary copy of the new musical magazine, "Along Broadway."

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., ORANGE, N. J.

STANFIELD'S

Unshrinkable UNDERWEAR



Adjustable Combinations and Sleepers for Growing Children

Here is real, continuous fit and comfort for the growing children—and economy, too. That's why Stanfield's new *Adjustable* Sleepers and Combinations are winning instant and lasting favor with every mother who buys them.

The movable buttons on the waist permit shortening the garment when new, and gradually lengthening it to allow for two or even three years' growth, while ordinarily, if you give the children really good combinations, they are outgrown long before they are worn out. Stanfield's *Adjustable* feature means just the right length and real comfort all the time. It gives all the advantages of combinations, with double protection over abdomen and kidneys and no gap on the sides, yet permits quick and easy removal of the lower part.

Stanfield's Adjustable Sleepers are made like the Combinations, with the addition of feet, and afford the best possible protection at night to restless little ones.

The up-to-date designs of Stanfield's Underwear for Children, Women and Men are backed by a quality of fabric and a perfection of detail in the making, that ensures the longest, most satisfactory service you can get from any underwear.

Write for Free Sample Book

showing over a dozen weights and textures, from the lightest Silkowool to the heaviest ribbed goods for Outdoor Men.

STANFIELD'S LIMITED, • TRURO, N. S. 20

HOW CHRISTMAS CAME TO NINA

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38)

Daisy.—I say, girls, I'm so happy, something inside of me is just *singing!* I'd rather give presents than anything, wouldn't you?

Nina.—I think we ought to give thoughtfully, though. Now, look at you—suppose you take cold going without a sweater.

Daisy.—Oh, we can always find excuses, if it comes to that. It's a fine SLACKER'S trick—that excuse business. And there are dozens of different kinds of slackers, too—not just men who wont go to fight.

Grace.—Gee, Dais, I never thought of that. I wonder if I'm one. Yes, sir, I am. I've got a perfectly good pair of mittens at home only for one teeny, weeny hole that I've been too lazy to darn. Here goes—(*takes mittens from her pile of wraps*) I'll give these new ones to Frances Gregory and mend the others.

Daisy.—(*kissing her*) Oh, are you sure you want to, Gracie?

Grace.—The surest ever—listen, what's that?

(*Music again, a little louder. If possible show a faint rosy light at window, as a CHILD looks in, smiling*).

Nina.—I don't hear anything. You've got that singing germ of Daisy's.

May.—Well, I've got to give something—(*takes off hair ribbon. Wraps it up and lays it with the other things.*)

Daisy.—Oh, aren't we having fun?

Enter Mrs. P. door L.

Mrs. P.—Well, girlies, all finished? I have coated and hatted and good nighted all the little people and now I am ready to go home.

May.—It's been great fun.

Grace.—I should say.

Daisy.—I told you it would.

(*They all put on their wraps, except Nina.*)

Nina.—Mother is coming back for me. She told me particularly to wait here.

Mrs. P.—Oh, dear child, we can't leave you here alone.

Nina.—(*hurriedly*). Oh, I don't mind. Truly! She won't be long, now, and I can finish these few things. I'd like it, honestly.

Mrs. P.—Why, where did your mother go at this time of night?

Nina.—She went to do some—er—marketing.

Mrs. P.—Well, I hate to leave you—

Nina.—(*half pushing her to the door*). But you need not. I'll tell mother you wanted to stay. Good night and Merry Christmas.

Mrs. P.—(*and girls kissing Nina*) Good night and Merry Christmas yourself. We'll see you here early to-morrow.

Exit, door R.

Nina.—*closing door*) Thank goodness they didn't wait. I would have felt kind of cheap if mother had walked in with that kitchen outfit. Oh, I just hope she buys it—I wish—*I wish! ! !* I never wanted anything so much in all my life . . . I've *got* to have it (*puts on hat and picks up coat, disclosing another box*) Why, here's another box (*brings it down to foot of tree*). What a darling work bag—and—a doll's trunk! Why, my stars, it's Daisy Patterson's (*sits on floor and sorts over contents*) My, isn't she a silly thing to be giving away her best toys? Look at this—here's the key, and it's just full of clothes. . . Um—um—how lovely! But still, it isn't so awfully wonderful, because Daisy's mother makes her learn to sew, and she can make plenty more. Oh, what a ducky little hat (*puts it on*) and a string of beads (*puts them on*) and a teeny, weeny mirror (*admires herself*). . . Oh, I say, why can't I wrap these up and put *my* name on them? That's fair! Daisy may get some of my things, even if she didn't think they were good enough and I can give her a present besides. I'll do it (*commences to wrap the things*).

(*Darken stage if possible. Sobbing heard off stage.*)

Nina.—Oh, it feels queer in here. . . It seems darker. . . Is that somebody crying? Oh, dear, I'm afraid . . . I wish mother would come (*stands in center of stage, and sings loudly.* ("Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin" (*sobbing outside ceases*) That's better . . . singing helps a lot, specially hymns. (*Sits on floor again. Pause as though lost in reverie.*)

Enter very slowly from door R. A CHILD. Advances to centre of stage and looks down at Nina, who is unconscious of her presence until she speaks.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 44)

WHERE LEADERS OF MEN ARE TRAINED

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

and they have not been overlooked by the staff of the C.T.S. Sports play a very large part in the activities at Bexhill. An inter-company baseball schedule is played, tennis tournaments are held, and toward the end of the course a large meet is held for field sports. Athletics help, not merely to develop physique and bearing, but to bring about a *corps d'esprit* within the companies. A cup is given to the company with the best record in drill, smartness, athletics, and general interest in C.T.S. activities. Competition is very keen and slackness on the part of individuals is checked up by the rest of the company as well as by the instructional officers.

The result of all this unusual system of training is a most remarkable keenness. After a month at Bexhill a C. T.S. man can easily be picked out in a crowd of soldiers by his smart saluting and "snappy" bearing. Everyone has seen officers wandering along the streets in a casual sort of way, acknowledging salutes with an airy wave in no particular direction. When you see one who walks at 140 paces to the minute and salutes as if an electric shock had gone through his arm you will know he is one of "the Bexhill lot."

Best in England

INSPECTING Officers from the Imperial Forces have not been slow to recognize the fact that this Canadian institution is now the best military training school in England. Brigadier-General H. C. Lowther, Chief of Staff to Field-Marshal Lord French said, after watching a nearly finished C.T.S. class, that if such results could be obtained in two months at Bexhill he thought that the course of four months at Imperial Schools was unnecessarily long. U.S.A. Army Officers have had their eyes opened. Colonel Hersey, Chief of Staff to Major General Pershing, U.S.A. Expeditionary Force, said, "Had I not seen for myself, I would never have believed that men from the same Continent as ourselves could be imbued with such keenness and cheerfulness in drill and work. This School has been like an inspiration to me, and has given me a basis upon which to model any instruction necessary for our own Expeditionary Force." Such praise does not come lightly from trained soldiers and it reflects unbounded credit on the adaptability of Canada's civilian army. The army that learned to fight before it learned the underlying principles of military training has now produced a system of training that is second to none in the world.

The Higher Command has brought about a similar improvement of discipline in all Canadian Forces, both in England and at the front. Part of this change has been due to the influence of Bexhill, the rest is due to the spirit of determination to master the art of being a soldier that pervades the whole Canadian Expeditionary Force. So that now the Canadian Corps at the front is not merely what it has always been, a top-notch fighting unit; it is the best trained, best disciplined body of men in the world.

* * *

HER REASON

A photographer had taken a portrait of a young woman. After an examination she took a dozen of them. A few days later she entered the photographer's studio with the dozen photos.

"What!" exclaimed the photographer in dismay. "Bringing them all back? Why, I thought they were very successful."

"Oh, yes," she said, with a smile, "they are successful. I only want you to touch out the ring. I have a new young man."

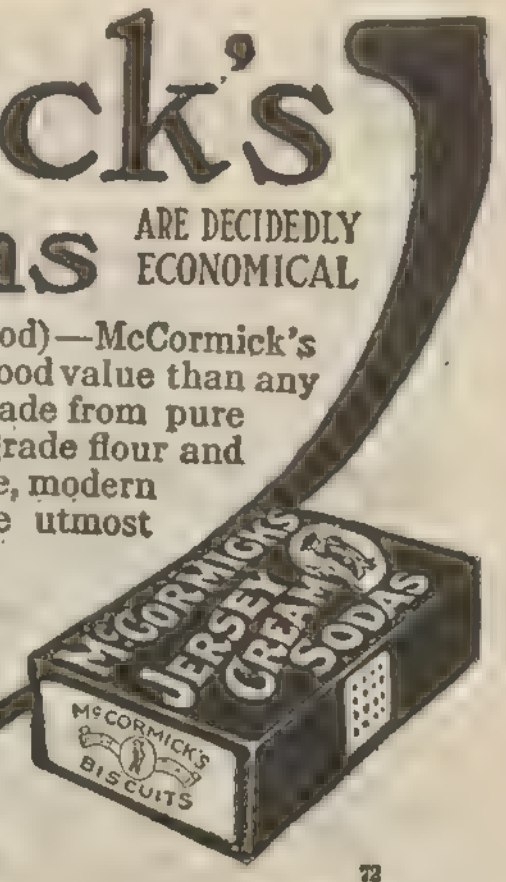
McCormick's JERSEY CREAM Sodas ARE DECIDEDLY ECONOMICAL

Next to milk (the perfect food)—McCormick's Jersey Cream Sodas contain more food value than any other article of diet. They are made from pure creamery butter, sweet milk, high-grade flour and pure shortening, in a snow-white, sunshine, modern factory that spares no expense to insure utmost purity and cleanliness.

THE GREATEST VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY

THE McCORMICK MANUFACTURING CO., Limited
General Offices and Factory: London, Canada.
Branch Warehouses: Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, Kingston, Winnipeg, Calgary, Port Arthur, St. John, N.B.

Makers also of McCormick's Fancy Biscuits



SOLD FRESH EVERYWHERE

72

Our 21 Jewel SMASHES PRICES

Look!

21 Ruby and Sapphire Jewels—
Adjusted to the second—
Adjusted to temperature—
Adjusted to isochronism—
Adjusted to positions—
Gold strata case—
Genuine Montgomery Railroad Dial—
New Ideas in Thin Cases.

Only $2.50 A Month

And all of this for $2.50—only $2.50 per month—a great reduction in watch prices—direct to you—positively the exact prices the wholesale dealer would have to pay. Think of the high grade, guaranteed watch we offer here at such a remarkable price. And if you wish, you may pay this price at the rate of $2.50 a month. Indeed, the days of exorbitant watch prices have passed. Write now.

See It First You don't pay a cent to anybody until you see the watch. You don't buy a Burlington Watch without seeing it. Look at the splendid beauty of the watch itself. Thin model, handsomely shaped—aristocratic in every line. Then look at the works. There you will see the masterpiece of the watch makers' skill, a perfect timepiece adjusted to positions, temperature and isochronism.

The watch you choose will be sent to you without a penny down. See it for yourself before you decide to buy. If you keep it pay only the rock bottom price—at the rate of $2.50 a month.

Send Your Name on This Free Coupon

Get the Burlington Watch Book by sending this coupon now. You will know a lot more about watch buying when you read it. You will be able to "steer clear" of over-priced watches which are no better. Send the coupon today—now—for the watch book and our offer.

Burlington Watch Company
Dept. 138 — 289 Carlton Street — Winnipeg, Manitoba

Burlington Watch Co.
289 Carlton Street
Dept. 138, Winnipeg, Man.

Please send me (without obligation, and prepaid), your free book on watches, with full explanation of your cash or $2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

Name.....

Address.....

What Did Little Mary Plant?

What vegetables do these pictures represent?

TELL US AND

Win a Motor Car, Piano, Pony Bicycle, Phonograph

Range, Watch, Sewing Machine Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

Little Mary did National Service Work this year—had her own garden. What did she plant in it? The pictures tell you! Put your wits to work, and make out the secrets of the pictures! Those who send us correct, or near correct, answers qualify for these

BIG PRIZES

1st prize—1918 Chevrolet Touring Car, completely equiped—Electric self-starter, electric lights, speedometer, etc.; value **$750**

2nd prize—Sweet toned Ennis Piano; value **$350**

3rd prize—Lovable Shetland Pony and Cart; value **$100**

4th prize—Gilson Gas Engine (or cash)

5th prize—Famous Clare Bros. High Oven Range (or cash)

6th prize—Singer Sewing Machine (or cash)

7th prize—Standard Cream Separator.

8th prize—Hoosier Beauty Kitchen Cabinet (or cash)

9th prize—High Grade Bicycle (or cash)

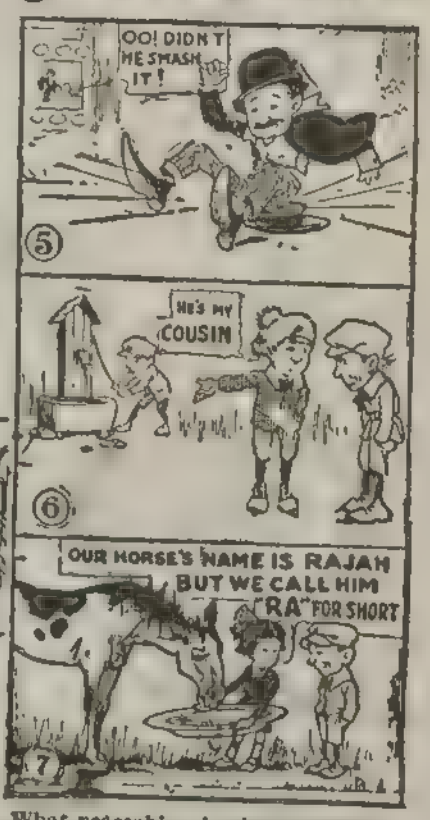
And 41 other desirable prizes, including Waltham Watches, 1900 Washing Machine, Roger & Silverplate, Cedar Chest, Phonograph, Sporting Rifle, Gold Brooches and Signet Rings, Kodak, etc., etc. (Cash may be chosen, if preferred).

MAKE this interesting Contest your entertainment for these autumn evenings. Let all the family try to solve the pictures. Remember that *every* qualifying contestant gets a fine reward, or cash; and stands a chance to win, in addition, one of the fine Big Prizes—perhaps the Chevrolet Touring Car. Send your entry now—get in first!

Big Complete Prize List Sent Free.

Address Solutions to

The Contest Editor, RURAL CANADA . . . Continental Building, Toronto



What vegetables do these pictures represent?

YOU WILL BE PAID A REWARD OR CASH

EVERY qualified contestant will receive surely a valuable reward, or cash, as may be preferred (send for list) for introducing the new magazine, **Rural Canada for Women**, to some of your friends and neighbors. These rewards, or cash, are *in addition* to the Big Prizes which may be won.

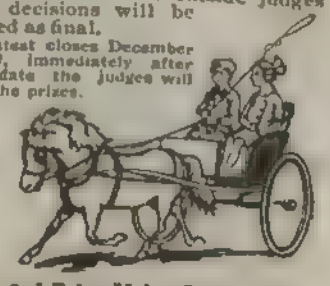
So begin right now to solve the puzzling pictures. Tell us what Little Mary planted in her garden.

To help you get rightly started. Picture No. 1 is Cauliflower (Call-eye-flower); and picture No. 8 is Beets (Bee Eats. So you see how to study the pictures. Can you get them all right? Try!

RULES

Please observe these simple rules;

1. Write on only one side of the paper.
2. Put your answers on one sheet of paper, with your full name and address (stating Mr. or Mrs. or Miss), in the upper right-hand corner. Anything other than this must be written on a separate sheet. Remember only those over 10 years may compete.
3. Qualified entries will be judged by a committee of three outside judges whose decisions will be accepted as final.
4. Contest closes December 27, 1917, immediately after which date the judges will award the prizes.



3rd Prize Value $100

NO MONEY REQUIRED TO ENTER

YOU do not have to pay a cent, or buy anything, to enter this interesting contest, and to qualify for one of the Big Prizes. All you have to do is to send in your answers. Then you will be promptly told how correctly you have solved the pictures and whether you have qualified for an opportunity to win the Big Prizes (full list on request). Also you will receive post free a copy of "RURAL CANADA for Women," the new magazine for women, and will be asked to show your copy to some of your rural friends or neighbours, to make them acquainted with it and interested in it.

The Prizes will be awarded to the duly qualified contestants whose entries have the greatest number of correct or nearly correct, names, which are considered by the judges to be the neatest and best written (proper spelling, punctuation, etc.

The Competition is open to all persons over 10 years of age—men and women, boys and girls. All members of a family or household may compete, but not more than one prize will be awarded any family or household.

So send along your entry, and try for one of the 50 Big Prizes. YOU may win the Motor Car or the piano, or the pony.

2nd Prize Value $350

HOW CHRISTMAS CAME TO NINA

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42)

Child.—May I rest here a little, and get warm?

Nina.—Oh! You frightened me.

Child.—I am sorry. (*totters and sinks to the floor*).

Nina.—(*amazed but offering no help*) Why, what's the matter with you?

Child.—It's nothing. I saw a light—I was so cold—Oh, what a beautiful tree.

Nina.—Yes, I decorated it—a good deal of it. All of us sent things for it and to-morrow they'll be given away.

Child.—It must be pleasant to be able to give. There don't seem to be very many presents though.

Nina.—Well, perhaps there are not quite so many as when the Sunday School bought them, but you see we've already given away most of the things we don't want—I mean we've had to send things to Belgians and Poles and—er—people.

Child.—(*sadly*) Ah, yes, Belgians and Poles and—people.

Nina.—We sent money to the Polish War sufferers and you should have seen the boxes we sent to the Belgians.

Child.—And you should have seen their need for them. . my poor little innocent brothers and sisters.

Nina.—Have you been in Belgium?

Child.—Yes.

Nina.—And Poland?

Child.—Yes.

Nina.—Why did you come to Canada?

Child.—Because I could not bear to be a burden to them over there. They have so little and they give so much. I thought I could find a home in Canada. It is wealthy. But people hardly look at me; some of them turn from me. I believe they want me to die.

Nina.—You ought to go to one of those Homes for Poor Children. They would take care of you.

Child.—I would rather go into the home of a child who has plenty to spare for me—a child like you.

Nina.—Oh, but I haven't plenty. We are very hard hit by the war.

Child.—You have enough to buy a ten dollar kitchen outfit.

Nina.—How did you know?

Child.—(*rising and speaking almost accusingly*) And you hated to part with a ring which was too small for you and which would fit your little cousin.

Nina.—I don't care. It was a good ring—not the kind that gets green after Christmas. I might have worn it on my little finger next year. But I say, how did you know?

Child.—(*unheeding*) And you hoard things at home, offering only such things as no one can use—a single mitten which had a hole in it—did you ever think that the children of the poor have very much less time for mending than you?

Nina.—(*rising and speaking angrily*) What would you expect, you beggar girl? That I would give my best things away? In the first place, mother couldn't afford to let me, and in the second, the clothes wouldn't be suitable.

Child.—(*sadly*) No, you are like so many people who feel that it is not suitable for us to be warm and well-fed and surrounded by beauty.

Nina.—Oh, well, if you are begging—

Child.—I am begging only for others—not myself. That doll's trunk, for instance. Will you give it away? You have no right to keep it for yourself.

Nina.—You've been peeking and listening! You are a little cheat, that's what you are. Get out of here.

Child.—Do you really drive me away—to die—Nina Scott? Think! For with me, will die hundreds of happy little hearts—

Nina.—(*amazed*) How do you know me, and how did you know about the trunk?

Child.—I WAS HERE IN THE ROOM.

Nina.—What? (*pause while the two children gaze at one another.*)

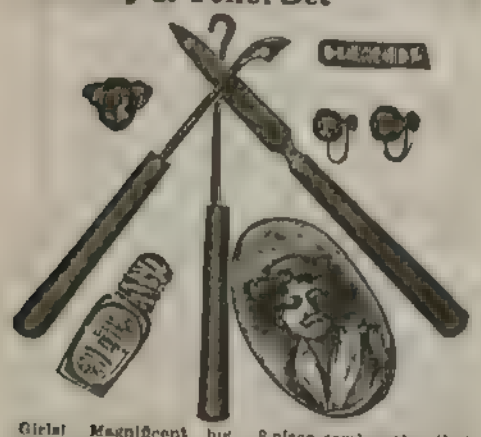
Nina.—(*speaks in awed voice*) Who are you?

Child.—I am the spirit of Christmas, dying in Canada for lack of warmth and food and Love. (*She covers her face with her hands and sobs*).

Nina.—(*rushing to her and embracing her*) Oh please don't die. I will take care of you—I will adopt you, won't that be nice? See—I'll share everything I have with you, now—my best things. Here's my locket (*presses locket into CHILD'S hand, leads her to a chair and seats her*).

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52)

GIRL'S Grand Jewelry & Toilet Set FREE



Girls! Magnificent big, 8 piece combination that you'll "just love" to own! A grand, special anniversary offer to celebrate our 20th year in business! **8 big premiums in one!** You'll just dance for joy when you see it! Any lady in the land would be proud of this gorgeous set! Contains an exquisite cameo sterling silver ring—looks like platinum, a beautiful rolled gold, patriotic "CANADA" brooch, a pair of bewitching rose-bud earrings of a deep red rose color, a bottle of Colgate's rich fragrant perfume in Monad Violet, Dactylis, Caprice Cashmere Bouquet, and La France Rose scents, an excellent oval, art back mirror and last and best of all a splendid 8 piece manicure set with manicure file, cuticle knife and button hook. **8 entrancing presents given absolutely free** for selling just 20 packets of beautiful Christmas, Greeting, Fancy and Patriotic postcards at only 10 cents a packet. You can sell them easily. Everyone buys these cards—they're the cream of the finest printed. Radiant, sparkling decorations—beautiful, rich colors, all popular new designs. Every card a gem—**you just show them and take the money.** People always buy lots of postcards—more than ever now to send to the soldiers. Miss Thorsteinson, Clanwilliam, Man., says "I sold $3 worth in 2 hours. They went like hot cakes. **You can do the same!** Then send us the $2 and we will immediately send the matchless outfit just as shown in the picture postpaid. In 20 years we have given away over $200,000 in presents. Don't delay—write now and be first in your town to get this grand big 8 piece combination.

THE GOLD MEDAL CO. Dept. EW5 Toronto.

$30 Premium Phonograph Given Away

The most phenomenal, extraordinary offer ever made in Canada! A grand, crowning and supreme effort to celebrate our 20 years in business. **Positively the rarest and greatest chance** you'll ever have to own a real high-grade Talking Machine without a cent of cost. Equal in tone and finish to any $50 machine. All the world's most entrancing music at your finger ends. You can dance to it—sing with it—it will bring the spirit of joy and gayety into every gathering at your house! And think of it,—by our **marvelous and unequalled offer** there's not a cent to pay! This wonderful, splendid instrument will play **Victor, Edison, Columbia, Pathe or any** flat record up to 12 inches. The case is beautifully polished, mahogany finished, and grained in front as in the highest priced machines. Has a felt-covered, nickeled turntable and extra strong, powerful motor, winding by a handle and controlled by two adjustable stops to regulate the speed and tone. Has Universal tone arm and a splendid sound box with mica diaphram that brings out **all the original richness and purity of tone.** A magnificent instrument that will be an ornament to your home and a **source of never-ending pleasure and delight.** A. E. Clark, Montreal, Que., says: "I have got my talking machine and it is a dandy, believe me. I did not expect anything like it. It is even better than you described it. I would not sell it for any money. It is as good as a $50 or $60 machine and is worth its weight in gold. I am glad to be able to say that you couldn't have treated me better than you have done." Comes **complete** with 100 steel needles and 10-inch disc record with music on both sides. **A regular $30 premium!** We secured a **limited number only** and while they last we will give one, **free to you,** for selling only $10 worth of beautiful Christmas, Greeting, Fancy and Patriotic postcards at only 10 cents a packet. You can sell them easily. Everyone buys these cards—they're the **cream of the finest printed.** Radiant, sparkling decorations beautiful, rich colors—all popular, new designs. Every card a gem—you just show them and take the money. People always buy lots of postcards—more than ever now to send to the soldiers. Cornelius Bruder, Hanover, Ont., who has sold over $140.00 worth of our goods, says: "I sold $5 worth in ½ an hour. Please send me $5 worth more." **You can do the same!** Then send us the $10 and we will immediately send this superb Talking Machine. Don't delay—this advertisement, positively, will not appear again—first come first served. In 20 years we've given away over $200,000 in presents.

THE CHANCE OF A LIFE-TIME

THE GOLD MEDAL CO., Dept. EW 11 Toronto, Ont.

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

has all the sweetness of the Golden Corn from which it is made. Try it!

Children Love It!

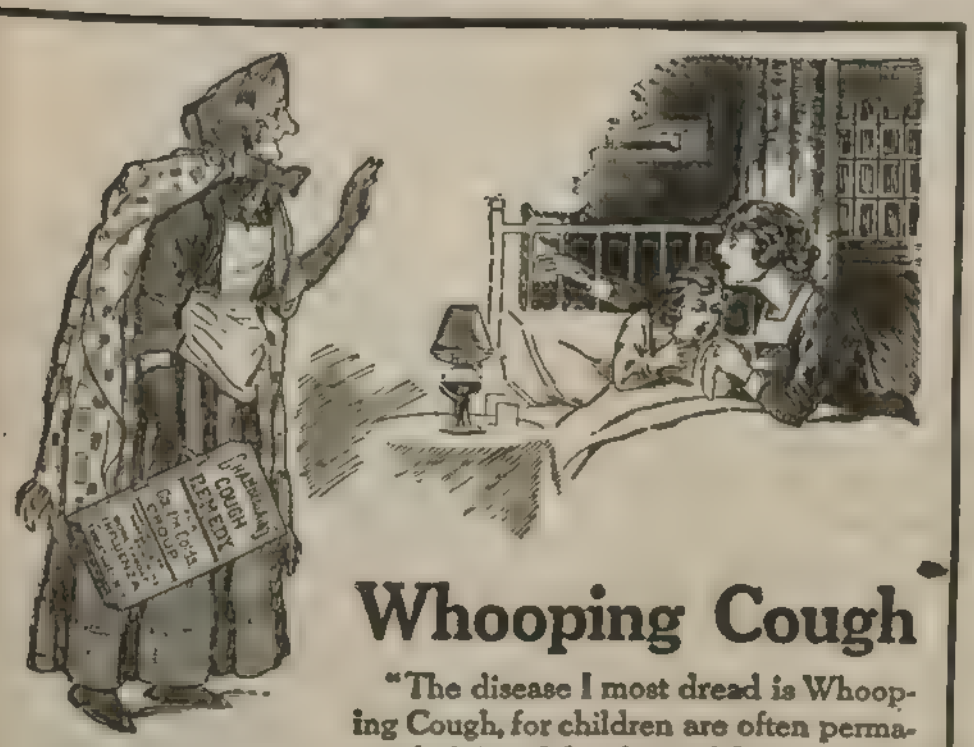
A wholesome spread for a piece of Bread. "Crown" Syrup is a pure, delicious Table Syrup—much less expensive than butter.

Fine for homemade Candy.

All grocers sell it in 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. tins and 3 lb. "Perfect Seal" Glass Jars.

Write for free Cook Book

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL.



"Granny" Chamberlain

Whooping Cough

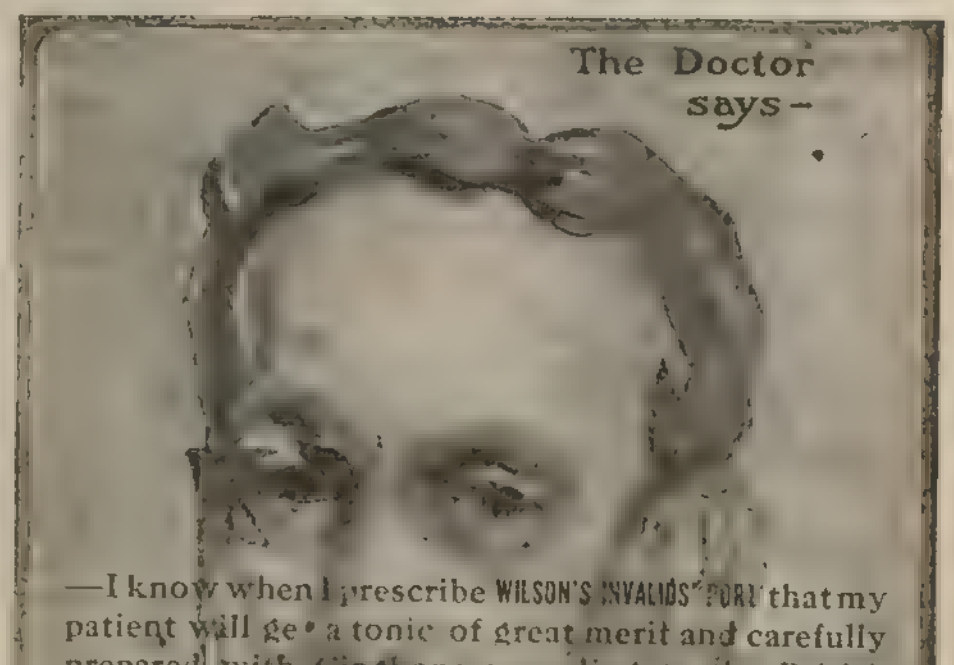
"The disease I most dread is Whooping Cough, for children are often permanently injured by the awful straining of the cough. You should never neglect it, and treatment should be started at the first symptom. You cannot mistake the symptoms: protracted coughing, worse at night; peculiar whoop; labored expectoration of mucus; apparent suffocation after coughing.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

is a positive remedy for this disease—repeat the dose frequently, for if given freely it liquifies the tough mucus, makes it easy to expectorate and counteracts any tendency toward pneumonia. There is no danger whatever from Whooping Cough when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is freely given."

Yours for Health —Granny Chamberlain

35



—I know when I prescribe WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT that my patient will get a tonic of great merit and carefully prepared with Cinchona according to the British Pharmacopoeia.

—and its quality never varies as might be the case were it put up in small quantities. Cinchona Bark, Aromatics, Fruit Acids and rich, old Oporto Wine —simply that and nothing more.

Sir James A. Grant, M.D., K.C.S.G. says in part:

"There are so many nostrums in the market for the use of which no reason is given, and practically are very essential to all such, the ingredients and each in the object I have in view when ordering your particular brand."

J. A. Grant

Wilson's
INVALIDS' PORT
(à la Quina du Pérou)
Absolutely no Alcohol Added

BIG BOTTLE — ASK YOUR DOCTOR — ALL DRUGGISTS

CLASSIFIED·ADLETS

SALES AND EXCHANGES

A responsible directory arranged for the convenience of the vast number of more than 500,000 readers of Everywoman's World who wish to buy, sell or exchange.

Each little adlet has much of interest for you.

Agents and Salesmen Wanted

MRS. COPE, MAGGRATH, ALBERTA, cleared $102.00 in four days. Sold to every home in Maggrath. You can do as well. Fine territory open for live agents. Catalogue and terms free on request. Perfection Sanitary Brush Co., 1118 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ont. Only manufacturers in Canada.

WE ARE REMITTING many ladies $10, $15, $20 per week to obtain orders for Personal Christmas Cards in their spare hours. If you wish to add to your income write now for full details. Beautiful Sample Book free—nothing to buy. Toothills (Canada) Limited, Art Publishers, Winnipeg.

MANY BIG ADVERTISERS first started with a little ad. this size. The cost so small, and the results so big. We will gladly send you full particulars. Drop us a postal to-day. Classified Advertising Dept., EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

EVERY HOME ON FARM, in Small Town or Suburb needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin kerosene (coal oil) Mantle Lamp. Five times as bright as electric. Tested and recommended by Government and 34 leading Universities. Awarded Gold Medal. One Farmer cleared over $500 in six weeks. Hundreds with rigs or autos earning $100 to $300 per month. No capital required. We furnish Goods on Time to reliable men. Write quick for distributor's proposition, and lamp for free trial. Mantle Lamp Co., 512 Aladdin Bldg., Montreal Can.

$1 700 YEARLY INCOME FROM ONLY TWO SALES A DAY. Big field, no competition. Exclusive territory to producers. Profits unlimited. A. T. Freer & Co., Foster, Que.

Articles Wanted

THE ONE BEST OUTLET for farm produce, non-fertile eggs, poultry, separator butter. Write Gunns, Ltd., 78 Front St. East, Toronto.

Business Opportunities

"HOW I CAN BUILD Business in Canada," is the title of a booklet, containing letters from a few of our advertisers in this section. It tells of the results received, will gladly on request. Classified Advertising Dept., EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

Educational

MATRICULATION BY MAIL—any or all subjects. Write the Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Dept. E.W., Toronto, Canada.

Family Remedies

SORE EYES—Try Murine Eye Remedy in your own Eyes and in Baby's Eyes when they Need Care. Relieves Redness, Soreness, Granulated Eyelids and Scales on the Lids. No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Ask your Druggist for Murine.

Help Wanted -Male

AN INTELLIGENT PERSON may earn $300 monthly corresponding for newspapers; $40 to $50 monthly in spare time, experience unnecessary; no canvassing, subjects suggested. Send for particulars. National Press Bureau, Room 3026, Buffalo N.Y.

Help Wanted Female

LADIES WANTED to do Plain and Light sewing at home, whole or spare time; good pay; work sent any distance, charges paid. Send stamp for particulars. National Mfg. Co., Dept. A., Montreal.

EARN $25 WEEKLY, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details free. Press Syndicate, 427 St. Louis, Mo.

WE REQUIRE PARTIES to knit mens wool socks for us at home, either with machine or by hand, especially for war purposes; write for information. The Canadian Wholesale Dis. Co., Dept. W., Orillia, Ont.

Home Furnishings

WRITE for our large, photo-illustrated catalogue No. 2. We pay freight to any station in Ontario. Adams Furniture Company, Limited, Toronto.

Hotels

HOTEL LENOX

North Street at Delaware Avenue,

BUFFALO, N.Y.

Hotel Lenox is the stopping place for distinguished persons from all over the world. The building is a modern, fireproof structure, and the cuisine and service is unexcelled. Write for complimentary "Guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls." C. A. Miner, Managing Director.

Nursing

PRIVATE NURSES earn $10 to $25 weekly. Learn without leaving home. Booklet free. Royal College of Science, Toronto, Canada.

Patents—Legal Cards

HERBERT J. S. DENNISON, Patent Expert, Canada, United States and Foreign patents, designs and trade marks. 18 King W., Toronto.

PATENTS SECURED or fee returned. Actual search free. Send sketch. 1917 Edition, 90-page patent book free. George P. Kimmel, 205 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D.C.

Photoplays—Stories

SEND US YOUR IDEAS for Photoplays, Stories, etc. We accept them in any form—correct free—sell on commission. Big rewards! Make money. Get details now! Writer's Selling Service, Dept. 32 Main, Auburn, N.Y.

EARN $25 WEEKLY, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details free. Press Syndicate, 427 St. Louis, Mo.

WRITERS—STORIES, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, E.W., 3 Hannibal, Mo.

WRITE MOTION PICTURE plays $50 each. Experience unnecessary. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 325 Wainwright, St. Louis.

$1,200 A YEAR for spare time writing one moving picture play a week. We show you how. Send for free book of valuable information on our special prize offer. Photo Playwright College, Box 278 K 17, Chicago.

Razor Blades Sharpened

RAZOR BLADES SHARPENED by experts—Gillette, 35c dozen; Ever Ready, 2 in Mail to A. J. Keen Edge Co., 180 Bathurst Street, Toronto.

Real Estate—Farm Lands

IS HE CRAZY?—The owner of a plantation in Mississippi is giving away a few five-acre tracts. The only condition is that figs be planted. The owner wants enough figs raised to supply a Canning Factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the Factory by writing Fairbank Farms Company, 911 Keystone, Pittsburg, Pa., U.S.A. They will plant and care for your trees for $5 per month. Your profits should be $1 000 per year. Some think this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness.

Second Hand Books

ENC. BRITANNICA $18. Catalog. 25 Xmas Cards 10c, 100—35c. A. McCreery, Chatham.

Songs

SONG POEMS WANTED.—For best offer submit manuscript to Needham Music Co., D. 178, St. Louis, Mo.

Typewriters -Rebuilt

REBUILT TYPEWRITERS.—We carry at all times a large stock of rebuilt typewriters. All standard makes. Prices from $35.00 up. No matter what your needs are, we can supply them. Machines shipped anywhere. Write now for our catalogues and price list. United Typewriter Co., Ltd., 135 Victoria St., Toronto.

Wearing Apparel—Fancy-Work

LADIES—WRITE FOR Imported Shirting Samples. Suitable for Wash Dresses and Blouses. Booklet mailed free. Harry Tolton, Kitchener, Ont.

BEAUTIFUL SILK Remnants for crazy patch work. Large, well assorted trial package only 25c., five lots for $1.00. Embroidery silk, odd length, assorted colours, 25c per ounce. Peoples' Specialties Co., Box 1830, Winnipeg, Man.

BUY FURS AT WHOLESALE PRICES—Persian Lamb, Mink, Alaska Sable. Also Men's Furs. Satisfaction by mail guaranteed. Send for illustrated catalog. McComber's Limited, Manufacturers, 420 C St. Paul West, Montreal.

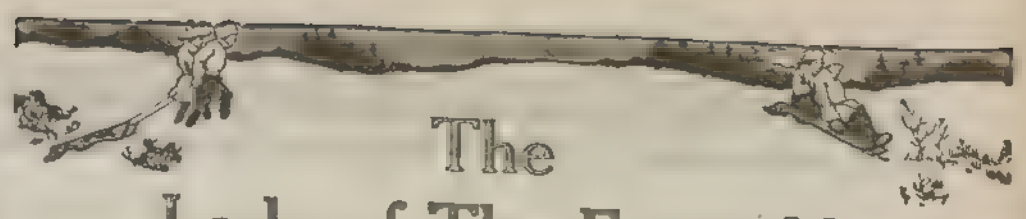
Eye Relief

AFTER THE MOVIES Murine is for Tired Eyes. Red Eyes. Sore Eyes. Granulated Eyelids. Rests—Refreshes—Restores. Murine is a Favourite Treatment for Eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your eyes as much of your loving care as your teeth and with the same regularity. Care for them. You cannot buy new eyes! Murine sold at drug and optical stores. Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for free book.

22-Piece School Set FREE

Boys! Girls! Get this grand, big, 22 piece School Outfit! Costs us **everything you need** for all your school work! You'll do better work, get more good marks with this splendid, useful outfit in your desk! And it **doesn't cost a cent!** Includes a beautifully decorated Japanese pencil box with lock and key, complete set of watercolor paints, handy, 4-piece drawing set; fountain pen and filler; rubber printing set, six metal lead pencils, eraser; wonderful musical flutophone; pocket comb; hardwood ruler, pocket mirror, folding drinking cup, and best of all, a handsome, brass trimmed, roomy, strong light, waterproof Eaton made fibre Suit Case. Jas. Forsythe, Ulverson, Ont., writes: "The School Set is far better than I thought it would be. I am very much pleased with it." **Given absolutely free** for selling just 40 packets of beautiful Christmas, Greeting, Fancy and Patriotic postcards at only 10 cents a packet. You can sell them easily. They're the cream of the finest printed. Radiant, sparkling decorations, beautiful, rich colors, all popular, new designs. Every card a gem—you just show them and take the money. People always buy lots of postcards, more than ever now to send to the soldiers. Mary McGrath, Marlbank, Ont., says "I sold $5 worth in one day; they sell like wildfire." You can do the same! Then send us the $4 and we will immediately send the big 22-piece outfit, **everything shown in the picture** postpaid. Send today—be first in your school to own these 22 fine presents.

The Gold Medal Co. Dept. E.W. 63 **Toronto**



The Lady of The Emeralds

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

"There are several kinds of store thieves. There is the ordinary kleptomaniac, the woman who steals 'because it is so easy,' the mentally unbalanced who do not know right from wrong, the woman who steals to adorn her person, and the professional 'lifter.'"

Mayhew drew a deep sigh. In which class belonged Clare Wilkins?

The next day he called upon her again. She seemed much more cheerful. They talked and laughed together over various things, but not once was shoplifting referred to. Each day for a week the young man visited her. Twice she asked him to post letters she had written - fat letters sealed in envelopes he had brought her. She had asked him not to look at the addresses and he had honorably refrained, dropping them face down into the pillar-box outside. Several times he had noticed her fingers shrivelled as from washtub labor and she had explained that every second day she had been drafted in to help in the prison laundry.

On the second last day before her term expired Professor Mayhew's voice trembled as he prepared to take leave. She had told him that he must not come again.

"You have been very good," she said, handing him back some books he had brought her. "But it is best that we part now. Perhaps, some day, after I have made good, we shall meet again. In the meantime I must go my way."

"*Not* the old way? he begged. "Let me feel I have done you some little good -Clare"

SHE nodded. Her shadowy eyes seemed to glow.

"You have! Oh so much!" she said, softly.

"Thank God for that!" breathed Mayhew and dropping the books he put out his arms.

With a little cry she crept into them . . . The warden's sudden knock broke in upon them, in a moment

"Go! Oh go, please!" she entreated, when he would have kissed her again.

Mayhew picked the books up, took his hat and left

The next day he broke his promise and called at the hour she had been supposed to leave. But she had already been allowed to leave.

"No, I do not know her address," said the clerk, "and Wilkins is probably an assumed name. I'm sorry I cannot help you further."

Mayhew hurried to a drug-store and demanded a city directory. Feverishly he searched for the name of Clare Wilkins. It wasn't there. The lady of the emeralds had dropped out of his life as suddenly as she had entered it.

It was the eleventh of September. Mayhew stood before his dresser calendar staring at the numeral which was supposed to be his lucky figure and whose efficacy he had at heart always doubted. Once it had brought him an adventure—true! But as for luck—and love—pouff! He had lost all faith in talismans years ago -at least it *seemed* years.

NO smile hovered on his face now instead he busied himself dressing for the conversazione at the University. It was opening night.

Professor Mayhew belonged in the atmosphere of erudition and amid the classical surroundings of an institution of learning, as a twig belongs to a tree. He was no society man, yet he must perforce attend these social affairs now and then. Usually, after the obligations of the receiving line had been dispensed, he repaired to a corner where he stood like the figure of a wooden Indian, or more properly, like a statue of a very bored gentleman in a dress suit.

It was in one of these corners, near a window recess, that along towards midnight he happened to be standing. He was quite alone. He gazed out over the semi-gay throng with unseeing eyes. Then very suddenly, across the retina of his vision there floated a slender form in white, so different from all the other white-robed forms that it arrested his attention directly and he continued to gaze at the young woman who had paused just in front of him.

Even as a great joy began to flood his whole being he noted that about her neck there lay an emerald necklace!

Gropingly he put out a hand.

"Clare! Miss Wilkins!" he exclaimed.

She looked up quickly and light broke across her face.

"My good friend, the Professor!"

"We meet again! Fate is indeed kind. You—you are looking well."

"So are you. And you look a part of *this*," she said, with a sweep of her hand. "I suppose you have the usual contempt (though perhaps that's too strong a term) for people who live outside these walls. I confess I feel very small and humble amongst so many intellectual lights."

"But—but how—" he began, and stopped.

"Finish it! How did I make good in such a short time? How many months ago *is* it? . . . Never mind! I am reclaimed. My feet are set on a straight path once more."

His glance dropped to the necklace. "Let us sit here in this deep window-seat," he suggested, and they did so.

"You see your efforts were not in vain," she remarked, after a silence.

"But it was cruel—to leave me."

"I—I had to work out my own salvation you know."

"But I—missed you, I suffered. All these long months . . . Oh, Clare!"

An attendant appeared in the aperature of the velvet curtains.

"A letter for you, sir," he said, handing a large square envelope to Professor Mayhew.

He put it into his pocket, absently.

"Read your letter," said Miss Wilkins with a smile. "Yes, please. It may be important."

He hurriedly tore open the flap and, beneath the shaded drop-light nearby ran his eye over the half-dozen lines. Again he read them.

"By Jove!" he murmured, wonderingly.

He turned to her.

"There's the big clock striking twelve," she observed irrelevantly.

"Then it—it came on the eleventh after all!"

"What, please?"

"My good fortune to say nothing of my good fairy! This letter is from a firm of lawyers who tell me that a legacy of eight thousand dollars has been left to me by my cousin in England. I—why I can marry now! Clare, will you marry me?"

She looked up at him, gravely.

"After—what I have been?"

"After everything!"

"You have great faith in human nature. Do you realize it?"

"I realize only one thing—that I love you very much."

"Do you know what I am?"

He chanced to look at the necklace again. He was conscious of a chill at the heart.

"I don't care what you are! I only know that you can make me the happiest"

"I may be a professional crook, you know."

SSHE paused to watch the effect of SS her words, but she saw only love and great faith in his face.

"I don't happen to be *that* though," she went on slowly. "I'm only a newspaperwoman on the staff of *The Evening Echo*."

He looked at her in perplexity.

"I have been on the staff for seven years," she resumed and her eyes were merry now. "Oh dear stupid Professor! To-morrow I will show you an oldish editorial which my chief wrote months ago. It deals with prison reform. In one part it goes something like this: We were determined to find out the actual conditions prevailing in the women's wing of number six and so our Miss Wilkins got herself incarcerated for a period of ten days—there was no other recourse—and what she tells of prison life in her articles on the Woman's Page—" there I'm not going to hand myself any bouquets! Those fat letters you mailed for me were some of my reports. Oh, dear, stupid, obedient Professor! If only you had looked at the addresses!"

"Dear, daring little robber! They might have given you six months!"

"Well—I just had to chance it, you know. Oh yes, and this necklace! (I noticed you looking at it more than once). The paper gave it to me as a reward for my scoop. It is the identical one I slipped up my sleeve. I—I just love emeralds!"

In and Around the Shops

When Milady Goes A-Shopping in Canadian Stores She Has a Choice of Varied Designs

THE French woman has her Paris, the American woman her New York, to which she may look for the ultra note in fashion.

To the Canadian woman, both of these centres stand for prestige in the matter of style—in fact the whole world looks to them similarly.

But few of the votaries of Dame Fashion here have an opportunity to go to either Paris or New York direct for practical, or rather practicable suggestions.

Instead they look to Toronto, to Montreal—to Winnipeg—to the larger centres. They trust manufacturers, designers, students of Fashion there to sift the modes of the moment for them and to give them only the best.

They depend upon "The Shops" particularly at this time of the year, for guidance. They depend upon Canadian publications—magazines and the daily press.

So we have gone out, in spirit, with the Canadian woman on a tour of observation, through the Canadian metropolitan stores and we chronicle our "find."

These are stirring times in clothes. Economy is the underlying theme of dress talk. When we consider circumstances and conditions we do not wonder at it. It must needs be an all-absorbing topic and its many angles, new and rejuvenated, provide many an hour's discussion at afternoon tea and patriotic shower. The conservation of clothing holds second consideration only to that of foods and resources.

Fortunately the first wild scamper to enlist for patriotism is past. We are taking more time to reach decisions, are striving to find the consistent ways to prove our loyalty and to give our support, and in the matter of economy in dress particularly we are working along decidedly more practical lines.

The Toronto fashion depots have prepared for a rush season. It is their own expression that they are actually scrambling for sufficient supply to meet the demand. This seems strangely inconsistent with economy ideas but the fact is the demand is for conservation in both price and design.

The French gowns are here and are tremendously admired and approved. The efforts of those who have taken the French Silhouette and built gowns in their own workrooms, made of Canadian purchased materials, should be commended in an entire chapter.

Paris has laid down the laws of the season. There is no lack of French gowns in this country to-day. Paris says scant skirts to save materials, with just enough simple draping to make them graceful and not unpleasantly severe in outline. This silhouette has been established. Every woman now knows that her skirt is to be narrow and her coat long or short, provided it clings to the figure. She knows that top coats are as important as frocks and that soft materials take precedence over stiff ones.

AND colors! Who does not feel perplexed and confused on entering a shop where hundreds of colors are dashed upon the vision and offered as the latest thing? One feels that a gigantic kaleidoscope has been run before the eyes.

The woman who goes in November to get her new apparel must be guided by the fact that not many colors are really in fashion and not many are available for the woman who has not many social opportunities at which to display a variety of clothes.

To begin at the beginning of the color scheme: Midnight blue holds its own. Black is in demand by those who want to dress well in the afternoon and evening, but it does not hold a high place for street suits or frocks. Dark green is a serious rival to dark blue, and the French dressmakers who exploited it last year are now reaping a reward because the public is accepting it. Know yourself well, however, before touching any tone of green!

If you're picturesque, you can wear it in any one of the shades that are variously known as jade, Egyptian and lettuce. The woman who can wear jade clothes and jewelery has a successful season before her, for many of the best materials are woven in this alluring but difficult tone, and the Oriental shops are filled with bits of fine jade made into earrings, hair-combs and neck laces. There are fans of peacock feathers with jade stocks and also buckles of this Chinese quartz for slippers. Soft gold tissue gowns are embroidered with jade beads, in the Byzantine fashion. All these have worked their way west and to-day in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Ottawa and other large Canadian centres they are universally displayed.

RED flickers through the color scheme or bursts upon the vision like the flame from the artillery at the front. It is against the accepted psychology that the colors of war should be exploited while war is on. It is better to be sane than foolish when one approaches the subject of red in clothes. The scarlet danger sign should be put over all the counters where red fabrics are placed, and it should be worn by the mannequin who parades in a red gown. It is the color of conflict; it is not the color of peace. The woman who can wear it well is thrice blessed, and she is apart from her neighbors because she is a rare type.

None of this applies to dark red. No danger sign is needed against the rich wine surface that brings out what is best in a woman's complexion and eyes. These well-known Burgundy shades are offered. They come in duvetyn, serge, satin, velvet and Rodier's weave of the so-called Bolivia cloth, which our weavers are imitating in a successful way.

The world has gone on for a century or two feeling that gray is the tone of sadness and that its Quakerish ugliness must be avoided. This season, however, all doubts are dispersed by the superior tones which the dyers have imparted to the various fabrics grouped under the elastic name of gray.

There is moonlight gray, artillery gray, granite gray and the gray of London smoke. There is the gray of a New England sea mist, and the tone that one gets from the glitter of cut steel. These are beautiful when combined with Chinese blue, jade and Egyptian green with Mandarin yellow and amethyst purple.

Materials just now offer — oh so wide a choice.

Serge is good if it is soft, otherwise it should be barred. The fundamental thing is to get the fabric that clings to the figure.

Gabardine is chosen for frocks that are not to be draped, velour for top coats, street frocks and tailored suits; velveteen for one piece gowns and top coats. Velvet that is sufficiently supple to resemble satin, is chosen for evening gowns as an offset to the rich, heavy satin that has been brought back into the markets.

There is a new kind of jersey invented by Rodier, who leads the world of fabrics. It is strong and durable, and is sometimes double-faced with a brilliant color on the inside, which is sparingly shown to the public when it is built up into a garment.

An over-blouse of velvet to be worn with one-piece frocks

The Paris dressmakers last spring used stockinette jersey, and experts tell us it has been improved upon and that it is far more effective than satin and strikes a newer note.

Doeuillet has used a good deal of it in his new models; so have Jenny and Premet.

Brocades are more effective because they are not so common. They can be draped into skirts of great dignity.

Mme. Paquin, for instance, takes a rare piece of old black velvet and puts it with a dull red and cream brocade that drops from bust to toes in straight lines and is girdled with a great sash of the brocade.

This autumn a successful conclusion has been reached to the attempts to produce a network of braiding on suits and gowns. All the French houses have adopted this type of trimming as significant of high fashion.

Mme. Jenny of Paris signs her name, as it were, to almost every gown she makes by using a design in soft silk braid that resembles Chinese letters.

Paquin imitates it by using stitched strips of material. Drescoll, Doeuillet, Cheruit and many of the other designers play with the braid as though it were a paint brush.

Chiffon and georgette in colors matching the tailored suits are as popular as ever and especially when designed with a collar or vest.

One piece dresses are now as established an article of women's apparel as the shirt waist and many different and interesting phases of the garment are shown.

As to the shirt waist—since its advent in America thirty years ago, the idea has had many innovations added to it—has strayed a long way from the commonplace and inartistic early garments.

In millinery, crocheted chenille is seen in pretty soft crowns. Owing to the fact that chenille can be obtained in a large assortment of colors there is a wonderful opportunity for effective combinations with velvet or panne of contrasting shades. One of these crochet tams was seen in a Canadian shop, in sand chenille, which was posed on a tiny head size of touquoise panne, bringing out the beauty of the chenille by a smart little beaver cocade at the front. With this is worn a bag using the same combinations, with the chenille for the main portion and the cuff of the panne trimmed by a beaver band.

TOP coats which are so much in vogue now, especially among motorists, were never smarter. Oxford grey camel's hair is very much used in the making of exclusive models. The loose yoke effect is everywhere seen. The yoke is worn only in the back and its fullness is held with large buttons, and is cut in one piece with the belt and pockets. A large gray squirrel collar and cuffs completes the coat.

In the matter of skirts there is one evil that besets the November fashion devotée—the question of panels. They are widely shown but every woman should recognize in them a danger signal.

The question of belts on tunics is another matter of importance. One may call the waist drapery an accessory to the gown, but the artist and the expert dressmaker concede the fact that it is the kind of trifle that makes or mars the whole.

It is well that every Canadian woman remembers this truth during the remainder of this season. She will find as the months follow that it will take all her ingenuity to deal with the extraordinary influx of belts, girdles, sashes and waist drapery of pleasant and sinister kinds, from our neighbor to the south and elsewhere. Women there will be exercising the same caution.

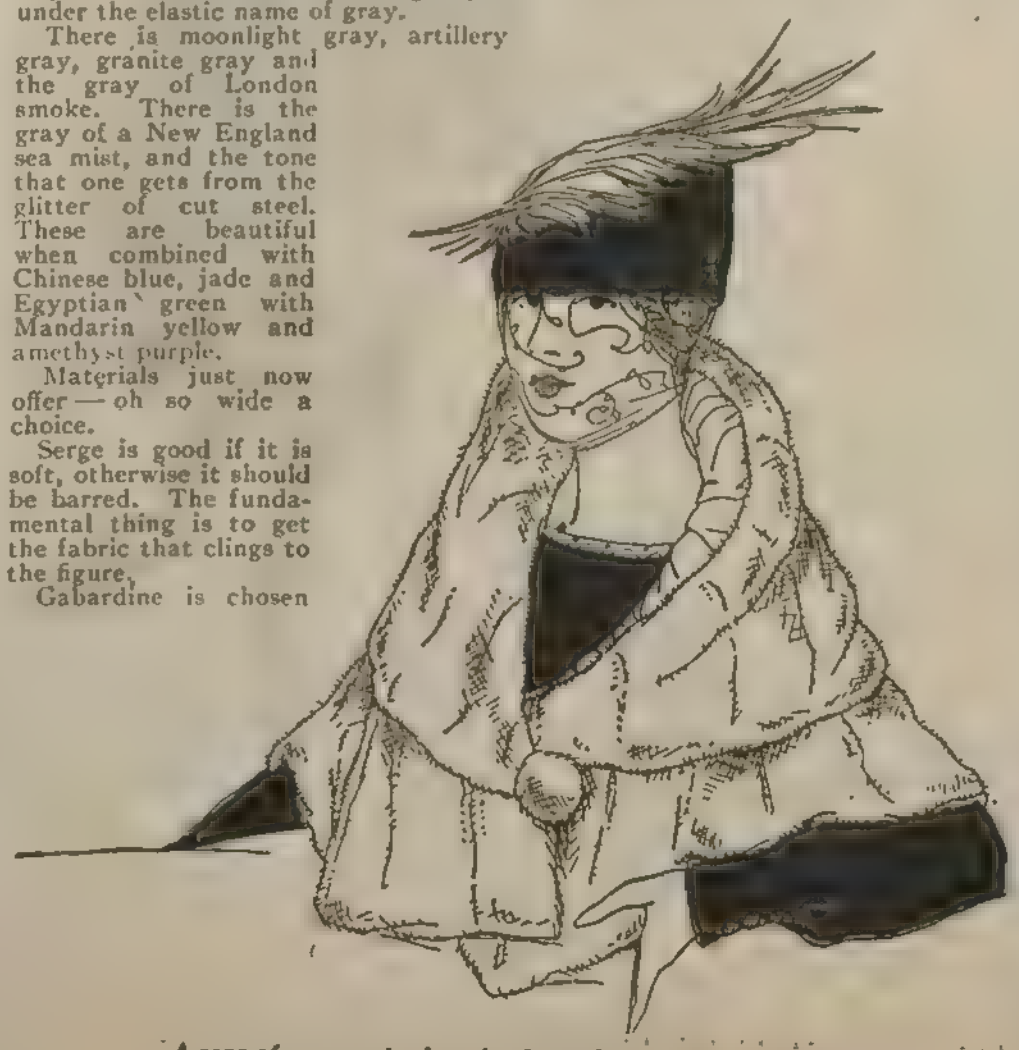
MODISTES in Montreal and Toronto especially, whisper that the coming winter season will be one of suits. In Montreal, Ottawa and other points where the thermometer keeps much below zero, these must, of necessity, be heavy, fur trimmed and the coats long. In less cold atmospheres they may be more varied.

But never has the demand been greater for suits. A striking model seen recently in one Canadian fashion establishment was of black and Burgundy checked broadcloth, with black charmeuse binding.

The skirt was fashioned on straight lines showing the soft panel backs. The front panel formed cut-in pockets and extended into a belt which buttoned at the back. The coat was tailored on rather severe lines, with a flaring skirt which gave a tunic effect to the skirt. The bell sleeve was buttoned to the elbow, and a smart narrow black velvet collar added an extremely chic finish.

Controversies rage as to whether the coat of a suit should be long or short, or medium. This should be determined not by actual inches—for a thirty-six inch coat on one woman has an entirely different appearance on another woman—depending on her height.

And so when Milady goes a-shopping in Canadian stores, when she visits Canadian modistes she has all those things to consider. She must know what they have to offer, and knowing, she can choose effectively; choosing effectively she can economize, and economizing she can help out in the spirit of the times.



A cape of gray squirrel made of two deep ruffles with a large button at the side. It is very chic with a velvet street frock

MILLER CHOIR GOWNS

THE choir-master of one of Canada's largest churches stated:

"I find singers suffer less from nervousness and self consciousness when gowned, because they are free from distracting thoughts regarding their personal appearance.

The appearance of a gowned choir lends dignity and solemnity to the service and the discordant and clashing colors of an ungowned choir are eliminated."

It will place you under no obligation whatever to let us show you how your choir can be gowned without financial strain.

Write to-day for our illustrated booklet

THE MILLER MFG. CO. LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA

"This is my Beauty Preserver"

HYGIENOL
The Sterilized
POWDER PUFF

The Finest Quality Lamb's Wool
In Individual Envelopes
Four Popular Sizes
10c, 15c, 25c, 35c

At all best dealers or will be sent direct on receipt of price and 5c extra to cover postage.

Maurice Levy, 15 W. 38th St., New York City
Importer of Famous Creme Simon and Societe Hygienique Toilet Products.

Look for Lamb's face in circle on all Hygienol Powder Puff Envelopes.

Give the youngsters home made candy

Send for Recipe Book

Taylor
Home Candy Makers
THERMOMETER

Furs and Fur Cloths

Both are Used For Trimming and for Accessories

No. 9562. Just such pretty capes as this one will be extensively worn throughout the Winter, and they are made from a variety of materials. In the illustration, one of the very handsome fur cloths is shown, but you could, of course, use fur if you like, or velvet, or the material of the suit and trim it with fur. The pattern includes two other styles.

For the medium size will be needed, 1 yard of material 44 or 54 inches wide for the cape illustrated. The pattern No. 9562 is cut in three sizes, small, 34 or 36; medium, 38 or 40; large, 42 or 44 bust.

Nos. 9530—9567. There are very new and smart features in this suit and suits are in great demand. The fitted body portion with the flaring skirt makes an exceedingly fashionable and attractive combination, and the skirt with its box plait at each side is entirely new. It is finished with a wide, oddly-shaped belt at the upper edge which adds to its attractiveness. As the costume is shown here, the material is duvetyn in a new, rich purplish red known as beetroot and the trimming is fur.

For the medium size the coat will require 4¾ yards of material 36 inches wide, 3½ yards 44, 2⅝ yards 54, and the skirt 4¼ yards 36, 3⅝ yards 44, 3⅛ yards 54. The coat pattern No. 9530 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure, and the skirt, No. 9567 in sizes from 26 to 36 inches waist measure.

Nos. 9592—9593 Whether you design this costume for skating or for visiting, you will find it exceedingly smart and attractive, and in every way desirable. There is a narrow skirt and a prettily-shaped flaring tunic that make an exceedingly smart combination. You will notice that the bodice portion is longer on the right side than on the left, that feature being an important one of the newest fashions. Here, the suit is made of velvet and the buttons are covered with fur that matches the trimming, and fur buttons are exceedingly well liked for uses of the sort, but this is a model that can be copied in silk or in broadcloth or in serge as well as in the velvet illustrated. If you want a dress for indoor wear and do not like the fur trimming it would be pretty to use a serge or a broadcloth and to braid some simple design on the edge of the tunic with soutache, for that trimming is an eminently fashionable one, is exceedingly handsome and involves very little cost.

For the medium size the bodice with tunic will require, 4 yards of material 36 inches wide, 3¼ yards 44, 2¾ yards 54. For the skirt will be needed, 2½ yards of any width. The pattern of the bodice with tunic, No. 9592, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure, and the skirt, No. 9593, in sizes from 24 to 34 inches waist measure.

(See Nos. 9578, 9589 on Page 61)

Patterns are 15 cents each, post paid. When ordering, write very plainly, give name and address, number and size of pattern wanted, and enclose 15 cents for each. Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto.

Simplicity Marks the Best Designs

For Dinner as Well as For Afternoon

No. 9562. The cape makes a very important feature of the Winter styles, for it is extensively worn and it takes a great many forms. This pattern shows three of the best liked. The little fancy cape with the round neck appears on another page. The military cape that is shown on this figure means real warmth as well as smartness, and the pretty little cape with the surplice closing is adapted to more dressy costumes. As the military cape is shown here, it is made of a seal plush and the hat and muff match. It is exceedingly handsome and attractive and the fur plushes are being much used this season. The little fancy one with the surplice closing can be made of velvet to be smart. For the medium size the military cape will require 1⅝ yards of material 44 or 54 inches wide, and the cape with the surplice closing, 1½ yards, the cape with the round neck, 1 yard of either width. The pattern No. 9562 is cut in three sizes, 34 or 36, 38 or 40, 42 or 44 bust

No. 9575. The pattern for this costume gives an entire dress, for the skirt is perforated for a tunic. Here, it has been made in that way to be worn over a narrow skirt and for that narrow skirt you can make it in that way if you like and with a closing at the back. The dress referred to with high collar and draped pockets can be closed at the front

To make the dress illustrated in the medium size 4½ yards of material 36 or 44 inches wide will be needed. The pattern No. 9575 is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure.

No. 9591. This is just one of the prettiest little afternoon dresses that could be offered for small women and for young girls. It can be made of satin, as it is here, or of silk, or it can be made of serge or gabardine or of broadcloth or of a light-weight velours cloth, and they are all fashionable. If you like, you can cut the skirt off to form a tunic and wear it over a narrow two-piece skirt. On the figure, the wide belt is braided with soutache to give a very smart effect with little labor and with almost no cost. The deep collar and cuffs are of white satin, while the dress itself is made in a medium blue that is fashionable and attractive. It would be hard to find a more useful model and one

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 51)

Patterns are 15 cents each, post paid. When ordering, write very plainly, give name and address, number and size of pattern wanted, and enclose 15 cents for each Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto.

MONARCH-KNIT
THE MONARCH KNITTING COMPANY, LIMITED

Hosiery

has that richness of appearance which the modern woman admires, and yet is not costly. Our selection of yarns and perfect knitting gives a durability that is satisfying thousands of wearers of "Monarch-Knit" Hosiery.

Monarch-Knit Hosiery is made in all grades for Men, Women and Children.

Ask your dealer to supply you. If he cannot do so, write us, giving us your dealer's name, and color and size desired, and we will see that you are supplied.

THE
Monarch Knitting Co.
Head Office:
Dunnville - Canada

JAEGER
TO SUIT ALL SEASONS

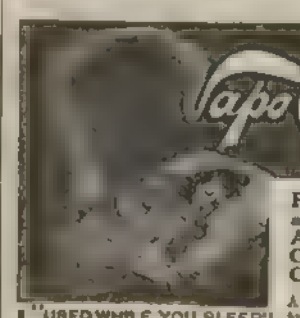
Jaeger Underwear may be had in weights to suit all seasons.

It offers the most complete bodily protection of any known clothing, and combines quality with style and comfort. Made in two-piece suits, and combinations in all weights for men, women and children.

For Sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout the Dominion

A fully illustrated Catalogue free on application.

DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woollen System CO. LIMITED
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg
British "founded 1883".



For Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup; Asthma; Sore Throat; Coughs; Bronchitis; Colds; Catarrh.

A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs.

"USED WHILE YOU SLEEP"

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves the Spasmodic Croup at once.

It is a BOON for sufferers from asthma

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet. For Sale by all Druggists.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE COMPANY
Leeming-Miles Building - Montreal, Canada

Only the highest quality underclothing bears this trade mark—

Every "CEETEE" garment is full fashioned, that is, shaped to fit the human form in the process of knitting—it is made only from finest, two fold Australian Merino yarn —re-inforced at wearing points— knitted on special machines—the only underwear made in Canada on this kind of machine —and every garment is

GUARANTEED NOT TO SHRINK—

ALL WOOL—

Notwithstanding the large increase in the cost of wool, "CEETEE" is the same high quality as ever—fine, closely knitted, pure, clean Australian Merino wool—the most healthful covering that can be worn next the skin.

Good dealers sell it—order yours early.

Look for the Sheep on every garment.

Made only by

The C. TURNBULL COMPANY of GALT, Limited, GALT, Ont.

A. 17

Who Wants a Pony?

I AM THE PONY MAN OF CANADA. I work for this Great Magazine, "Rural Canada." I am going to give away Shetland Ponies to Canadian Boys and Girls.

SOME BOY OR GIRL will get this dandy Shetland Pony. I WANT YOU to have an equal chance with every boy and girl, I want every family in Canada who takes this paper to have an equal chance.

BOYS AND GIRLS should send their own names. Fathers and Mothers should send the names of their bright children.

Relatives and Neighbours should send in the names of bright youngsters they know. I will enter the name for my intelligent and clever Shetland Pony for Boys and Girls.

No matter where you live, on the farm, in the village or town, send in your name and address quickly.

Given to Boys and Girls

Upon receipt of your name and address, I will write you a letter and send you complete information on how you may win this dandy little fellow that you have always wanted. Don't wait a minute, send in your name and address quickly.

Parents:—Look at our captains of industry, our leading men and women. They look mighty big and important—don't they?—yet they were boys and girls once—and many of them did not have the opportunities that boys and girls have now. Help your boy or girl to a good start now. Let them try to win out. Let them have our interesting business training now. Your boy or girl can earn money and win a pony. There are no insurmountable difficulties. No matter where you live your boy or girl can make good.

Boys and Girls:—You can stand just the same chance as any other boy or girl and can win this little pony if you really want it. I will send you all particulars as soon as you send the coupon properly filled out.

Clip and Mail this Coupon—Properly filled out

PONY COUPON

THE PONY MAN,
RURAL CANADA for Women
62 Temperance St., Toronto

Please send me full information as to how I may win the clever little Shetland Pony you are offering. Enter my name for the Pony so that I will have the opportunity of winning it.

My Name is.....

Post Office .....

Age..... Province .....

Decrees of Fashion for Children and Misses

No. **9555.**—Girl's Bungalow Apron, 8 to 14 years. To be slipped on over the head. Made with square or V-shaped neck, long or short sleeves.

No. **9566.**—Girl's Dress, 6 to 12 years. With blouse that can be made with long or short sleeves and separate over-bodice. With square or round collar.

No. **9548.**—Child's Empire Dress, 4 to 10 years. With round neck, with or without collar, or with square neck, with long or short sleeves.

No. **9563.**—Boy's Suit, 2 to 6 years. With elbow sleeves or with long sleeves that can be finished with or without cuffs. The trousers are buttoned to the blouse beneath the wide belt.

No. **9602.**—Child's Night Drawers, 2 to 8 years. With or without stocking feet. With long or short sleeves, high or square neck.

No. **9573.**—Army Shirt, 36 to 44 breast.

For Nos. 9316, 9394, 9576, 9527, 8137, 9552, 9547, 9446, see page 61.

Patterns are 15 cents each, post paid. When ordering, write very plainly, give name and address, number and size of pattern wanted, and enclose 15 cents for each. Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto.

HALLAM'S GUARANTEED
FUR COATS AND SETS

Why it is Cheaper to Buy BY MAIL

Every intelligent man or woman desires to buy at the lowest possible price, considering quality.

No matter where you live in Canada, you can buy your furs by mail through Hallam "Direct from Trapper to Wearer" at the same price as any one and cheaper than elsewhere. The reasons are many: There is no high store rent to pay; there are no sales clerks to pay; there are no retailers' or jobbers' profits for you to pay; there are no bad accounts to be made up.

All this means a big saving, of which you receive the benefit.

You are sure of satisfaction when buying by mail from Hallam—because of Hallam's guarantee "to satisfy you or your money back. You are the sole judge.

We are compelled to give you extra good value, for our own safety, because no mail order house can afford to have goods returned.

The two illustrations here tell about some very attractive Hallam bargains.

1606 — Beautiful Canadian Mink Cape, made from specially selected skins. The high collar and deep shoulder thoroughly protect the throat and chest. Silk lining, the best workmanship and finish throughout. Hallam guaranteed. Price $60.00 delivered to you.

1607—Muff, made from four large skins, specially selected to match above. Soft down bed, silk wrist cord, cuffs and ends. Price $37.50 delivered to you.

1682—Grey Canadian Wolf Cape—very wide on shoulders and across back, tapers nicely at the throat, giving greatest comfort and warmth. Furnished with natural head, tail and paws lined with grey cashmere silk. Fully guaranteed. Price $14.50, delivered to you.

1683—Muff of genuine Grey Canadian Wolf to match above—barrel shape, large roomy and comfortable, finished with head, tail and paws, soft down bed, silk wrist cord, lined with grey cashmere silk poplin. Price $17.50, delivered to you.

HALLAM'S FUR STYLE BOOK FREE

A beautifully illustrated Fur Style Book—giving advance information on furs and fur fashions—contains 40 pages with 125 illustrations of up-to-date Furs and Fur Garments. All these illustrations are photographs of living people—thus showing how the furs really appear—it shows Furs for every member of the family.

Send for this book to-day.

It is now ready for mailing and will be mailed as requests are received.

Address, using number as below.

John Hallam Limited

693 HALLAM BLDG., TORONTO.

Music Lessons

Book Sent FREE Wonderful home-study music lessons under great American and European teachers given by the University Extension Method. The lessons are a marvel of simplicity and completeness, endorsed by Paderewski and other great authorities.

Any Instrument or Voice

Write, telling us the course you are interested in, age, how long you have taken lessons of at all, etc., and we will send you our Free Book containing text and illustrations, covering Lessons in PIANO (students' or teachers' courses) by the great Wm H Sherwood, HARMONY by Dr Protheroe and Rosenbecker, VOICE, COURSE (with aid of Phonograph) by Crampton, PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC by Frances E Clark, VIOLIN, CORNET, MANDOLIN, GUITAR, BANJO, REED ORGAN, CHORAL CONDUCTING, by equally eminent teachers.

Send NOW for Free Book and learn how easily you can become a fine singer, or a skilful player. Our Free Book tells you how. Write for it today. A few Special Introductory Scholarships now being awarded by our faculty. Full particulars with Free Book. Invest gate w thout cost or obligation. Write today.

University Extension Conservatory
Proprietor Siegel-Myers School of Music
3251 Siegel-Myers Building Chicago, Ill.

Simplicity Marks the Best Designs

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49)

that can be made serviceable in a greater number of ways, while at the same time it is essentially simple.

For the 16 year size will be needed 5¼ yards of material 36 inches wide, 4¼ yards 54, with ⅜ yard 36 from the collar and cuffs. The pattern No. 9558 is cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years.

No. 9558. This is a gown that is especially adapted to two materials, although you can, of course, make it of one as you like. Here, satin and serge are combined and the trimming is heavy worsted thread applied in straight lines. The combination is a smart one and the trimming is one of the novelties of the season, and altogether, the dress is exceptional. The tunic appears at the sides only, therefore, clever women will be quick to see that the design offers possibilities for remaking as well as for new costumes. Here the sleeves are sewed to the under-bodice or lining and the over-bodice is finished quite separately. If you like you can make the sleeves to match them in place of matching the tunic, or you can make the tunic and skirt and sleeves of one material and just the over-bodice of another. The under-skirt is in two pieces with only two seams to sew up and each side of the tunic is in one piece. You can make the lower edge straight or shaped as you prefer.

For the medium size will be needed ... yards of material 54 inches wide with ... yards of satin 36. To make of one material will be needed, 6 yards 44, 4½ yards 54. The pattern No. 9558 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure.

Furs and Fur Cloth

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49)

Nos. 9578—9539. This is one of the prettiest of the new bodices, for it is closed in the surplice style that not alone is a fashionable trick, but also a generally becoming one. The new shaped sleeves are exceedingly well liked, too, and you can make it of broadcloth or of velvet, of heavy satin or of silk or velours cloth and trim it with fur just as it is here or, if you want it for indoor wear, you can make it of serge or of silk or velvet and use trimming of a different sort. The narrow under-skirt is made in two pieces with a gathered back and is finished with a belt that forms a point over each hip, so that it is available for other uses as well as for this one. The tunic can be made with open or with closed sides, and there is a little over portion at the back of the bodice which is extremely novel and attractive.

For the medium size the bodice with tunic will require, 5¾ yards of material 36 inches wide, 4½ yards 44, 3¾ yards 54, and the skirt, 2½ yards of any width. The pattern of the bodice with tunic, No. 9578, is cut in sizes from 36 to 42 inches bust measure, and the skirt, No. 9539 in sizes from 24 to 36 inches waist measure.

Decrees of Fashion for Children and Misses

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50)

No. 9316.—GIRL'S COAT, 8 to 14 years. With collar that can be buttoned up about the throat or rolled open with fronts to form revers.

No. 9394.—CHILD'S ROMPERS, 2 to 6 years. With long or short sleeves, high, round, or square neck.

No. 9576.—CHILD'S NIGHT DRAWERS, 2 to 6 years. With or without stocking feet. Perforated for shorter legs that can be left loose or gathered into bands.

No. 9527.—CHILD'S PYJAMAS, 2 to 8 years. With drawers that are attached to under-side of coat at waist line.

No. 8137.—CLOSED DRAWERS, 14, 16 and 18 years. With straight or curved lower edges, with or without frills.

No. 9552.—GIRL'S COAT, 8 to 14 years. With collar that can be buttoned up closely or rolled open with fronts.

No. 9547.—GIRL'S BOX PLAITED DRESS, 8 to 14 years. With square or round collar.

No. 9546.—DRESS FOR MISSES AND SMALL WOMEN, 16 and 18 years. With square or round neck, long, three-quarter or short sleeves.

Price of Pattern, 15 cents.

True!

"I tell you," said Pat, "the ould fri'nds are the best, after all, and, what's more, I can prove it. Whee will you find a new fri'nd that has shtud by ye as long as the ould ones have?"

* * *

Sweet Revenge

"I got even with the editor last night," said the budding authoress. "He always rejects my manuscripts. But I have had my revenge!"

"How did you do it?" gushed the confidential friend.

"I declined his son, with thanks!"

* * *

Neuer Again!

As the coach careened toward the edge of the cliff, the timid tourist gazed anxiously down at the brawling stream 300 feet below.

"Do people fall over this precipice often?" she asked.

The driver clucked to his horses.

"No, madam," he returned placidly, "never but once."

"VIYELLA"
(Registered)
FLANNEL

Gives you all the benefits of the expensive Jersey Cloths—distinctive in appearance, smart and stylish.

"Viyella" comes in a wide range of Plain Colors, Stripes and Fancies.

Satisfactory service because it can be washed and

Does Not Shrink

Insist on your dealer supplying you with "VIYELLA"

AVOID IMITATIONS

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S
IRISH LINEN
World Renowned for Quality & Value

ESTABLISHED in 1870 at BELFAST—the centre of the Irish Linen Industry—they have a fully equipped factory for Damask and Linen Weaving at Banbridge, Co. Down; extensive making-up factories at Belfast; and for the finest work, hand-looms in many cottage homes. The following are examples:—

IRISH TABLE AND BED LINEN. Damask Table Cloths, size 2 x 2 yards, from $1 92 each; 3 x 2½ yards, from $2 14 each; 2½ x 3 yards from $6 78 each. Damask Table Napkins, to match, from $2 56 per dozen. Linen Sheets, size 3 x 3 yards, from $11 48 per pair. Pillow Cases, size 19 x 30 inches, from $1 08 per pair. Embroidered Linen Bedspreads, from $7 44 each. Embroidered Linen Pillow Shams, from $1 18 each. Hemstitched Linen Huck Towels, from $4 68 per dozen.

THE IDEAL COLORED DRESS LINEN, non-crushable finish in white and fashionable shades, 36 inches wide, $0 48 per yard.

IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS.—Ladies' Linen Hemstitched, from $1 52 per dozen. Ladies' Embroidered Handkerchiefs, from $1 80 per dozen. Gentlemen's Linen Hemstitched, from $2 14 per dozen. Khaki Handkerchiefs $0 50 to 1 66 per dozen.

IRISH COLLARS AND SHIRTS—Our celebrated Linen-faced Castle Collars in every size and shape, $1 56 per dozen. White Shirts for dress or day wear, from $1 38 each. Oxford or Zephyr Shirts, from $1 18 each. Mercerised Twill, from $0 96 each. Cellular, $1 08. Medium Weight Flannel, $1 42 and $1 66. Ceylon Summer Weight Flannel, $1 18. Heavy Winter Weight, all wool, $1 28 each. Size 14½ to 16½ inches in stock.

By Appointment
To their Majesties the King and Queen.

Illustrated Price Lists & Samples sent post free to any part of the world. Special care and personal attention devoted to Colonial & Foreign Orders.

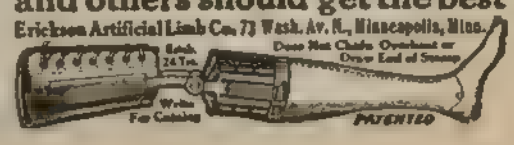
ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD.
40-Z, Donegall Place,
BELFAST, IRELAND.

Beware of parties using our name; we employ neither agents nor travellers.

Many Charming Gifts

may be made with SITKA IVORY RINGS. To the fancy worker they offer unlimited possibilities and give immaculate daintiness. Sold at notion and department stores, sizes 1-2, 2-3, 3-4, 7-8 and 1 inch. Send TEN CENTS, with name of your dealer, for sample dozen and our new booklet, "FASCINATING FANCY WORK."
THE ROGERS MFG. CO., Dept. B., Rockfall, Conn.

Artificial limbs are admitted DUTY FREE. SOLDIERS and others should get the best
Erickson Artificial Limb Co. 73 Wash. Av. N., Minneapolis, Minn.



For Feeble Old People VINOL Creates Strength

because it contains the very elements needed to replace weakness with strength, viz: Beef and Cod Liver Peptones, Iron and Manganese Peptonates, Glycerophosphates, etc., with a mild tonic wine. This is a splendid combination to restore strength, vitality and vigor. It has given ninety per cent. satisfaction for sixteen years.

Vinol

Full Formula on Every Bottle

is always sold with a definite guarantee to return the purchaser's money if it fails to give satisfaction. Very few bottles are returned

Made in Canada

For sale at the leading Drug Store in every Town and City in Canada. Look for the Vinol Store.

Chester, Kent & Co., Windsor, Canada

HOW CHRISTMAS CAME TO NINA

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42)

You know it almost seems like a dream (*stage grows brighter*) but it isn't a dream for I can feel you (*kisses CHILD*) And my locket isn't here—it's there in your hands. So I'll know by that, that it isn't a dream. Come, you shall have my coat to wear home.

(*The CHILD slips Nina's locket into Nina's pocket in view of the audience, but without Nina's knowledge*).

Child.—(*happily*) You will really give me a home?

Nina.—Indeed yes—You shall be my sister—Listen—

(*Soft music off stage. Nina goes slowly to foot of tree and takes paper from doll's trunk as though to give it to child, sits down and looks dreamily out into audience. CHILD slips out of door R. A pause until music dies away. Then stamping heard at door R. and Mrs. S. calling off-stage*).

Nina! Nina!

Enter Mrs. Scott, arms full of parcels.

Mrs. Scott.—Good heavens, child. You all alone? Didn't you hear me calling you to open the door? You must have been asleep. (*dumps parcels on table*).

Nina.—(*staring round*) Why, mother—no, I wasn't asleep—why, where is she?

Mrs. S. Who?

Nina.—The CHILD—the poor little Spirit of Christmas—I promised to take her home—

Mrs. S.—Fiddlesticks, Nina! You can take some of this stuff home. I bought your precious kitchen outfit, and a pretty penny it cost me, too. But the desk was a real bargain—12 pieces for twenty dollars! Won't it look lovely in my room? Glory, how my arms ache—hurry, now, and get into your things. You have been dreaming long enough.

Nina.—(*putting on wraps*) No, I haven't been dreaming—see my locket is gone . . that is the way I can tell—

Mrs. S.(*shaking her*) Nina Scott, if you have lost your locket, I'll punish you well, so you'd better make a good search for it. Now pick up that stove and come on—I'm just about dead.

(*She picks up a number of parcels and goes to door. Nina very slowly takes stove and other parcels and carries them to foot of tree, where she lays them with the other toys.*)

Nina.—It feels so nice and sort of happy in here—(*touching her heart*) and doesn't the tree look beautiful?

(*goes to center of stage to admire it.*)

Enter the CHILD from door L. She is dressed in white, like an angel. She glides in and stands beside the tree, smiling at Nina. Music.

Nina.—Oh, mother, mother, look, there she is—did she die, after all?

Mrs. S.—(*turning from door R.*) There who is? Don't be an idiot, Nina, Collect your wits and your parcels and COME ON! (*Goes out of Door R. without seeing CHILD*).

Nina.—(*listening to music and watching the CHILD*) It surely isn't a dream—I know that the Spirit of Christmas is here—with me.

I can—see—

(*She starts slowly across the stage toward the CHILD but when about centre, her hand strays to her pocket and she pulls out the locket. She stops and a look of wonderment spreads over her face. She looks from the CHILD to the locket mystified.*)

Re-enter Mrs. Scott.

Mrs. S.—(*speaking very crossly and dragging Nina by arm toward door R. Will you come on or must I carry you—you ungrateful girl? I tell you I'm tired and I'll drop dead before your eyes, if I don't get my boots off—Come—*

CURTAIN.

THE GAME OF FINANCE

Thomas was not the biggest specimen on earth, and, try as he might, and apply as he might, could not succeed in obtaining a situation.

At last a bright idea occurred to him. He would offer his services free for a fortnight.

On these terms Mr. Ferguson immediately engaged him.

The fortnight having expired, Thomas nervously petitioned for a "rise."

"What is your present salary?" asked Ferguson.

"Nothing, sir," said Thomas.

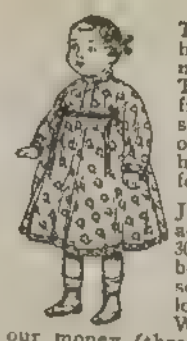
Mr. Ferguson contemplated the lad.

"Well, my boy, yer wages is doubled!"

And Thomas was completely satisfied—until he had time to think over the generous offer.

FREE TO GIRLS

BIG DOLL AND DOLL CARRIAGE



This Big Doll is 15 inches tall, has jointed legs and arms and natural head, hands and feet. The Doll Carriage has steel frame and wheels and the seat, back and hood are made of leatherette. It is 24 inches high and is just the right size for the Big Doll.

Just send us your name and address and we will send you 30 packages of our lovely embossed Xmas postcards to sell at 10 cents a package (6 lovely cards in each package). When they are sold send us our money (three dollars) and we will send you the Big Doll, with all charges prepaid, and we will also send you the Doll Carriage without any charge if you will show your Doll to your friends and get just three of them to sell our Cards and earn prizes too. Send us your name and address to-day so you can get your Doll and Doll Carriage quickly.

Address—

HOMER-WARREN COMPANY

Dept. 67
TORONTO

LITTLE OR NO CAPITAL

Required to build a comfortable home for your family

It seems like a romance or a fairy tale to say that within the boundaries of Ontario is a vast new land of 20,000,000 acres, nearby, far larger than Great Britain, or France or Germany.

Northern Ontario

Here you may acquire land at only 50c. an acre and build for yourself an independent home. It is a fertile country of rich agricultural land where thousands of farmers are being made comfortable and rich. Here, right at the door of Old Ontario, a home awaits you!

Will you send for descriptive illustrated booklets and investigate this unrivalled opportunity to get a home of your own?

For full information as to terms, regulations and settlers' rates, write to

H. A. Macdonell, Director of Colonization
Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Ontario
Hon. G. H. Ferguson, Minister, Lands, Forests and Mines

FREE to Boys or Girls

SIMPLEX LITTLE GIANT TYPEWRITER

Has all letters, figures, period and comma. Rubber type, strong and durable, iron body, and a perfect feed roller. Can be used for writing letters, addressing envelopes, billheads, tags, etc.

Send us your name and address and we will send you 30 packages of our lovely embossed Xmas postcards to sell at 10 cents a package (6 lovely cards in each package). When sold send us the money (three dollars) and we will send you the typewriter, all charges prepaid.

HOMER-WARNEN, Dept. 69, TORONTO

Christmas Giving

"A WORD to the wise is sufficient." For friend, for your relatives, at home and elsewhere, you can have EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD to carry your messages of love and friendship each month throughout 1918. Subscription price is $1.50. The beautiful Christmas Number and a Christmas Card will be mailed on your order timed to arrive for Christmas Day.

IN THE REALM OF BOOKS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14)

reads himself wilfully out of his church because he is convinced that by staying in it he will lose his soul through insincerity. Very good. There is nothing new or unusual in that. Righteous men through all ages have refused to profess creeds in which they have lost faith. Their doing so, however, has never necessarily indicated that the creed in question was wrong.

"The Soul of a Bishop" is so much a re-hash of "God the Invisible King," that one marvels that the author himself did not tire of the repetition. The public might be interested once, in Mr. Wells' personal religious ravings, anyone can stand anything once!

On the Edge of the War Zone

By MILDRED ALDRICH.

Musson Book Co. $1.25.

THOSE who have already read Miss Aldrich's "Hill Top on the Marne," of which this is a continuation, will not require any recommendation of this later work. This consists of a series of letters, written to a friend in America and ranging in date from September, 1914 to April, 1917. It is practically a chronicle of the reconstruction of civil life in France in the district swept by the Germans on their march towards Paris.

Miss Aldrich succeeds in giving us several vivid pictures of the destruction wrought by the Boche. Of the deliberate destruction of Rheims Cathedral, she says:—"Men have come and men have gone—it is the law of being. But the wilful, unnecessary destruction of the great works of man, the testimony which one age has left as a heritage to all time—for that loss neither Man nor Time has any consolation. It is a theft from future ages, and for it Germany will merit the hatred of the world through the coming generations."

Miss Aldrich has much to say in praise of the French "poilu," and the book ends on a note of exultation at the entrance of America into the war. On the whole, this is a worthy contribution to the literature of the war and will repay the time spent in its perusal.

Anne's House of Dreams

By L. M. MONTGOMERY.

McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart

ALL who have followed with interest the career of Miss Montgomery's charming child heroine, "Anne of Green Gables," will be glad to renew their acquaintance with her in the author's latest volume, "Anne's House of Dreams." This is the chronicle of the first few years of Anne's married life and while in it we renew our friendship with many old friends, we are introduced to several new characters. Of these the most striking are "Miss Cornelia," and "Captain Jim." Miss Cornelia, "who did not hate men, but just naturally despised them," is a quaint and laughable figure, while "Captain Jim," with his tender heart and keen sense of the ridiculous, his love of cats and dogs and friendly interest in all his neighbors' concerns, will be dear to the heart of all who read. The story is a simple and pleasant little one and will be greatly enjoyed by girls, old and young. There is nothing morbid about Miss Montgomery's writings. They are thoroughly wholesome reading, taking the place, for this generation, of the "Little Women" and "Good Wives," dear to the hearts of the girls of that which has just passed.

Donald and Helen

By R. W. CAMPBELL.

Musson Book Co. Price $1.35.

A DESCRIPTION of life in a Highland Regiment, being part of the "Old Army." The story ends with the opening of the present war. With it is interwoven the tale of the rivalry of two officers of the Regiment for the hand of Helen, the beautiful daughter of a Scottish Chieftain. The details of regimental life are interesting, but the book is written in an irritatingly flippant style and interspersed with stale anecdotes, occasionally in somewhat doubtful taste, and the principal characters are wooden and unlifelike. Some of the pictures of barrack-room life, however, are picturesque and vivid.

NEEDED PRECAUTION

"It would please me very much, Miss Stout," said Mr. Mugley, "if you would go to the theatre with me this evening."

"Have you secured the seats?" inquired Miss Vera Stout.

"Oh, come now," he protested, "you are not so heavy as all that."

Burning the Candle at Both Ends

You cannot burn a candle at both ends without greatly shortening the period of its existence. The same applies to the nerve force—the power which drives the machinery of the body. The supply is limited. The waste resulting from the activities of the day is replenished by the night's rest and sleep—for sleep is Nature's greatest restorative.

When the hours of activity are greatly increased and those of restoration cut down you are burning the candle of nerve force at both ends, and sooner or later nervous collapse must follow. There will be warning symptoms, such as headaches, sleeplessness, irritability, indigestion and feelings of fatigue and depression. If you will heed this warning take things easier and use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. You can prevent serious developments.

Fainting Spells—Sleeplessness

Miss Emma Scott, Athens, Ont., writes :—"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a world of good. I was troubled with fainting spells, bodily weakness, and spent restless, sleepless nights. I frequently had cramps in the stomach, and would at times become entirely insensible, not knowing what was going on until others told me afterwards.

"I doctored with several doctors, and they told me I was threatened with paralysis. They gave me relief, but could not cure me. After suffering for three years I began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it has done me more good than all the medicines I ever used."

These letters bring a message of good cheer to all who suffer from exhaustion of the nervous system. They tell of the most successful nerve restorative of modern times—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. There is new hope and courage, new health and strength for you in the use of this great food cure. It has proved its efficiency in so many thousands of cases that it can scarcely fail to benefit you. Fifty cents a box, 6 for $2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Insist on getting what you ask for.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

PEERLESS POULTRY FENCE

A Real Fence—Not Netting

Strongly made and closely spaced—making it a complete barrier against large animals as well as small poultry. Top and bottom wires No. 9—intermediates No. 12 wire—made by the Open Hearth process which time and other tests have proven to be the best. Send for catalog. Ask about our farm and ornamental fencing. Agencies nearly everywhere. Agents wanted in unassigned territory.

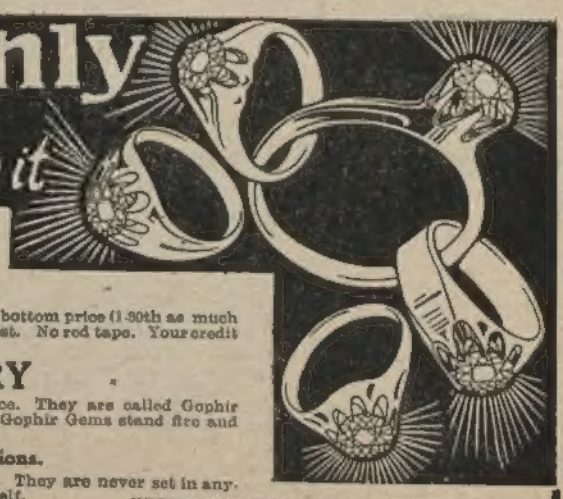
The Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Company, Ltd.,
Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont.

MAKE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

That are "Different"—Begin Now

"NEW IDEAS IN DARNED NET"—A 20-page booklet of attractive designs (some combined with crochet) suitable for yokes, camisoles, petticoat flounces, blouses, collars, jabots, boudoir and baby caps, altar boys' surplices, curtains (on both round mesh and filet net), bed spreads, dresser scarfs, etc. Work easy; fascinating. At your dealer's or sent postpaid for 15c. (coin—no Can. stamps). Order To-day. DELLA A. GRIZEL, 733A 3rd Ave., Iowa City, Iowa

The Diamond's only rival—*Sent on trial to prove it*



Pick out one of the glorious, radiant, Gophir Gems, set in solid 14-kt. gold, and get it on a **5-days' free trial.** Wear it to the ball—to the opera—on the street—to work—everywhere for 5 full days, then decide whether you wish to buy or not. If you are not fascinated by its radiance—if you consider its splendor one trifle less than that of a mined diamond—send it back at our expense. You don't pay us a penny for the trial. If you decide to keep it, pay the rock-bottom price (1-30th as much as a diamond costs) as you can afford. Terms as low as $1.25 a day ($1.00 a month), without interest. No red tape. Your credit is good with the Gophir Diamond Co. Send coupon for new jewelry book.

MARVELLOUS NEW DISCOVERY

A problem of the ages has been solved. Science has at last produced a gem of dazzling brilliance. They are called Gophir Gems, and resemble mined diamonds so closely that many people of wealth are preferring them. Gophir Gems stand fire and acid tests and cut glass. Get one on trial to-day. Wear it before you decide to buy.

SET IN SOLID 14-kt. GOLD—Gophir Gems Are Not Imitations.

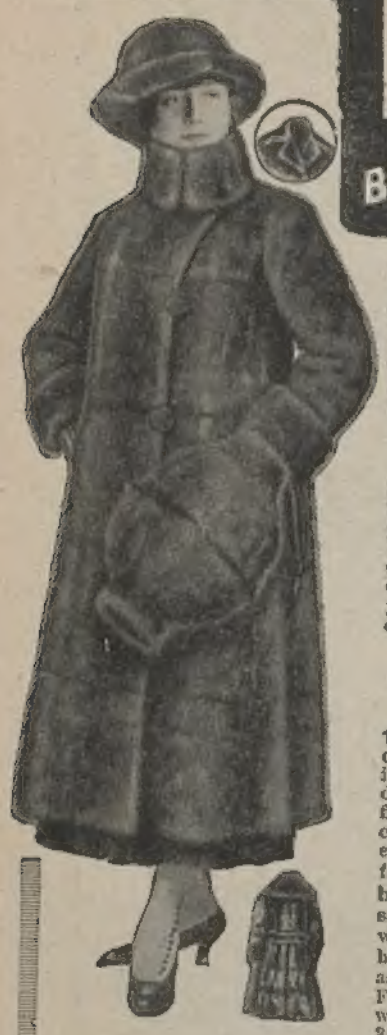
These precious gems are the master products of science—the realization of the dreams of centuries. They are never set in anything but solid 14-kt. gold. Write for the new catalogue and see the exquisite new settings for yourself.

SEND THE COUPON For New Jewelry Book.

Put your name and address in the coupon on a letter or a post card and send to us at once for the big new book of exquisite Gophir Gems. Read the fascinating story of how at last Science has conquered Nature and has produced a glorious, radiant gem, whose dazzling brilliance is actually a marvel to behold. They cost but 1-30th as much as diamonds, and wear forever. Do not delay an instant. Put your name and address in the coupon now—get the free book immediately while this great offer lasts.

The GOPHIR DIAMOND Co. of Canada,
Dept. B1, 140 Yonge St., Toronto.
Gentlemen—Send me your new Jewelry Book and full particulars of your Free Trial, easy payment plan.
Name.....
Address.....

BUY Hallam GUARANTEED FURS BY MAIL DIRECT FROM TRAPPER TO YOU



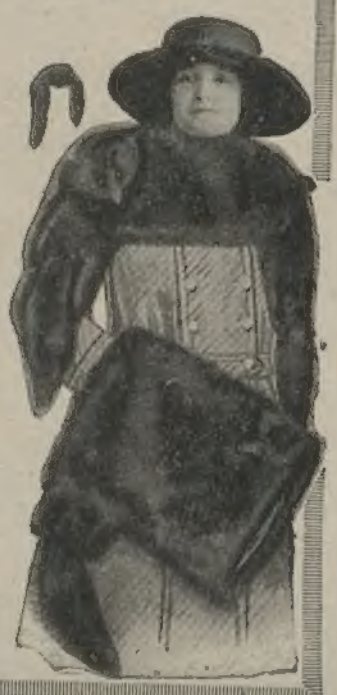
No matter where you live, you can obtain the latest styles and the highest quality in Fur sets or garments from Hallam's by mail. All Hallam garments are high quality Furs—yet can be obtained by you direct by mail at lower prices than elsewhere for the same quality—every Hallam garment is guaranteed.

Why We Can Sell at Such Low Prices Because, in the first place, we buy our skins direct from the Trapper, and sell direct to you for cash, saving you a great share of the middlemen's profits—high store rent—bad accounts—salesman's salaries. Then you are sure of satisfaction when you buy by mail from Hallam. You see the articles in your own home and can examine them without interference—if the goods do not please YOU in any way—you can simply send them back AT OUR EXPENSE, and we will cheerfully return your money—you are not out one cent—we are thus compelled to give extra good value, as we cannot afford to have goods returned.

The articles illustrated in this advertisement are fair samples of Hallam's great values and will be sent promptly on receipt of price.

1506—Driving Coat of Fine Muskrat. 45 inch length, beautifully designed. Skins are of fine quality; even, dark colors, carefully matched, and workmanship is faultless. Lined with heavy guaranteed brown satin—new style collar, which can be worn as a high Chin-chin or flat as in small illustration. Finished at waist line with half belt. In sizes 32 to 42 bust. $75.00, delivered to you.

1686—Handsome Manchurian Wolf Set. Newest design, made from fine, jet black silky skins. The large stole is in two skin style, wide across the back and shoulders—trimmed with heads, tails and paws. Muff is large and comfortable, made over soft down bed—has wrist cord and is trimmed with head and tail—lined with corded silk poplin. Exceptional value. **$13.50** per set, delivered to you.



1508—Muff to match in new melon shape (as illustrated), or in pillow style, $11.50, delivered to you.

1507—Hat to match, silk lined. $7.50, delivered to you.

FREE

A beautifully illustrated Fur Style Book—giving advance information on furs and fur fashions and containing 125 illustrations of up-to-date Furs and Fur Garments. All these illustrations are photographs of living people—thus showing how the Furs REALLY appear; it shows Furs for every member of the family. Don't fail to send for this book TO-DAY—it is now ready for mailing and will be sent as requests are received.

HALLAM'S 1917-18 FUR STYLE BOOK

Don't forget to send for Hallam's Style Book today—it's FREE—Address, using the number as below,

John Hallam Limited

833 Hallam Building TORONTO

The largest in our line in Canada.

$1,000.00 To Be Given Away

BIG MONEY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

If you are a real live, up-and-doing boy or girl, you can earn **plenty of money** for your Christmas holidays. We will pay you from $5 to $20 a week for a few hours easy work a day. You'll make **dandy big money** selling Christmas Patriotic, Greeting and Fancy postcards. People always buy lots of cards—more than ever now, to send to the soldiers. Call right in the homes and the people will buy from you instead of going to the store. Send to-day for 30 ten cent packets. You can sell them easily. Send us $2—keep $1 for yourself—or send us the $3 and get $2 worth more to sell for yourself. **You run no risk—SEND NO MONEY—we trust you.** Muriel Craig, Kinosota, Man. says "I sold $3.50 worth in five places in less than ½ an hour." James Burrison, Ribstone Alta., says: I sold $3.00 worth in ½ hour—send me $3.00 worth more." It will be just as easy for you! Our cards are such beauties that they sell themselves. You just show them and collect the money. You'll often sell from 3 to 6 packets in one house. Don't delay—order your first $3 worth now—be the first in your town.

THE GOLD MEDAL CO. Dept. EW75 Toronto Ont.

WIN THIS PONY

HAVE you entered this big contest for Boys and Girls? If not, do so right away and put yourself on equal footing with every other boy and girl contestant for this pony. A Shetland pony is just like a big dog in its faithfulness and trust of its master. It costs only a trifle to keep a pony in feed and it will be a wonderful source of joy and pleasure to you.

SEE PAGE 50

YOUR SKIN TELLS TALES

Your skin reveals your age by showing Wrinkles, "Crow's Feet," Redness, Pimples, Blackheads, etc. No need to have such disfigurements. If your skin is going to tell your story, let it tell of youth, freshness, health and vigor. Our preparations remove non-infectious facial and skin blemishes without fail. You can have regular treatments at our Institute or have our preparations sent, carriage paid, to any address in Canada with full instructions for home use. Princess Complexion Purifier, $1.50; Princess Skin Food, $1.50; White Rose Complexion Cream, 75 cents; Lily Lotion (liquid powder, white and flesh), 75 cents. FREE sample of Complexion Cream for 8 cents in stamps to cover postage and packing.

Superfluous hair permanently removed by electrolysis. Consultation FREE. Write now for our Catalogue and Booklet, W.

HISCOTT INSTITUTE, LIMITED

Established 1892. **61E College St., Toronto**

Congratulations to Winners in Percy's Puzzled Contest

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD extends special and hearty congratulations to Mr. Roy McGrath, of Ottawa, and to all the other winners of the big prizes given below, as announced by the judges in the "Percy's Puzzled" Contest.

On August 28th, promptly at 5.30 p.m., the Contest closed. Due consideration, of course, was given to letters mailed from distant points bearing the postmark of mailing on or before that date. Immediately following, a specially appointed committee, under the instructions of the judges, carefully examined all the entries, eliminating any which were incorrect or which for other reasons did not meet the conditions laid down in the rules. All were carefully checked and handed over to the judges, Mr. H. D. Cantlon, and Mr. C. S. Furness, who then made their decisions and announced the awards—their decisions, of course, being accepted as final.

All prize winners have been notified of their success and their prizes have gone forward.

Its Purpose

AS frankly announced in our advertisements, the main purpose of this great contest was to make EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD still more widely known throughout Canada. It brought to us hundreds of new friends who are now our active correspondents—many of them having comfortable incomes from the regular work they are doing for this magazine and our new publication, RURAL CANADA for Women.

The Contest has accomplished a vast amount of good if only through having made possible the introduction of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD to many new homes and thereby extended its leavening influence for the benefit of many more people everywhere throughout Canada.

Special credit is due to those other contestants who sent in excellent entries. Just a little more care will doubtless place them among the prize winners in the next great contest.

Prize Money Doubled

THE list of prize winners as given herewith is especially interesting to study, in that it will be noticed that the number of subscribers sent had nothing to do with the place won, although where four or more subscriptions were secured the prize money was doubled.

Prize	Name	Address	Town or Post Office	Prov.	Amt. of Prize	No. of Subs. Sent
Special—added Regular	Roy McGrath	64 Laurier Ave.	Ottawa	Ont.	Ford Car	4
1st	A. De LaReviere		St. Polycarpe Jct.	Que.	$300	4
2nd	Miss Lena Clark		Coutts	Alta.	$150	7
3rd	Miss Helen Benesch	Box 47	Junkins	Alta.	$50	2
4th	Miss Eva A. E. Herrington		Napanee	Ont.	$70	5
5th	Mrs. Ida Leech	35 Yale St.	London	Ont.	$50	11
6th	Miss Flora Allard		Shippegan	N.B.	$40	4
7th	Mrs. M. L. Ross		Smiths Falls	Ont.	$30	6
8th	Miss A. McCluskey	Mont Notre Dame	Sherbrooke	Que.	$20	8
9th	Miss M. E. Davis		Port Perry	Ont.	$20	4
10th	Miss M. Winder	2457A St. Urbain St.	Montreal	Que.	$20	4
11th	Mrs. E. C. Corey	1123 8th Ave.	Calgary	Alta.	$10	4
12th	Miss V. Wakigvig	Wikwemikong	Manitoulin Isld.	Ont.	$5	1
13th	Mrs. F. J. Anthony	R.R. No. 4	Grand Valley	Ont.	$10	4
14th	Mr. S. E. Waddell	32 McLaren St.	Ottawa	Ont.	$5	2
15th	Mrs. A. T. Nicks	512 Hochelaga St. E.	Moose Jaw	Sask.	$10	4
16th	Miss V. Allen		Olds	Alta.	$10	4
17th	Mrs. B. T. Borden	386 Brunswick Ave.	Toronto	Ont.	$6	4
18th	Mr. Arnold Jardine	21 Doune Terrace	Kelvinside, Glasgow, Scotland		$6	6
19th	Miss Tena MacDonald		Soldier's Cove	N.S.	$6	4
20th	Mr. A. Black	Gen. Del.	Regina	Sask.	$6	4
21st	Mrs. D. C. Comeau		Littel Aldouane	N.B.	$4	5
22nd	Mrs. Wm. Burt		Fisher Branch	Man.	$4	4
23rd	Mr. James Kieley		West Gore	N.S.	$4	4
24th	Miss W. Roberts		Loon Bay, N.D. Bay	Nfld.	$2	1
25th	Miss M. C. Bonsall	144 Arlington Ave.	Ottawa	Ont.	$4	4
26th	Mrs. S. Morgan	632 Simcoe St.	Winnipeg	Man.	$4	6
27th	Miss L. McBrien	20 Russett Ave.	Toronto	Ont.	$2	5
28th	Miss A. Lowe	Gold Bottom	Hunker Creek	Yukon	$2	4
29th	Mr. P. D. McAdams	R.M.D.	Bury	Que.	$2	4
30th	Miss G. I. Gerber	54 Richmond St.	Chatham	Ont.	$2	4
31st	Mrs. E. McLeod		Dunvegan	Ont.	$2	4
32nd	Mr. N. M. Plummer	514 21st Ave.	Calgary	Alta.	$2	4
33rd	Mrs. J. Walter		Nanton	Alta.	$2	4
34th	Mrs. R. Moffat	Box 133	Alin	Man.	$2	4
35th	Miss L. Hamilton	2259 Lorne St.	Regina	Sask.	$2	6
36th	Miss N. B. Thompson	Box 298	Regina	Sask.	$2	4
37th	Miss G. Cruickshank	244 Bentinck St.	Sydney	N.S.	$2	4
38th	Mr. A. Harmon		Coniston	Ont.	$2	6
39th	Miss G. Helmer	R.R. No. 1	Newington	Ont.	$2	4
40th	Mrs. J. Wilson	137 Chester Ave.	Toronto	Ont.	$2	5
41st	Miss F. Gollinger	Box 180	Buckingham	Que.	$2	4
42nd	Miss M. Shipley	Box 547	Kingsville	Ont.	$2	5
43rd	Miss A. Elderkin		Zelma	Sask.	$2	4
44th	Mrs. B. Robinson		Wheatley	Ont.	$2	4
45th	Mrs. N. Alexander	369 Church Ave.	Verdun, Montreal	Que.	$2	12
46th	Mrs. H. Vander Vord	202 Victoria Ave.	Niagara Falls	Ont.	$2	5
47th	Miss M. Kelly		Eganville	Ont.	$1	2
48th	Miss E. M. Congdon		Berwick	N.S.	$2	4
49th	Mr. G. W. J. Lewis	c/o National Trus Co., Ltd.	Winnipeg	Man.	$2	4
50th	Miss F. Hullett		Cedars	Que.	$2	4
51st	Mr. E. Sterger		Federal	Alta.	$2	5
52nd	Mrs. A. Middleton		Broadview	Sask.	$2	4
53rd	Miss A. Edwards	Glantowy, Llangadock, Carmshire, South Wales			$2	4
54th	Mrs. A. A. Smith		Marengo	Sask.	$2	4
55th	Miss N. Wilber	32 Campbell Ave.	Windsor	Ont.	$1	2
56th	Miss A. Weir	358 North Christina St.	Sarnia	Ont.	$2	4
57th	Miss H. I. Lindsay	Box 17	Kenton	Man.	$1	2
58th	Mrs. F. H. Hawn	Box 385	New Liskeard	Ont.	$2	5
59th	Mrs. G. M. Adamson		Craik	Sask.	$2	4
60th	Miss E. Boone	31 Brookland St.	Sydney	N.S.	$2	5
61st	Mrs. F. L. Buchanan		East Centreville	N.B.	$2	5
62nd	Mr. H. Hornstrom	Box 227	Calgary	Alta.	$2	4
63rd	Mr. S. McCormick		Dodsland	Sask.	$2	4
64th	Miss Mildred L. Hill	R.R. No. 1	Strathroy	Ont.	$2	4
65th	Mr. H. A. Leader		Irvine	Alta.	$1	2
66th	Mr. P. B. Mills	Box 730	Yorkton	Sask.	$2	4
67th	Miss Ruth Morris	R.R. No. 2	Sardis	B.C.	$1	2
68th	Miss L. M. Hart	R.R. No. 2	Uxbridge	Ont.	$2	4
69th	Miss M. Groves	Kinburn		Ont.	$2	4
70th	Miss M. MacDonald	334 Mackay St.	Montreal	Que.	$2	4
71st	Miss E. Schlosser		Kerrobert	Sask.	$2	4
72nd	Mrs. C. G. McDougall		Olds	Alta.	$2	4
73rd	Mrs. C. Weber	Box 647, 177 N. Main St	Welland	Ont.	$2	4
74th	Mrs. E. Barber		Radcliff	Alta.	$2	4
75th	Miss Rena Biggart	31 Harvey St.	Chatham	Ont.	$2	6
76th	Mrs. J. W. Shanks	660 Dufferin Ave.	Winnipeg	Man.	$2	4

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD gratefully extends also its thanks for the interest and co-operation of the contestants and for the time so freely and faithfully given to their important work by the judges.

The Winner's Replies

JUST as we go to press, the letters of acknowledgment are coming in from winners. Here is one from Mr. Roy McGrath, of Ottawa:

"This being Thanksgiving Day, I can think of no more appropriate time in which to acknowledge and thank you for the delightful information which your letter contains, informing me that I have been awarded special first prize in "Percy's Puzzled" Contest, of the Ford touring car.

"Indeed, this was entirely surprising and unexpected.

"I wish to assure you that it will be my earnest desire to do all in my power for such a splendid, wideawake, up-to-the-minute magazine as EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, as it is a veritable pillar of inspiration and helpfulness to the people of Canada as a whole."

One from Miss Eva A. E. Hetherington, who won fourth prize, a sum of $70.00 cash, reads:

"Saturday night's mail did certainly bring me a very, very pleasurable surprize when I read that my entry had been awarded fourth prize, the amount of seventy dollars. It seems like a fairy tale.

"I thank you most sincerely."

Jean Blewett's OWN PAGE of Happiness

Love Letters From the Front

DO YOU KNOW that our Toronto postmen were deprived of holidays this year? With nearly a hundred of their number overseas the ones at home have had to be every day on the job—and the job growing heavier all the time.

Love laughs at censors. The mails of this year and last—to go back no further—have carried tons of bona fide love letters. And such letters! What a book they would make with their revelations of unguessed tenderness, with the human heart throb making them alive and vivid, with deep secrets told baldly or brokenly as the case may be. But it is a book which will never be published. The letters are too precious. Each is a pearl of price hidden in somebody's heart.

"I've heard from Billy to-day," confides the little matron across the way. "He was resting, didn't have to go back to the trenches for twenty-four hours, so he had opportunity to write all sorts of things." She blushes as she says it, and her eyes are tender. You know that the "all sorts of things" resolve themselves into the familiar, "I am sitting here thinking of you," which has a place in most of the letters from the front. You picture him, pencil in hand, pad on knee, in the light or gloom baring his heart. "I am sitting here thinking of you."

Sitting Here Thinking of You!

BARING HIS HEART! exclaims some one, "Where is the fire or passion in that simple threadbare statement?" Simple I grant you—every primal truth is that—but threadbare, never. Ask the woman who gets such a letter, aye, ask her million sisters while you are about it. No adding of tender line to tender line, loving precept to loving precept. There is no need for such. He goes back to the firing line to-morrow. This may be his last chance to let her know how dear she is. "I am sitting here thinking of you." There is nothing in the world so well worth thinking of. He is seeing her eyes, her lips, the soft wave of her hair, seeing a face the smoke of battle cannot hide or blur, hearing a voice the thunder of the guns cannot drown. All this goes into his, "I am sitting here thinking of you," and all this—and more— will the woman, by the aid of love's own cypher, read into it. That love letter may come to her with the soil of the trench on it—or with the stain of something infinitely precious, the life blood of her hero. "Thinking of you," she has the words by heart. A good thing, too, since her poor eyes are so filled with tears she cannot see. But, withal, by the gladness which grips her, thrills her, lifts her toward the stars, she knows that love is lord of all.

The Mother's Share is Great

AND WHILE WE ARE ON the subject of love letters have you noticed how general is the feeling of understanding between the mothers at home and the sons overseas? It is a beautiful thing in these troublous times, a heartening thing, like a glorious glint of sunshine from behind a storm cloud. Yes, this precisely describes it. Look into the eyes of the mothers and you will discern back of the darkness of foreboding, the rain of anxious tears, a light warm and wonderful. Over and over again you will hear a woman say in proudly tremulous tones:

"I never really knew my boy until his letters revealed him to me."

A mother and her man-child are usually more affectionate than confidential. She loves him for time and eternity, but she does not know him well. There is a wall of reticence between. But out yonder in the heart of things, out yonder in a world of death and daring, the wall goes down. Ah! then he writes the true and tender things to the woman who bore him, nursed him on her bosom nineteen, twenty, it may be thirty years ago, reveals himself as he has never done, perhaps would never have done in ordinary life. "A man in the making! God bless him!" says the mother and so say we all. They tell us if all the Bibles in the world were destroyed the Word could still be gathered, bit by bit, from the highland shepherds who have it "hidden in the heart." So with the love letters from our soldier lads, here, there, everywhere are they hidden in hearts that will hold them fast so long as life endures.

Marry Off the Selfish Bachelors

IN BEAU BRUMMELL'S DAY the definition of a bachelor ran: "One whom youths copy and benedicts envy." How are the mighty fallen! Here we have no less a person than Prof. King of the University of Pennsylvania, one of the best known embryologists of the day, coming forward with scientific reasons for the banishing of the bachelor. "Make the bachelor extinct and the human race will cease deteriorating!" says Dr. King. The world will right itself in our generation. A revival of the Spartan law which compelled marriagable men to marry is what this country needs. The bachelor establishment is usually founded upon selfishness, and furnished with it as well. He is too much taken up with doing his duty toward himself to do his duty to one of our fine women by making her his wife, or toward his country by rearing a family. One honest husband is worth a dozen of him! When the war is over such of our soldiers as have not wives should take wives. The hope of the country is in her fighting men. Never mind who among them is maimed or halt, I refuse to believe with the pessimist that war, with its horrors and hardships, will have impaired their virility or vitality. We need to preserve a race with red blood and fighting courage. There is going to be no place for bachelors." The poor bachelors evidently suspect that they are being plotted against. The other day the little niece of one of them enquired the meaning of the term "Bachelor of Art." It means a man who manages to escape the yoke of matrimony in times like these," was his significant reply.

The Husband's Soliloquy

She is so winsome and so wise she sways
my heart and will.
And when I hear the query put: "What
mission does she fill?"
O, then I say with pride untold,
And love beyond degree,
This woman with the heart of gold
She just keeps house for me—
For me—
She just keeps house for me!

A full content dwells in her face, she's
quite in love with life,
And for a title wears with grace the
sweet old fashioned "wife"
What though I toil from morn till night?
What though I weary grow?
A spring of love and dear delight
Doth ever softly flow.

Our children climb upon her knee, and lie
upon her breast,
And ah! her mission seems to me the
grandest and the best.
O, then I say with pride untold,
And love beyond degree,
This woman with the heart of gold
She just keeps house for me—
For me—
She just keeps house for me!

—*Jean Blewett.*

The Noble Red Man Speaks

WHEN THE MORAVIANTOWN Indian who knows all about plant life, was in the city for the Exhibition we took him to call upon our nice old fashioned neighbor whose nice old fashioned garden is the pride of her heart. "Never put off till spring what you can do in the fall, is my motto," she said, depositing an arm full of dead vines and stalks upon a bonfire before shaking hands. "I'm making ready for a 1918 output which will make this year's one look like a mere nest egg." The Indian who was something of a poet spoke of the beauty of bloom, the mystery of growth, and quoted the "lovesome" lines:

"Not God? In gardens when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign,
'Tis very sure He walks in mine."

Our hostess nodded, remarking that garden religion was a long way ahead of some church religions in the matter of being bright and sun touched. "But putting poetry and preachment aside, a garden is a godsend to the woman who keeps house. This one is 50 feet long and 25 across. It cost me five dollars for soil and fertilizer and two dollars for plants and seeds, and the actual cash value of its yield this season was ninety-eight dollars," she said. "Besides this, it has provided enough wholesome exercise to cure a firmly seated case of gastritis, and, incidentally, put my nervous irritability and bad temper on the shelf. I've quit having the blues—too happy, prosperous, and busy to spare time for 'em."

It's Just Like Indian Summer

NEXT TO BEING in the company of a boy of seven who has just put in his first day at school and has so much to tell his tongue trips and breath fails getting the words out, or a girl who carries her first love letter in her bodice and in her heart a radiance she cannot help but pass on to others, or a young mother whose baby has taken the prize at the fair and who is nothing more or less than a living, breathing, beautiful bit of maternity, or two glad people (old or young) who have quarrelled and made up, I would rather be with a woman of middle age who has spent the summer in making a garden flourish. And preferably in a garden, an autumn garden.

"It is a lovesome thing, God wot!"

This place of brown mould, crimson vines, happy hearts (another name for sunflowers) some pinks in their second childhood, a row of hollyhocks led by the stiffest backed hollyhock of all, a regular policeman of a hollyhock in musty, fusty grey uniform with many buttons and one lone bloom like a gay boutonniere on a shabby coat; with the bonfire's heat and all this blue smoke—"it is like Indian summer," we exclaim, and the man from Moraviantown laughs. "Indian summer is the red man's season." "Yes," he says. "But what's in a name, eh? My children they are purple red as a poke-berry or sumach bloom with what you think Dutch measles" and laughs again.

Joy That Goes With Work

"YOU LOOK AS THOUGH you were glad to be back at the old grind," a lady remarked to "dear teacher" on the day school opened after the vacation. "I am," came her reply, with a smile which turned her lips up at the corners. "If I weren't glad to be back I wouldn't *be* back. When teaching becomes a weariness of the flesh—if it ever does—I will drop it and try something else, if only in justice to the pupils." She was no mere girl. Her face had a few lines, lovely lines on it, but truth was on her lips and in her eyes. "You seem very fit" the lady continued almost resentfully, "but of course you've had two months of idleness." "Oh have I? I worked on a farm all of July, worked hard. This toned my body up. Then from the first day of August to the thirty-first I was in solitude loafing with my soul, with just the wind, the water, and the woods for company. It rested me so I feel all made over, ready for anything. Looking ahead at the season's work I could cry 'hip-hurrah' with the youngsters." Do you wonder that she is a success, or that she is "dear teacher" to all her scholars? The more gladness goes into our work the better our work is done.

Russia's Girl Warriors Popular Heroines

"THEY ARE STRICT disciplinarians, and they fight like devils," says a press report of Mme. Butchkareff's battalion of women. "Legion of Death" is the name it has earned for itself. "How else could we fight!" exclaims the intrepid leader, "The wrongs worked us by the brutal Huns, the murder of innocent children and rape of virgins, the desolation and death have killed all softness in our bosoms, driven us into a mad fury of retaliation. It is as devils we desire to meet them." We are told that the people of Petrograd went wild over the bravery and success of this battalion, each member of which carries enough cyanide of potassium to end her life in case of capture.

The Importance of the School Luncheon

The Mother Should See That Her Children Have Nourishing Food at Mid-Day

By MARJORIE DALE

I WONDER if the average mother realizes the importance of the school luncheon? It is served at the time of day when the child should have his most important meal, yet it is so often a hurried affair sometimes prepared by the child himself! It so frequently consists of a few meagre sandwiches and a piece of cake!

If at all possible a child should come home for a hot substantial mid-day meal. But this is sometimes out of the question for the average high school boy and girl in most parts of Canada, especially in suburban or rural districts.

In the average American city the school, especially the high school, has a Luncheon Kitchen where children can obtain at a very low rate—practically cost—a dish of hot soup, hot stew, or hot chocolate. This is indeed an excellent arrangement. In lieu of this, the child should be given a well planned, attractive luncheon, put up in a convenient way to take with him.

The luncheons for the younger children demand a different treatment, for all young children require a goodly amount of tissue building foods. The mother should depend largely upon milk and eggs to furnish this type of nourishment. Custard, Junkets and Blanc Manges are excellent. Milk iced cold, can be carried in the thermos bottle. Similarly, the child can keep milk, chocolate, cocoa, etc., hot. And who does not relish hot beverages when autumn winds begin to assert themselves.

THE older child may have meats, fish and cheese. For the boy and girl of the high school age, a little condiment may be added to tempt the appetite—but the habit is really not a good one.

A small sweet may find its way into the luncheon bag—stuffed dates or figs, dried apricot or prunes, cookies and plain cakes, some times a few good candies.

Fruit must never be omitted, especially when there is no drink supplied. A nice rosy apple or big juicy orange is just the thing.

Do not give the child too much, but be sure it has enough. The diet of the growing child must be considered carefully. Mothers should not be tardy when preparing the school luncheon.

The Luncheon Outfit

MONEY spent on simple but strong luncheon outfits for the children is money well spent. They can now be found at practically any price and with service for one or more. They should be of good quality and light. Always keep papier mache cups and plenty of waxed paper on hand— they are so convenient. Salads and jellies may be put into these cups and tied around with waxed paper and the children can throw them away when finished.

For all sandwiches cut bread very thin; do not remove the crusts because you take away the most nourishing part of the bread. Use bread at least twenty-four hours old. Cut sandwich into appetizing size and wrap in waxed paper—white crepe paper napkins are always available and will prove excellent for packing the school luncheon.—

Practical Suggestions

LUNCHEON for the children of the Junior grades:—

Monday

STUFFED EGGS BROWN BREAD AND BUTTER
CUSTARD CUP COCOA

Tuesday

CHOPPED CHICKEN OR VEAL SANDWICHES
COCOA JUNKET COLD MILK

Wednesday

ROLLED HAM SANDWICHES
LEMON JELLY SPONGE CAKE COCOA

Thursday

COTTAGE CHEESE AND CHOPPED WALNUT SANDWICHES
CARAMEL PUDDING MILK
GRAHAM WAFER

Friday

EGG SANDWICH CELERY
CARAMEL JUNKET COCOA
SPONGE CAKE

For the High School Student:—

Monday

THERMOS PLAIN BROTH
BEEF SANDWICH
FEW OLIVES STUFFED DATES
ORANGE PLAIN CAKE

The Child's Luncheon should be well and attractively made up.

Tuesday

TUNA FISH SALAD CHEESE STICKS
CELERY
APPLE CAKE MILK

Wednesday

DATE AND NUT SANDWICHES WITH BROWN BREAD
EGG SANDWICH
ORANGE JELLY CHOCOLATE SQUARES
MILK

Thursday

LAMB SALAD SANDWICH CELERY
CHOCOLATE CORNSTARCH PUDDING
STUFFED FIGS

Friday

HALIBUT SALAD BISCUIT AND BUTTER
CANDY LADY FINGERS MILK

RECIPES EMPLOYED

Stuffed Egg

Boil egg till hard—remove from shell. When cool cut in half, remove yoke, careful not to break the white. Mix with a piece of butter, very little pepper and salt, a little chopped tomato, return to egg-halfs roll in waxed paper.

Custard Cups

One large cupful milk—1 egg well beaten—1 tablespoonful sugar—nutmeg, pinch of salt.

Heat milk in double boiler—add milk to egg well beaten—with sugar and salt—put into custard cups; place in dish of water in oven and bake.

Chopped Chicken Sandwich

Chop chicken (or veal) and put through mincer with a little celery—add a little cream, very little salt to flavor. Put between thin buttered brown bread.

Rolled Ham Sandwich

Cut bread very thin—butter, add Ham, dampen the fingers and roll. Press edge, use tooth pick to hold.

Cocoa Junket, 1 Pint

One pint sweet milk, 1 pinch salt, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa, few drops vanilla, 1½ Junket tablet dissolved, 2 tablespoons water.

Mix cocoa till smooth in ¼ cupful of the milk. Put milk on to warm in double boiler with sugar, salt and cocoa. When warm add vanilla and dissolved Junket tablet. Stir once, turn into mould, do not move till set then put on ice.

Lemon Jelly, 2 Servings

One tablespoonful gelatine, ½ cupful cold water, ⅛ cupful sugar, little more than ¼ cupful lemon juice, 1 cupful boiling water.

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes and then dissolve in boiling water, add sugar, stirring until dissolved. Add lemon juice and strain through a cheese cloth into molds which have been dipped in cold water, chill.

Sponge Cake

Four eggs, 1 cupful granulated sugar, 1 cupful flour, ¼ teacupful water, 1 teaspoonful Baking Powder, pinch salt, Vanilla.

Beat eggs separated, bring sugar and water to a boil, pour boiling syrup on eggs, after mixing them, then beat for 10 minutes before adding flour which you sift 4 times with Baking Powder, then stir in lightly, add salt and flavoring. Bake in a pan with a funnel in the centre, sprinkle top lightly with sugar before putting in the oven. Bake slowly 40 minutes. Do not open oven the first 15 minutes.

Cottage Cheese and Walnut Sandwich

Mix equal quantity of cottage cheese and chopped walnuts, add salt and pepper to taste and a little mayonnaise dressing. Spread a goodly portion on thin buttered bread.

Caramel Pudding

Half cupful brown sugar, ½ cupful milk, ½ cupful water, butter size of an egg, pinch salt, 1 heaping tablespoonful corn starch diluted in water, Vanilla.

Caramelize sugar, add butter, milk, water, salt, boil till sugar is dissolved. add corn starch, boil till corn starch is thoroughly cooked. Add vanilla, chill.

Brown Bread

Three cupfuls Graham flour, 1¾ teaspoonful soda, 1 cupful white flour, 1½ teaspoonfuls salt, ¾ cupful molasses 1½ cupfuls sour milk. Mix dry ingredients, add molasses and milk, stir until well mixed, turn into greased mold, filling it ⅔ full, fasten cover on securely steam 2½ hours. Then bake ½ hour in slow oven.

Date and Nut Sandwich

Wash and stone dates, chop, put on to boil with ½ cupful water and sugar, boil till pulp and tender, put away in glass.

When required for use mix equal amount of date pulp and nuts, spread between buttered bread.

Orange Jelly

Two and a half tablespoons gelatine, ¾ cupful sugar, 1 cupful cold water, ½ cupful orange juice, pulp of 1 orange skinned and finely chopped, 2 cupfuls boiling water.

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes, then dissolve in boiling water, add sugar, stirring till dissolved, strained orange juice and orange pulp, put into mold, which has been dipped in cold water, or fill some individual molds for the children. Chill.

Small Chocolate Cornstarch Pudding

Three-quarter ounces bitter chocolate, ¼ cupful corn starch, 1¾ cupfuls milk, ¼ cupful sugar.

Melt chocolate in double boiler, and add the milk and sugar. Heat to boiling point and add corn starch which has been wet with cold water and mixed till smooth. Stir frequently until thickened and cook 15-20 minutes in double boiler. Pour into cups first dipped in cold water. Chill.

Halibut or Fish Salad

Flake sufficient cold boiled halibut, add little chopped green pepper and a little chopped celery and salt to taste, mix with dressing made as follows:

One egg yoke, 1 cupful iced olive oil, paprika salt, juice of 1 large lemon.

Have plate and silver fork ice cold, beat yoke, drop oil, drop by drop, beating all the time, when all the oil is finished and egg and oil are of jelly consistency add lemon juice, salt and paprika to taste, keep on ice.

FURTHER CHOICE

BANANA AND PEANUT SALAD
BREAD AND BUTTER SANDWICH
LEMON JELLY COOKIES

BAKED SALMON SANDWICHES
CELERY
CUP CUSTARD WITH FIGS WAFERS

KIDNEY BEAN AND WALNUT SALAD
CRESS FINGERS
ORANGE CAKE

PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICHES
CELERY PINEAPPLE JELLY APPLE

BREAD AND BUTTER SANDWICHES
EGG STUFFED WITH SARDINES
ORANGE JELLY BISCUIT

WALNUT SANDWICHES
CRESS ROLL GLASS MILK
ORANGE JELLY ROLL

Banana and Pea Nut Salad

Banana, ¼ cupful chopped peanuts, mayonnaise.

Slice bananas, roll in mayonnaise and then in chopped peanuts. Pack in papier mache cup.

Baked Salmon Sandwich

Left-over salmon, chopped, 2 ripe olives finely chopped with a little celery.

Mix together with oil salad dressing and spread well between brown bread.

Kidney Bean Salad

Three-quarter mache cupful kidney beans, 10-12 walnuts chopped, mix with mayonnaise.

Egg Stuffed Sardines

One egg hard boiled, 2-3 sardines, if desired, dressing.

Cut egg lengthwise, remove yolk, bone sardines, mix with yolk till smooth, season, add dressing if desired. return to cases.